

Harper Ben

"Ill Rise"

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M. Angelou

You may write me down in history
with your bitter twisted lies
you may trod me down in the very dirt
and still like the dust I'll rise
does my happiness upset you
why are you best with gloom
Cause I laugh like I've got an oil well
pumpin' in my living room
So you may shoot me with your words
you may cut me with your eyes
and I'll rise
I'll rise
I'll rise
out of the shacks of history's shame
up from a past rooted in pain
I'll rise
I'll rise
I'll rise
Now did you want to see me broken
bowed head and lowered eyes
shoulders fallen down like tear drops
weakened by my soulful cries
Does my confidence upset you
don't you take it awful hard
cause I walk like I've got a diamond mine
breakin' up in my front yard
So you may shoot me with your words
you may cut me with your eyes
and I'll rise
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I'll rise
out of the shacks of history's shame
up from a past rooted in pain
I'll rise
I'll rise
I'll rise
So you may write me down in history
with your bitter twisted lies
you may trod me down in the very dirt
and still like the dust I'll rise

does my happiness upset you
why are you best with gloom
cause I laugh like I've got a goldmine
Diggin' up in my living room
So you may shoot me with your words
you may cut me with your eyes
and I'll rise
I'll rise
I'll rise
out of the shacks of history's shame
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