

"From the poverty shacks he looked from  
The cracks to the tracks  
And the hoofbeats pound in his brain  
And he's taught how to walk in a pack  
Shoot in the back,  
With his fist in a clinch  
To hang and to lynch  
With his head 'neath a hood  
To kill with no pain  
Like a dog on a chain,  
He ain't got no name  
But it ain't him to blame,  
He's only a pawn in their game.

The day Medgar Evers was buried from  
The bullet he caught  
They lowered him down as a king  
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one  
That fired the gun,  
You'll see by his grave  
On the stone that remains  
Carved next to his name  
His epitaph plain  
He's only a pawn in their game."

Dylan

