

Bobby Vinton

"What Color"

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Once a little boy
Aat upon his daddy's knee
With picture and crayons
In his hand
He said, when I grow up
This is the man I want to be
Daddy, what color is a man
When I am a man
I want to be happy
I want to be strong and free
Want to be brave like a soldier
What crayon should I use to color me
If you color him blue, son
He may not be a happy man
If you color him red, son
Someone may steal his land
If you color him green or yellow
He may be jealous and cowardly
If you color him black, son
He may never be free
Then he told his son

Put your crayons away

Try your best to understand

Man is never made of any colors

And color never made any man

A man (a man, a man, a man) a man

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