

Anne Braden

Flobots

[spoken]

What I've realized since is that it's a very painful process but it is not destructive. It's the world deliberation. And what really happened in the sixties was that this country took just the first step toward admitting that it had been wrong on race, and creativity burst out in all

directions. From the color of the faces in Sunday's songs

To the hatred they raised all the youngsters on

Once upon a time in this country long ago

She knew there was something wrong

Because the song said yellow, red, black, and white

Everyone precious in the path of Christ

But what about the daughter of the woman cleaning their house

Wasn't she a child they were singing about?

And if Jesus loves us black or white skin

Why didn't her white mother invite them in?

When did it become a room for no blacks to step in?

How did she already know not to ask the question?

Left lasting impressions

Adolescence's comforts gone

She never thought things would ever change

But she always knew there was something wrong

She always knew there was something wrong

She always knew there was something wrong Years later she found herself Mississippi-bound

To help stop the legalized lynching

Of Mr. Willie McGee

But they couldn't stop it

So they thought that they'd talk to the governor

About what happened

And say we're tired of being used

As an excuse to kill black men

But the cops wouldn't let 'em past and

These women they struck 'em as uppity

So they hauled 'em all off to jail

And they called it protective custody

Then from her cell she heard her jailers

Grumbling about outsiders

And when she called him out

And said she was from the south they shouted

"Why is a nice southern lady

Making trouble for the governor?"

She said, "I guess I'm not your type of lady

And I guess I'm not your type of southerner.

But before you call me traitor

Well it's plainest just to say
I was a child in Mississippi
But I'm ashamed of it today."

She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong
She always knew there was something wrong

[Spoken] And, all of a sudden, I realized I was on the other side
Imagine the world that you're
standing within

All of your neighbors and family and friends
How would you cope facing the fact
The flesh on your hand was tainted with sin?

She faced it every day

People she saw on a regular basis
People she loved in several cases
People she knew were incredibly racist

It was painful

But she never stopped loving them

Never stopped calling their name

And she never stopped being a southern woman

And she never stopped fighting for change

And she saw that her struggle was in the tradition

Of ancestors never aware of her

It continues today, the soul of a southerner

Born of the other America
She always knew there was something wrong

She always knew there was something wrong

She always knew there was something wrong

She always knew there was something wrong [spoken]

What you win in the immediate battles is little compared to the effort you put into it but if
you see that as a part of this total movement to build a new world, you know what could be.
You do have a choice. You don't have to be a part of the world of the lynchers. You can join the
other America. There is another America!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>