

Rumer "Soulsville"

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Black man, born free,
At least that's the way it's supposed to be
Chains that bind him are hard to see,
Unless you take this walk with me

Place where he lives, it's got plenty of names
Slum, Ghetto and Black belt, and they're one and the
same
And I call it Soulsville

Soulsville

Any kind of job is hard to find,
That means an increase in the welfare line
Crime rate is rising too
If you were hungry, what would you do?

Rent is two months past due,
On a building that's falling apart,
Little boy needs a pair of shoes,
And this is only a part of life in Soulsville

Soulsville

Some of the brothers got plenty of cash,
Tricks on the corner gonna see to that,
Some like to smoke and some like to blow,
Some are even strung out on a \$50 Jones
Some are trying to ditch reality, by getting so high,
Only to find out, you can never reach the sky,

When your roots are in Soulsville

Soulsville

Every Sunday morning, you can hear the sisters sing
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah, trust in the Lord to make a way,
"

Oh I hope that He hears their prayers,
Because deep in their souls they believe,
That one day He'll put an end
To all the misery that we have in Soulsville

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