

Delia Erin

"Same Cry"

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[Intro: L.T.]

We may look different, but we see the same sky
We may see different, but we cry the same cry

[Jin]

The wake up daily, a sleep better nights
That's what we all wish for, to seek a better life - right?
It's unfortunate when tragedy strikes
But the truth is, reality bites
Just 4th 89, a day residents fear
Now know as The Massacre Head Tenement Square
The day I turned seven they were moaning' and
grieving'
Thousands of innocents died for what they believed in
Come with nothin' but heart and a point to prove
Stood in front of tanks and refused to move
Well whatcha do? Run or stand still
And their lights on the line and test a man's will
Seekin' changin' and they found it, but in death
Strange is, that they wore my blood in flesh
This happened in China, but you ain't gotta be Asian to
relate
To this struggle, pain and hard ache
So

[Chorus: L.T.]

You'll never know you'll never get it
There is no choice we can't forget it
We look up we see the same sky
We look up we cry the very same cry

[Jin]

See I'm a grown man
It hurts when I turn on the news to see what's going on
in my homeland
The SARS epidemic could have been lies
Could have stand for Should Asians Really Survive
They'll try anything' to break your family apart
Politics are break down a millions heart
Can a child within my heart rise above?
If there is billion of us I shouldn't have to look for love

Over-population, but damn just the meat the need
It's illegal to have more than one seed
How can you dictate birth regardless the women?
And the parents, they make the hardest decisions
Sons keep the family name - so that's not an option
Imagine being forced to put your daughter up for
adoption
And even though is beyond your control
Keep your head up; here is a song for your soul

[Chorus]

[Jin]

If you don't know where you came from
You can't get to where you trying to go
Ain't no denying so
It's true - I got some big shoes to fill
But if I don't lead the movement, than who will?
Stuck between the rock and a hard place
Thinking about the refugees that went to see God's
face
Sixteen-thousand miles across the ocean tides
Some died, some got lucky and survived
I wouldn't call it luck - they reached their destination
Modern day slavery without the plantation
Them sneakers on your feet cost a hundred a pop
My people's making fifty cent a day at sweatshops
To make them kicks so you can look good
You think we open restaurants 'cause we look good?
Hell no, we ain't got no choice
I gotta speak up, without me my people have no voice

[Chorus 2X]

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