

## Deep End

### "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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