

Blood, sweat, and tears spin tunes from noir mouths.

The rhythm and blues helps us choose where we want to be.

Velvet voices mixed with trumpets, feelin' live and blowing free.

We see ourselves in these expressions of soul. Tunes far from new but don't feel all that old.

What color are we when our voices reach the sky. Do our songs of the South make the other Angels Cry.

Songs of the South sang by those who are brown. Singing out forever so that freedom can be found.