Both Sides

Forest Blakk

I would say it was 1999, or maybe 1998
And as fate would have it
Not a buck short or a moment too late
A mother and her child sat side by side
With the sun still on their side
And a moment of silence was all it took
For a voice to echo from the front of the bus
To the insides of their ears and hearts
"The seat right there, next to the... ni-" (shh)
Do I have your attention?

Or am I just stoking the fire?
Pointing fingers and bridges burning
While fingers point at burning bridges on which we all stand
"Go back to where you came from"
"Haha, where? Right here?"
Tag, you're it (tick tock, tick tock)
We're losing time, but I'll follow you if you follow me
Do I have your attention?

Imagine a camera panning over every face, every race
Dreams, fears, hope, suffering, pain
Are we not all the same?
So, why are we so divided?
We can be one, if you choose to see it from both sides
And I've finally realised through these real eyes
That these lines drawn in the sand only stand to divide us
And what was always meant to be together
Like my mother always said
"Do I have your attention?"

Oh, silent night, come as you are
And let us not forget, that on this night
Everyone sits at the same table, everyone!
Everyone's at the same table
Do I have your attention?
Are we not all born with a gift called a voice
To use, to speak up, to stand up?
To stand up! Speak! Wake up!
Do I have your attention?

What side makes this right?
Does your left hand hate the right?
What face do I have to put on for you to ease up?
Your daughter's? Your son's? Your husband's? Your wife's? Yours?
Do I have your attention?
Let's play a game, truth or dare
I dare you to face the truth, for our sake
Let the ground beneath your feet shake
Let your weary hearts open up
There's too much at stake here
Do I have your attention?

Could you learn to see me?
What if I learned to see you?
'Cause I do see
You have my attention

It's not so black and white
Or maybe it is

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