

Charles Mingus

"Freedom"

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This mule ain't from Moscow.
This mule ain't from the South.
But this mule's had some learnin'
Mostly mouth-to-mouth.

This mule could be called stubborn, and lazy,
But in a clever sorta' way
This mule could be workin', waitin' and learnin' and
plannin'
For a sacred kind of day-
A day when burnin' sticks and crosses
Is not mere child's play,
But a madman in his most incandescent bloom
Whose lover's soul is imperfection, in its most lustrous
groom.

So stand, fast young Romeo
Soothe in contemplation
Thy burning whole and aching thigh
Your stubbornness is ever-living
And cruel anxiety is about to die.

Freedom for your daddy
Freedom for your mamma
Freedom for your brothers and sisters
But no freedom for me.

Freedom for your daddy's daddy
Freedom for your mamma's mamma
Freedom for your brothers and sisters
But no freedom for me.

Freedom for your daddy's daddy
Freedom for your mamma's mamma
Freedom for your brothers and sisters
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