

The Songs We're Taught

Lately Lady Liberty's been dodging my calls
I'm appalled— I'm gasping
grasping at the tattered shreds
of blue, white red, white red, white red, red, read
headlines day after day, darker than prison-skin,
refuse to believe this time we're living in,
refuse to believe the songs we sing:
Oh beautiful fallacious lies!
"This land is my land, this land is my land
and I'll be damned before I share it,
or lend a hand. Need a hand? Too bad"
'cause she's a grand, old hag
too set in her ways for taking in strays,
too worn out and tired from stepping on slaves,
too blind to
stand beside her, and guide her, through the night
over wall up above,
but here there's no love for those who flee,
my country, 'tis of thee I sing— I've no confusion
in your delusion: land where the natives died
forging the pilgrims' pride,
from every history book's lie:
Let Freedom Ring...