

Catherine Britt

"Our Town"

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He sees their face every time he reads the paper
And he saw the boat that crashed on the evening news
Doesn't like that they live right next to his land
Listening to the rumours his hatred grew
Their midnight skin so different that it made him
frightened
Raised to be afraid of something new
Without knowing much of their situation
In his mind there's only one thing we should do

And he says pack your things
And be gone
You don't belong here you shouldn't have come
I don't care if you have to
Turn back around
Just go on back where you came from
This is my town

She grew up with her sisters and her mother
Her father killed last time the war broke loose
A memory so deep they'll never shake it
Doing things that no child should ever do
They had a chance to flee and find freedom
If they could get enough to pay the man
No more sleepless nights or fear of demons
A journey long and hard to an unknown land

And she cried pack your things
We don't have long
Yeah we have to go now so come along
Don't you look back now
Don't you turn back around
Let's leave this place we came from
And find a new town

The preacher gladly welcomed them on Sunday
Said they were the new folks in our town
Asked her if she'd like to tell her story
Introduce herself to the crowd
And as she spoke of horror and pure evil
Suddenly he saw a different point of view

He knew that we take our freedom for granted
And leaving was something they had to do

And he said here's some things
From my home
Please come on over the place is warm
Tell me, where you're from
What's your background
Welcome to the street
This is our town
Make yourself at home
Yeah this is our town

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