

Humble Pie

"Alabama '69"

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Yep

This one's called "Alabama 69"

I come from Alabama and I work a ten pound hammer
And my woman's picking cotton for the bossman on the
hill

They work us till they break our back

Beat us cos our skin is black

I guess I'll have to slave till the whip is in the grave

Yeah, when will we be free

I wanna walk down any road

And feel I have my liberty

Well, from day to day I live to die

The scars across my back don't lie

Ain't there anyone out there

To hear my freedom cry

Well, I believe a man's a man who earns his pay as best
he can

The colour of his skin don't mean he ain't just like you

Yeah, but white folk here don't give a hell

They think that we were born to smell

Of sweat and dust and dirt

Or plough until we die

Hallelujah

Let me hear you now

When will we be free

I wanna walk down any road

And feel I have my liberty

These shoes I'm wearing every day

Got holes the size of Frisco Bay

I'm praying for the time

When there will come a judgement day

Let me play you some lead here

Ooh, ooh

Well, we all know how long it is since Lincoln made
those promises

That one day we would walk along the white side of the
street

Now, but there were some bad folk around

That got so riled they shot him down

And there ain't a cop in town

Who wouldn't do the same for me

Yeah, now, when will we be free

I wanna walk down any road
And feel I have my liberty
Well, now, now
When will we be free
Yeah, yeah
When will we be free
Ooh, yeah
When will we be free
Well, now, now
When will we be free
Well, now, now, now, now
When will we be free-acap

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