

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.