

Persecution Smith

Bob Seger

He rises every morning but he don't look at the sun
He reaches in the corner where he keeps his loaded gun
Then he checks the firing action, as he straps it to his chest
Plans an ambush for the mailman, even though it's all in jest
He's here he's there he's everywhere
He's found uptown and underground
Unlike my friend flicka you know he's not a myth
He's persecution, persecution, persecution smith

He's found at every protest march you'll see him looking on
He'd soon join in to help but he thinks it's all in fun
Cause he isn't colorblind not to mention no one's fool
He knows how things should be but he ain't out to change no rule
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His eyes can't see like you and me
His voice can't speak but only shreik
His brain is like jelly his muscles they are stiff
He's persecution persecution persecution smith

You can't walk down the street no more without him walking by
You can't go to sleep at night without hearing him cry
You can't read a newspaper without reading about him
You can't escape him in the crowd for he will be among them

He's here he's there he's everywhere
He's found uptown and underground
In Watts, California you know who he was with
With persecution persecution persecution smith

When you're finished with your ideals
And you're finished with your dreams
When you're finished your crusading and no longer hear the screams
When you're finished trying to picture a world with people free
When you're finished looking up and the down is all you see
Then make your goal the first foxhole
And hide your head beneath your bed

Cause you won't be alone my friend you know who you'll be with
With persecution persecution persecution smith