

Free a Man

Michael McDonald

Say what you want about the gays
The one thing that they are not, is afraid
You thought you had 'em down
You thought you had 'em beat
Then there's thirty thousand righteous dudes
Marching down the street
We may not all agree on sex
But we can all agree on love

Free A Man
And love will follow
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For the sake of perspective we look back
What it's meant in this country to be black
You thought you had 'em beat
You thought you'd keep 'em down
But you only fanned the flames
That burned your castle to the ground
When you employ the tactics of hate
You've already lost the war on principle

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There's a newly sung song going down
Religion has not failed man
No, it's the other way around
When your purse is empty but your heart is full
There's a different direction that your heart is pulled
No more fool or money's clown
When history makes the man
Not the other way around
The soul takes its hearty form
From the inner storm
No doubt in attempt to quell
Self-will unbounded
Let the soul imagine the man
Not the other way around

Say what you want about the kids
But ain't they only doing what we did
You clamp 'em when they're young
Or freeze 'em when they're teens
Teach 'em commerce and religion are the reason, rhyme, and means
But when the same fear brings us to the brink
They'll be looking for a different way to think

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