

## 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

His eyes can't see like you and me  
His voice can't speak but only shriek  
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