

Same Cry

Jin

We May Look Different
But We See The Same Sky
We may see different
But we cry the same cry

To wake up daily,
And sleep better nights,
Thats what we all wish for to seek a better life, right?
It's unfortunate, when tragedys strike,
But the truth is reality bites,
June 4th 89, a day residents fear
Now known as The Massacre At Tiananmen Square
The day I turned seven they were mourning and grieving
Thousands of innocents die for what they believed in
Come with nothing but heart and a point to prove
Stood infront of tanks and refused to move
What Would You Do?
Run or stand still whens your lifes on the line
To test a mans will
Seeking change and they found but in death
Strangers yet they were my blood and flesh
This happened in China,
But you ain't gotta be asian to relate
To the struggle, pain and hard aches

You'll never know,
You'll never get it,
There is no choice,
We can't forget it
We look up
We see the same sky
We look up
We cry the very same cry

See, I'm a grown man
It hurts when I turn on the news
And see thats going on in my homeland
This SARS epidemic, could've been lives
Could've stand for Should Asians Really Survive
They'll try anything to break your family apart
Politics could break down the manliest heart
Can the child within my heart rise above
If theres a billion of us I shouldn't have to look for love
Overpopulation, but damn just to meet the needs
Its illegal to have more than one seed
How can you dictate birth regardless the women
And the parents they make the hardest decisions
Sons keep their family names so thats not an option
Imagine having to put your daughter up for adoption
And even though its beyond your control
Keep your head up heres a sond for your soul

If you don't know where you came from
You can't get the way your trying to go
Theres ain't denying so, its true

I got some big shoes to fill
But If I don't lead the movement, then who will
Stuck between a rock and a hard place
Thinking about the refugees that went to see god's place
16,000 miles across the ocean tides
Some died, some got lucky and survived
I wouldn't call it luck, they reached their destination
Modern day slavery without the plantation
Them sneakers on your feet cost \$100 a pop
My peoples making 15 cents a day in sweatshops
To make them kicks, so you can look good.
Think we open restaurants cause we cook good?
Hell No, we ain't got no choice
I gotta speak up, without me my people have no voice