

## Mississippi Love Song

I came back to Mississippi tonight.

The sun fell down in flames, the delta  
reached up to grab it.  
Down beyond Corinth, past Sardis and Como,  
Beyond Hernando Desoto County it fell.  
The sun fell and night fell and blackness fell.  
And black moans rise in the delta  
and black blood rolls in Coldwater River.

Oh all the Northern press agree  
God was killed in his home this evening.  
God's flesh burned with twenty black churches.  
White folks burned God.

And who lynched Mack Parker, who  
Emmett Till? Where are three boys?  
( Delay Beckwith is a state hero)  
And where are eighteen black bodies ~~gone~~ since  
gone since January?

Our father who art in Washington  
Hallowed be thy name  
Thy kingdom is coming  
Thy will being done.

Love God with all thy heart;  
and the second is like unto it:  
Love thy neighbor as thyself.  
It's hard to love thyself in America.

"Hey Man! It's gonna be rough.  
Hey Man! they may kill you.  
Hey man! I mean, Hey! they may  
mutilate you."  
And if you're black who cares.  
And how come a white punk kid like  
me can change things that a hundred  
years of black cries couldn't do?  
And why does it take three dead boys  
before Mississippi exists in White America?  
And why does an old man cry in church  
when we go? "Where would we be if  
you had not come," he said.

It is hard to love yourself in America.  
"Old woman, aren't you afraid to have  
workers stay with you?"  
"God is in this house. He is with us."  
There is love in black Mississippi.

No, we'll never turn back  
Until we've all been freed  
And we have equality  
We will never turn back  
No, we'll never turn back.