Her face is cracked from smiling,
All the fears that she's been hiding,
And it seems pretty soon ev'rybody's gonna know.
And her voice is sore from shouting,
Cheering winners who are losing,
And she worries if their days are few
And soon they'll have to go.

R: My, my, my, I'm so happy,
 I'm gonna join the band,
 We are gonna dance and sing in celebration,
 We are in the promised land.

She hears them talk of new ways
To protect the home she lives in,
Then she wonders what it's all about
When they break down the door.
Her name is Brown or White or Black,
You know her very well,
You hear her cries of mercy
As the winners toll the bell.

R: My, my, my, I'm so happy...

There is a train that leaves the station
Heading for your destination,
But the price you pay to nowhere has increased a dollar more.
Yes, it has!
And if you walk you're gonna get there
Tho' it takes a little longer,
And when you see it in the distance
You will wring your hands and moan.