

1963

Candi Staton

Lord Lord Lord

Oh Lord, have mercy

Mmh

September 15th, 1963

It was a Sunday morning, in 1963

We were guests at a church in Birmingham, Alabama

To share our ministry

All of a sudden, the deacon burst through the door

Filled with anger as everybody could see

Shouting loudly

Get up, get out, quickly

There's been a catastrophe

They just bombed the 16th street Baptist Church

And four little girls just died

People are rioting down the street

Oh, I've never seen such an angry crowd

As we headed right through Birmingham

Right through Birmingham downtown

Oh, what a sight to see

I'll never forget it

Cards pushed over, bricks thrown through windows

It was frightening and dangerous

Oh my God, people running, people screaming

People cursing, people crying

Trying to get to safety

With the help of God on our side

We prayed all the way through

We made it through the crowd unharmed

My two little boys were with me, I was twenty-three

On that bloody Sunday in 1963

Four little girls lost their lives

Little Cynthia Wesley

Little Carole Robertson

Little Denise McNaire

Little Addie Mae Collins

Between the ages of eleven and fourteen

They never made it that day

Lord have mercy

Oh God

1963

When will this madness ever end?

Will we ever be free?

We find ourselves once again

In 1963

I'm calling for freedom

I'm calling for peace

I'm calling for victory

Lord, I'm calling on you

To bring peace and harmony

They're still killing and stealing our children

One by one

You can't feel our hurt?

You can't feel our pain?

You can't feel our misery?

I don't ever want you to forget
Don't you ever forget
Remember that bloody Sunday in 1963

1963
Oh enough is enough
Save our children
Save our children
Have mercy on the children

1963
No more Sandy Hook
No more Uvalde
No more East Point
No more South Side
Why we so angry?
Why must the children die?
I can't legislate love
I can't wish away hate
Let justice roll down like waters
And righteousness like a stream
Until then my friend, keep up the good fight
Until love, until love, until love really wins

1963
Ah, let love win
Oh, let love, let love win
One day and it won't be long
Love is gonna win
1963
Stop repeating 1963