

## Stills Stephen "Word Game"

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Would you knock a man down if you don't like the cut of  
his clothes  
Could you put a man away if you don't want to hear  
what he knows  
Well it's happening right here people dying of fear by  
the droves  
And I know most of you  
Either don't believe it's true,  
Or else you don't know what to do  
Or maybe I'm singing about you,  
Who knows.  
It's incredibly sick, you can feel it, as across the land it  
flows  
Prejudice is slick when it's a word game, it festers and  
grows,  
Move along quick, it furthers one to have somewhere to  
go  
You can feel it as it's rumblin'  
Let emotions keep a tumblin'  
Then as cities start to crumblin'  
Mostly empty bellies grumblin'  
Here we go  
People see somebody different fear is the first reaction  
shown  
Then they think they've got him licked the barbaric hunt  
begins and they move in slow  
A human spirit is devoured the remains left to carrion  
crow  
I was told that life is change  
And yet history remains,  
Does it always stay the same  
Do we shrug it off and say  
Only God knows  
By and by, somebody usually goes down to the ghetto  
Try and help but they don't know why folks treat them  
cold  
And the rich keep getting richer and the rest of us just  
keep getting old.  
You see one must have a mission  
In order to be a good Christian  
If you don't you will be missing

High Mass or the evening show  
And the well fed masters reap the harvests of the  
polluted seeds they've sown,  
Smug and self-righteous they bitch about people they  
owe,  
And you can't prove them wrong, they're so God damn  
sure they know  
I have seen these things with my very own eyes and  
defended my battered soul,  
It must be too tough to die,  
American propaganda, South African lies  
Will not force me to take up arms, that's my enemies'  
pride,  
And I won't fight by his rules that's foolishness  
besides,  
His ignorance is gonna do him in and nobody's gonna  
cry,  
Because his children they are growing up  
With bigots and their silver cups  
They're fed up, they might throw up  
On you

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