

Black Oak Arkansas

"My Brothers And Me"

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We started off in life so fancy free,
we ran in a pack, oh my brothers and me,
and then we could see, where we should be,
a place called reality, where we could be free.

We told our elders all things must be fair,
we could be good men, and we could have long hair.
Turn into the one thing that we all could feel,
we lived our music because it was real.

Chorus:

We are their spirits,
my bothers and me,
we are their spirits,
and their spirits are free,
and their spirits are free.

Sent by a challenge, in pursuit of a song.
A spiritual crusade, to compare right to wrong.
We are no man's army, but a movement quite sure.
Our heads quite learned, and our hearts quite pure.

(repeat chorus)

yeh-yeh, they're free,
and their spirits are free!

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