

Sit back relax. Buckle your seat belt. Pull the lever on your reclining chair, kick your feet up.

Clean out your ears

Prepare to hear me loud and clear

And open your heart because here is where I start.

-----Press Play:

Moving the hands on the clock setting us back 400 years

Where people who look like me lived in fear

If I made eye-contact, I would know that my end is near

If I picked up a book, we all know that I wouldn't be here

-----Pause:

I told you this was 400 years ago

My friends let me tell you this is as soon as today, as quick as yesterday

This was a year ago, this was a year before that and then some

His name was Freddie Gray

A man named Eric Garner where "I can't breathe" was all he could say

A woman named Sandra Bland despite her screaming

She still ended up leaving

The earth.

-----Press Play:

Turning the page

Moving the hand on the clock to a time that was 300 years ago

Filled with blazing tunes

That drowned out the deceitful mood

Slaving in the field where my worth was dependent on the amount of pounds I could carry over my shoulder

Teachers try to explain this in a classroom but it is worth more than what you can fit into a folder

Singing the blues, telling the tales of the Bible, wow could they be any bolder?

-----Pause:

In a church that looks like mine

Filled with people who look like me

Where music and songs play that help me grieve

Brick by brick the building burned

From dust to ashes

The building is no more yet the Bible is open and still we rise

Keeping Faith and Singing songs

And then came the day where the pain just went on and on and on

Frozen in my tracks, looking up to the sky

Screaming out America WHERE AM I?

I was in the car on my way to the orthodontist

To get my braces off

When I was told the news I, I, I- I, I couldn't move

It was a church that looked like mine

Filled with people who looked like me

Trying to help the innocent believe

That night many of them entered by nine of them didn't leave

And their names are of the Charleston Nine

Where people look at me as I'm walking down the street and think "oh she's just another"  
Dr. King told people "He Had a Dream"  
Which they all claimed to believe but in reality, it was a conceived nightmare  
Looking out my window to a sea of white hoods and burning crosses straight out of my left eye  
glare  
Screaming out it isn't fair  
I am looking at the clock asking myself when will it break  
I don't know how much more pain I can take  
Please tell me when will we be free?  
The batteries are running low  
But I know there are people in this world who will tell you what I've said isn't so  
So Instead,  
I'll tell you what they don't know  
I can't even explain it because they cut me off "I mean look at you "you can vote, there's no  
slavery, no Jim Crow- I mean look at all you got"  
What you don't know is when I leave my house I have a 95 percent chance of being shot  
So please tell me when will I be free?  
You tell me to look at all that I've got but don't you know that is that the hate has not stopped?  
Pump the brakes, why can't you see that my life is at stake?  
From the moment my ancestors set foot on this ground until now.  
And that is not ok  
That behavior should have drowned  
And the fact that it's still around  
Will forever have my heart scarred  
But let me assure you over my years I have learned that where my body is scarred it is forever  
starred  
My Grandmother once told me never close the door, just leave it ajar  
Learn from your pain and trust me you will forever go far

So, this time America when will we be free?  
Will it be when I find the key to unlock the chains to set us all free?  
Or when we all decide to stop looking at the clock and realize that we are living in 20----17.