

Tired

First Aid Kit

We're tired of being white
And we're tired of being black
And we're not going to be white
And we're not going to be black any longer
We're going to be voices now
Disembodied voices in the blue sky
Pleasant harmonies in the cavities of your distress

And we're going to stay this way until you straighten up
Until your suffering makes you calm
And you can believe the word of God
Who has told you so many times
And in so many ways
To love one another
Or at least not to torture and murder in the name of some stupid vomit-making human idea
That makes God turn away from you
And darken the cosmos with inconceivable sorrow

We're tired of being white
And we're tired of being black
And we're not going to be white
And we're not going to be black
Any longer

We're going to be voices now