

Brad Paisley

"Accidental Racist"

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To the man that waited on me
At the Starbucks down on Main
I hope you understand
When I put on that t-shirt
The only thing I meant to say
Was "I'm a Skynyrd fan"

The red flag on my chest
Somehow is like the elephant
In the corner of the South
And I just walked him right in the room
Just a proud rebel son with an old can of worms
Looking like I got a lot to learn
But from my point of view

I'm just a white man
Coming to you from the South land
Trying to understand what it's like not to be
I'm proud of where I'm from
But not everything we've done
And it ain't like you and me can rewrite history
Our generation didn't start this nation
We're still picking up the pieces, walking on eggshells
Fighting over yesterday
And caught between Southern pride
And Southern blame

They called it "Reconstruction"
Fixed the buildings, dried some tears
But we're still sifting through the rubble
After a hundred-fifty years
I've tried to put myself in your shoes
And that's a good place to begin
It ain't like I can walk a mile in someone else's skin

Cause I'm a white man living in the South land
Just like you I'm more than what you see
I'm proud of where I'm from
But not everything we've done
And it ain't like you and me can rewrite history
Our generation didn't start this nation

We're still paying for the mistakes that a bunch of folks
made
Long before we came
And caught between Southern pride
And Southern blame

"Dear Mr. White Man
I wish you understood
What the world is really like
When you're living in the 'hood.
Just because my pants are sagging
Doesn't mean I'm up to no good.
You should get to know me
I really wish you would.
Now my chains are gold
But I'm still misunderstood.
I wasn't there when Sherman's march
Turned the South into firewood.
I want you to get paid
But be a slave I never could.
Feel like a newfangled Django
Dodging invisible white hoods.
So when I see that white cowboy hat
I'm thinking it's not all good.
I guess we're both guilty
Of judging the cover, not the book.
I'd love to buy you a beer
Conversate and clear the air.
But I see that red flag and I think
You wish I wasn't here."

I'm just a white man
(If you don't judge my do-rag)
Coming to you from the South land
(I won't judge your red flag)
Trying to understand what it's like not to be
I'm proud of where I'm from
(If you don't judge my gold chains)
But not everything we've done
(I'll forget the iron chains)
It ain't like you and me can rewrite history
(Can't rewrite history baby)

Oh, Dixieland
(The relationship between the Mason-Dixon needs
some fixing)
I hope you understand what this is all about
(Quite frankly I'm a black Yankee
but I've been thinking about this lately)
I'm a son of the new South
(The past is the past, you feel me?)

And I just want to make things right
(Let bygones be bygones)
Where all that's left is Southern pride
(RIP Robert E. Lee, but I've got to thank Abraham Lincoln
for freeing me,
know what I mean?)
It's real, it's real
It's truth

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