

Crosby, Stills & Nash "Word Game"

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Would you knock a man down if you don't like the cut of
his clothes
Could you put a man away if you don't want to hear
what he knows
Well it's happening right here people dying of fear by
the droves
And I know most of you
Either don't believe it's true,
Or else you don't know what to do
Or maybe I'm singing about you,
Who knows.
It's incredibly sick, you can feel it, as across the land it
flows
Prejudice is slick when it's a word game, it festers and
grows,
Move along quick, it furthers one to have somewhere to
go
You can feel it as it's rumblin'
Let emotions keep a tumblin'
Then as cities start to crumblin'
Mostly empty bellies grumblin'
Here we go
People see somebody different fear is the first reaction
shown
Then they think they've got him licked the barbaric hunt
begins and they move in slow
A human spirit is devoured the remains left to carrion
crow
I was told that life is change
And yet history remains,
Does it always stay the same
Do we shrug it off and say
Only God knows
By and by, somebody usually goes down to the ghetto
Try and help but they don't know why folks treat them
cold
And the rich keep getting richer and the rest of us just
keep getting old.
You see one must have a mission
In order to be a good Christian
If you don't you will be missing

High Mass or the evening show
And the well fed masters reap the harvests of the
polluted seeds they've sown,
Smug and self-righteous they bitch about people they
owe,
And you can't prove them wrong, they're so God damn
sure they know
I have seen these things with my very own eyes and
defended my battered soul,
It must be too tough to die,
American propaganda, South African lies
Will not force me to take up arms, that's my enemies'
pride,
And I won't fight by his rules that's foolishness
besides,
His ignorance is gonna do him in and nobody's gonna
cry,
Because his children they are growing up
With bigots and their silver cups
They're fed up, they might throw up
On you

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