

Emmy the Great

"Abraham, Martin And John"

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I am a backseat driver from America
They drive to the left on Falls Road
And the man at the wheels name is Shamus
We pass a the child on a corner he knows
And Shamus says "now what chance has that kid got"
And I say from the back "I don't know"

He says "there's barbed wire at all of these exits"
There ain't no place in Belfast for that kid to go
And it's a hard life, it's a hard life
It's a very hard life
It's a hard life wherever you go
And we poison our children with hatred
And the hard life is all that they know

At the dairyline in Chicago
A fat man in front of me
He's calling black people trash to his children
And he's the only trash here I see
And I'm thinking this man wears a white hood
In the night when his children should sleep
But they'll slip to their windows and see him
They'll think that white hood's all they need

And it's a hard life, it's a hard life
It's a very hard life
It's a hard life wherever you go
And if we poison our children with hatred
Then the hard life is all that they know

I was a child of the sixties
When dreams could be held through TV
With Disney and Cronkite and Martin Luther
And I believed, I believed, I believed

Now I'm a backseat driver from America
And I'm not at the wheel of control
And I am guilty, I am worn, I am the root of all evil
And I can't drive on the left side of the road

And it's a hard life, it's a hard life

It's a very hard life
It's a hard life wherever you go
And if we poison our children with hatred
Then the hard life is all that they'll know

And there ain't no place in this world for these kids to
go
Cause it's a hard life wherever you go

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Has anybody here seen my old friend Abraham,  
Can you tell me where he's gone?  
He freed a lotta people, but it seems the good die  
young  
I just looked around and he's gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend Martin,  
Can you tell me where he's gone?  
He freed a lotta people, but it seems the good die  
young  
I just looked around and he's gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend John,  
Can you tell me where he's gone?  
He freed a lotta people, but it seems the good die  
young  
I just looked around and he's gone.

Didn't you love the things they stood for?  
Didn't they try to find some good in you and me?  
And we'll be free  
Someday soon it's gonna be one day

Has anybody here seen my old friend Bobby,  
Can you tell me where he's gone?  
I thought I saw him walkin' up over the hill  
With Abraham and Martin and John.

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