

India.Arie "India'Song"

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Too much hypocrisy in this old southern town for me
Way back in 1619 began this tragic story
Thrown into slaver's den, the crime was the color of
skin
Never to see the light of the past again

And I wanna go where the mountains are high enough
to echo my song
I wanna go where the rivers run deep enough to drown
my shame
I wanna go where the stars shine bright enough to
show me the way
I wanna go where the wind calls my name

The wind is calling, "India, India, India"
It's a typical Savannah day
So I take my guitar to the park and I play
Sitting up under the live oak tree is the strangest
feeling came over me

Is this the tree where my brother was hung?
Is this the ground where his body was brung?
God gave to me the gift of song
And so I dedicate this one

And I wanna go where the mountains are high enough
to echo my song
I wanna go where the rivers run deep enough to drown
my shame
I wanna go where the stars shine bright enough to
show me the way
I wanna go where the wind calls my name, India, India,
India

Superiority, who've you better than me
Wasting precious time on racist mentality
This is only the beginning
Your flesh will be pushing up daisies in the ending
Spirit knows no color, either you're a hater or a lover

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to echo my song

I wanna go where the rivers run deep enough to drown
my shame
I wanna go where the stars shine bright enough to
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I wanna go where the wind calls my name, India, India,
India

I wanna go where the mountains are high enough to
echo my song
I wanna go where the rivers run deep enough to drown
my shame
I wanna go where the stars shine bright enough to
show me the way
I wanna go, I wanna go where the wind calls my name
Wind is calling, ÆœIndia, India, IndiaÆ

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