

# Whiteboy

Nazareth

Send him to the fields, send him to the wars  
Send him on down to slave on the farms  
Steal his land, rob his soul  
Send him on down to dig that hole

Give him no hope, give him no trial  
Put him in chains, break that smile  
Pull that barge, tote that bale  
Listen to him singin', hear him wail

You wouldn't do that to a whiteboy  
You wouldn't do that to a whiteboy  
You wouldn't do that to a whiteboy

Give him no peace, give him no rest  
Teach him to believe your god is the best  
Sail him away, to the promised land  
Send him on down into his masters hand  
Take his woman, take his child  
Take him on down to the murder mile  
Pull that barge, tote that bale  
What's that song you hear him wail

Now you wonder why he's an angry man  
Why there's fire in your father's land  
And wonder now what tomorrow will bring  
Will you hear him screamin', will you hear him sing.