

American Reckoning

Bon Jovi

America's on fire
There's protests in the street
Her conscience has been looted
And her soul is under siege
Another mother's crying
As history repeats
I can't breathe

God damn those eight long minutes
Lying face-down in cuffs on the ground
Bystanders pleaded for mercy
As one cop shoved a kid in the crowd
When did a judge and a jury
Become a badge and a knee
On these streets?

Stay alive, stay alive
Shine a light, stay alive
Use your voice and you remember me
American reckoning

I'll never know what it's like
To walk a mile in his shoes
And I'll never have to have the talk
So it don't happen to you

Three little words written 'cross the chest
Of a twelve-year-old who hasn't lived life yet
"Am I next?" "Am I next?"

Stay alive, stay alive
Shine a light, stay alive
Use your voice and you remember me
American reckoning

Is this a moment or movement?
Is this the tide or a flood?
Is our American reckoning
Our story written in blood?
Or in love?
Or in peace?

Stay alive, stay alive
Shine a light, stay alive
Use your voice and you remember me

Stay alive, stay alive
Shine a light, stay alive
Use your voice and you remember me
American reckoning
In our American reckoning