Development Arrested "Mr. Wendal"

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Go ahead, man

Here, have a dollar In fact no, brother man, here, have two Two dollars means a snack for me But it means a big deal to you Be strong, serve God only Know that if you do, beautiful heaven awaits That's the poem I wrote for the first time I saw a man with no clothes, no money, no plate Mister Wendal, that's his name No one ever knew his name 'cause he's a no one Never thought twice about spending on an old bum Until I had the chance to really get to know one Now that I know him, to give him money isn't charity He gives me some knowledge, I buy him some shoes And to think blacks spend all that money on big colleges Still most of y'all come out confused

Go ahead, Mister Wendal Go ahead, Mister Wendal

Mister Wendal has freedom A free that you and I think is dumb Free to be without the worries of a quick to diss society For Mister Wendal's a bum His only worries are sickness and an occasional harassment By the police and their chase Uncivilized we call him But I just saw him eat off the food we waste Civilization, are we really civilized Yes or no, who are we to judge When thousands of innocent men could be brutally enslaved And killed over a racist grudge Mister Wendal has tried to warn us about our ways But we don't hear him talk

Is it his fault when we've gone too far And we got too far 'cause on him we walk Mister Wendal, a man, a human in flesh But not by law I feed you dignity to stand with pride Realize that all in all you stand tall

Go ahead, Mister Wendal Mister Wendal, yeah Yeah, Mister Wendal Mister Wendal, yeah, Lord

Mister Wendal

Mister Wendal Mister Wendal, yeah, Lord Mister Wendal Mister Wendal, yeah, Lord Mister Wendal

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