

Z-Star

"Smoke Rise"

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She was something in her formative years
She'd hide her accent, it would reappear
When she would brag on what Daddy Bought last night
Only pretty girls were in that crowd
They'd tease a handful of poor kids out loud
And even then I knew it wasn't right

Smoke rises,
You were never kind
Good news,
I've left you all behind
Some who
Hoped that it would last
Smoke rise, I'm glad you're in my past

Most of the kids were better than me
Or at least they thought so,
And it was plain to see
That children are cruel
And I didn't have a fighting chance
I wasn't a jock, I wasn't a brain
We weren't well-off and Mama couldn't explain
Why no one would take a poor boy to the dance

Smoke rises,
You were never kind
Good news,
I've left you all behind
Some who,
Hoped that it would last
Smoke rise, I'm glad you're in my past
[X2]

Those bold rich kids find it hard to embrace
When they bus black kids in from all over the place
The county tried to prove their schools were all the
same
Old Jim Crow tried to integrate
But in the South it's hard to relate
When Grandpa used the n-word with no shame

Oh, Smoke rises,
You were never kind
Good news,
I've left you all behind
Some who,
Hoped that it would last
Smoke rise, I'm glad you're in my past

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