

John Gorka

"Ignorance & Privilege"

Visit "[Ignorance & Privilege](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I was born to ignorance, yes, and lesser poverties
I was born to privilege that I did not see
Lack of pigment in my skin, won a free and easy in
I didn't know it, but my way was paved

I grew up a Catholic boy, in a northeastern state
A place when asked 'Where you from', some people
tend to hesitate
Reply a little late, as if maybe you didn't rate
I was born to privilege and ignorance.

My dad ran a printing press, a tag and label factory
I may have seen it as a child, now a distant memory
Almost too faint to see, dark red brick factory
I didn't know it but my way was paved

We moved from a city street, shortly after I arrived
To a house on a gravel road, where I learned to be
alive
Crawl, walk, run and ride, that's where I learned to
come alive
I didn't know it, but my way was paved

If the wind is at your back and you never turn around
You may never know the wind is there
You may never hear the sound

Got to grow and go to school, work at home and dream
at night
Even be a college fool, like I had any right
Never went through a war, never Great Depression
poor
I didn't know it, but my way was paved

Nose to the grindstone, shoulder to the wheel
Back against the wall, maybe you know how it feels

If the wind is at your back and you never turn around
You may never know the wind is there
You may never hear the sound

I was born to ignorance, yes, and lesser poverties
I was born to privilege that I did not see
Lack of pigment in my skin, won a free and easy in
I didn't know it but my way was paved
I was born to ignorance and privilege.

Visit [John Gorka](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.