

Elvis Costello

"Freedom For The Stallion"

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Freedom for the stallion
Freedom for the mare and her colt
Freedom for the baby child
Who has not grown old enough to vote

Lord, have mercy, what you gonna do
About the people who are praying to you?
They got men making laws that destroy other men
They've made money God it's a doggone sin
Oh, Lord, you got to help us find a way

Big ship's a sailing
Slaves all chained and bound
Heading for a brand new land
That some cat said he upped and found

Lord, have mercy, what you gonna do
About the people who are praying to you?
They got men making laws that destroy other men
They've made money 'God' it's a doggone sin
Oh, Lord, you got to help us find a way

Some sing a sad song
Some got to moan the blues
Trying to make the best of a home
That the man didn't even get to choose

Lord, have mercy, how you gonna be
With people like John and me
They've got men building fences to keep other men out
Ignore him if he whispers and kill him if he shouts

Oh, Lord, you got to help us find a way
Oh, Lord, you got to help them find the way
Oh, Lord, you got to help us find a way

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