

Pura F**"Della Blackman/Pick And Choose"**

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Della Blackman married a white man
Who lived on the other side of town
Her husband had friends
That disapproved of the marriage
They wore white hoods
Saying Klu Klux Klan

Aunt Della was told
To forget about her ancestry
She denied her mama's blood was red as the land
If she would ever see her family or people
Della was warned to walk on by

You've got to pick and choose in this world
There's a right and wrong
You gotta know it in your heart
But when the time has come
Creator will do what is done
But until then you've got to pick and choose

One day a postcard came in the mail
A family picnic, she was invited to
Della was warned that she had better not go
Well, what do you think this woman did do?

Aunt Della remembered the strength of her family
Yeah, the singing, laughter, and mama's love she missed
Therefore she said, "I'll be damned if I don't! I'll go
Pack up my bags and see my folks!"

To get to the picknick, Della walked through the woods
She heard footsteps of the living dead
Aunt Della started to run, screaming to her family
But no one heard the final warning had come
A group of angry men violated Della and
Left her in the woods, hard to identify
When her family got the news,
They summoned all her people
In silence they carried her body home.

Chorus

Della Blackman, was buried with her people
Many who'd been taken down from the land
Everyday you'd see her husband standing by her
grave,
As if he were the ghost and Della had been saved!

Chorus

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