

The Lord Is A White Con

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

When the white man went to Africa
With briefcase in his hand
Pristine Bible held in other
Whilst black man held the land

Now the black man holds the Bible
And turns to see his land is gone
And you realise the Lord
The Lord is a white con

Who carved up the continent
Like an operating room?
Friar Barroso, Reverend Helm
And Livingstone, I presume

Fire and brimstone in their soul
And buckshot in their belt
The good book or the bullet
That's the hand the white man dealt

In East Africa, they called you 'boy'
In the West, just plain 'garçon'
And you realise the Lord
The Lord is a white con

When the Scotsman went to Caribbean
With his lectern on the boat
He stepped to shore, and took the young man
Tightly by the throat

Any man who sleeps with man
To Hades, he'll be gone
And you realise the Lord
The Lord is a white con

And as he taught them every single verse
To old Amazing Grace
Bedding Bounty Killer and Buju Banton
Perfectly in place

Fire and brimstone in their soul
And buckshot in their belt
The good book or the bullet
That's the hand the white man dealt

In East Africa, they called you 'boy'
In the West, just plain 'garçon'
And you realise the Lord
The Lord is a white con

When the white folk started singing
They only did in solemn prayer
And not till Pops and Mavis did
The spirit take them there

Now the gospel singer, she plays the clubs
And the soul man cleans the john

And you realise the Lord
The Lord is a white con

Blind Boy Fuller, Howling Wolf
And all the blues men gone
All we've got to show for it
Is Joss Stone at No. 1

Fire and brimstone in their soul
And buckshot in their belt
The good book or the bullet
That's the hand the white man dealt

In East Africa, they called you 'boy'
In the West, just plain 'garçon'
And you realise the Lord
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When the white man started singing
He put finger straight in ear
He wouldn't play a song or style
That might risk his career

Previously, a slave would trade
His freedom for the chance
To get off boat, and for the white man
Do a song or dance

Now the whole world's screaming R 'n' B
But it's whiter than a swan
And finally, you realise
The Lord's a blue-eyed con

Old Jim Crow, the Minstrel Show
The whole of history
You think you'll make it up to them
With a touch of Harper Lee?

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