

Miss Black America "Talk Hard"

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I am not washed-up
I should believe I am but I do not
I still read all their ungraded hate mail
Fourteen long years of school
And all I learned was to fail

Well I am not proud
To rot with that crowd
'Cause I am stronger

I was born in a force-ten gale
It takes more than hot air to blow the wind out of my
sails
And my eyesight's poor
But I am the future:
HEAR ME ROAR

And get ready to talk hard
Know this: your head is not empty
So talk hard
Sha-la-la-la
You can do anything you feel

'Toilet-trained and dumb'
Once we can talk we learn by rote, "We are scum:
"We come from nothing?
"That's what we deserve"
Classrooms crowded with robots
We are Goebbel's children

But we're not down yet
Don't let them forget
That we are stronger

You are born
'Til the day you die, you are alive
So while you've got the time
At least try to justify yourself
The buck stops with you and no-one else, yeah

And get ready to talk hard
Know this: your head is not empty

So talk hard
Sha-la-la-la
You can do anything you feel
Anything you feel, yeah
Anything you feel

Talk hard talk hard talk hard talk talk hard.

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