

Phonte

"I Wasn't Surprised"

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When our towns were in flame and yet we got the
blame
I wasn't surprised
When police stormed the streets and no one came to
our needs
I wasn't surprised
Well it wasn't our last and it wasn't our first
My people are killed even right in our church
And maybe I'm wise from too many cries
But I wasn't surprised.
When they shot Fred and Mark as they slept in the dark,
I wasn't surprised
When the commission contends it was in "self
defense"
I wasn't surprised
Well it wasn't our last and it wasn't our first
My people are killed in their sleep, in the church
And maybe I'm wise from hearing his cries,
But I wasn't surprised.
In a Southern jail cell, a guard gave a girl hell, and
I wasn't surprised
She fought back and defied, became an outlaw
statewide
And I wasn't surprised
And I wasn't surprised
Well it wasn't our last and it wasn't our first
My people are killed in the prisons and church
And maybe I'm wise from too many cries
But I wasn't surprised.
Well right down the block, a young boy picked a lock
And I wasn't surprised
The police shot him dead, he was hungry, how he bled!
I wasn't surprised
It wasn't our last and it wasn't our first
My people are killed down the block, in the church
And maybe I'm wise from hearing his cries
But I wasn't surprised.
When they shot down my son, nothing wrong had he
done
I wasn't surprised
He was walking to class 'cross the Jackson State grass

And I wasn't surprised
Well it wasn't our first and it wasn't our last
My family is killed even crossing the grass
And maybe I'm wise from hearing his cries
But I wasn't surprised.
I've seen your children fall and I grieve for you all,
But I wasn't surprised
I have known all along that they're mean and they're
strong
So don't be surprised
Well it wasn't your last, it was only your first
The day will come round that they'll kill you in church
And maybe I'm wise from too many lies
But I wasn't surprised.
Well I'm bitter as hell, but one thing I'll tell you
You might be surprised
If we stand side by side to stop this genocide
They will be surprised
For as long as we're silent, as long as we're still
They'll gun us and shun us, you know that they will
So raise your voices high in one unified cry
And we'll see who's surprised!
Words and music by Kristin Lems c MCMLXXIX Kleine
Ding Music (BMI)

Chorus:

Oh Mama, it's hurtin even worse
Love is such a blessing and love is such a curse
Startin is so easy, partin is a pain
Always gettin this heart involved will drive me insane
Oh Mama, I never seem to learn
You told me more than once how much a soul can burn
But standin by the fire's heat felt so good
I burned myself just like you knew I would

Chorus

When the end comes, you know it hurts so bad
But I try to keep in mind the beauty that I had
Mama, I inherited this heart from you
And now that I've got it, tell me what to do

Chorus

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