

Erasure

Corinne Bailey Rae

They Tipp-Ex'd all the black kids
Out of the picture
So when they pictured that scene
They wouldn't be seen
Baby girl in the front row
With the cornrows
Smiling at the band

They made a cartoon of you
They beat you into lead
And made an object out of you
They put out lit cigarettes
Down your sweet throat
They fed you to the alligators

They tried to erase you
They tried to erase you
They tried to eviscerate you
Hide behind the curtain
Make you forget your name

They tried to erase you
They tried to erase you
They tried to eviscerate you
Hide behind the curtain
Make you forget your name

They took credit for your labour
They took credit for your labour
They tried to acid wash you
And paint you as a picture of patience
And they killed you
And they hid your broken bones
In a public place
And, oh, they wore a public face
They wore a public face
They wore, oh

They tried to erase you
They tried to erase you
They tried to eviscerate you
Hide behind the curtain
Make you forget your name

They tried to erase you
They tried to erase you
They tried to eviscerate you
Hide behind the curtain
Make you forget your name

The knife was clean
Baby, baby

They fed you to the alligators
They fed you to the alligators
They fed you to the alligators