

(Less) Urgent Conversations: Songs of Protest

Monday, November 16, 2020 - 7-8:30pm

Facilitator: Cait Cliff-Perbix ('21, SJ Fellow)

Zoom link: <https://ucincinnati.zoom.us/j/92763704610?pwd=VEtBSEdidlZFbEhuYWR6ZHZGK0dCUT09>

Hosted by the Nathaniel R. Jones Center for Race, Gender, and Social Justice
Cincinnati Law



“I Can’t Breathe” / H.E.R.

Started a war screaming "Peace" at the same time
All the corruption, injustice, the same crimes
Always a problem if we do or don't fight
And we die, we don't have the same rights
What is a gun to a man that surrenders?
What's it gonna take for someone to defend us?
If we all agree that we're equal as people
Then why can't we see what is evil?
I can't breathe
You're taking my life from me
I can't breathe
Will anyone fight for me?
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
How do we cope when we don't love each other?
Where is the hope and the empathy?
How do we judge off the color?
The structure was made to make us the enemy
Prayin' for change 'cause the pain makes you tender
All of the names you refuse to remember
Were somebody's brother or friend
Son to a mother that's crying, sayin'
I can't breathe
You're taking my life from me
I can't breathe

Will anyone fight for me?
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Will anyone fight for me?
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh (for me)
Trying times all the time
Destruction of minds, bodies, and human rights
Stripped of bloodlines, whipped and confined
This is the American pride
It's justifying a genocide
Romanticizing the theft and bloodshed
That made America the land of the free
To take a black life, land of the free
To bring a gun to a peaceful fight for civil rights
You are desensitized to pulling triggers on innocent lives
Because that's how we got here in the first place
These wounds sink deeper than the bullet
Your entitled hands could ever reach
Generations and generations of pain, fear, and anxiety
Equality is walking without intuition
Saying the protector and the killer is wearing the same uniform

The revolution is not televised
Media perception is forced down the throats of closed minds
So it's lies in the headlines
And generations of supremacy resulting in your ignorant, privileged eyes
We breathe the same and we bleed the same
But still, we don't see the same
Be thankful we are God-fearing
Because we do not seek revenge
We seek justice, we are past fear
We are fed up eating your shit
Because you think your so-called "black friend"
Validates your wokeness and erases your racism
That kind of uncomfortable conversation is too hard
For your trust-fund pockets to swallow
To swallow the strange fruit hanging from my family tree
Because of your audacity
To say all men are created equal in the eyes of God
But disparage a man based on the color of his skin
Do not say you do not see color
When you see us, see us
We can't breathe



“March March” / The Chicks

March, march to my own drum
March, march to my own drum
Hey, hey, I'm an army of one
Oh, I'm an army of one
March, march to my own drum
March, march to my own drum
March, march to my own drum
Hey, hey, I'm an army of one
Oh, I'm an army of one
Brenda's packing heat 'cause she don't
like Mondays
Underpaid teacher policing the hallways
Print yourself a weapon and take it to the
gun range
(Ah, cut the shit)
(You ain't goin' to the gun range)
Standing with Emma and our sons and
daughters
Watchin' our youth have to solve our
problems

I'll follow them so who's comin' with me
(Half of you love me)
(Half already hate me)
March, march to my own drum
March, march to my own drum
Hey, hey, I'm an army of one
Oh, I'm an army of one
March, march to my own drum
March, march to my own drum
Hey, hey, I'm an army of one
Oh, I'm an army of one
Tell the ol' boys in the white bread lobby
What they can and can't do with their
bodies
Temperatures are rising, cities are sinkin'
(Ah, cut the shit)
(You know your city is sinkin')
Lies are truth and truth is fiction
Everybody's talkin'

Who's gonna listen?
What the hell happened in Helsinki?
March, march to my own drum
March, march to my own drum
Hey, hey, I'm an army of one
Oh, I'm an army of one
March, march to my own drum
March, march to my own drum
Hey, hey, I'm an army of one
Oh, I'm an army of one



“Turntables” / Janelle Monáe

The table about to turn
The table about to turn
The table about to turn, yeah
I've been flipping through my timeline
Trying to get my mind right
My city cry-y
I got to cool down
But I'm under pressure
Look at where my Chris go
Look at where my fist go
I renegade when I'm in a rage
I got to cool down
But I'm under pressure
I keep my hands dirty
My mind clean
Got a new agenda
With a new dream
I'm kicking out the old regime
Liberation, elevation, education
America, you a lie
But the whole world 'bout to testify
I said, the whole world 'bout to testify

And the tables 'bout to
T-t-tables 'bout to
Turn, turn, turn (turn)
Ain't no stoppin' 'til they
Turn, turn, turn (turn)
No stoppin' 'til
Turn, turn, turn (turn)
We can't wait for it
Turn, turn, turn
Yeah, the tables 'bout to turn
It's a boomerang booming back, yeah
You laid the egg now it's 'bout to hatch, yeah
You gaslight and 'bout to meet your match
You fuck up the kitchen, then you should do the
dishes
Burning down plantations
Ain't no parking, I don't need no validation
I like sage when I'm in a rage
I don't need permission, I got my intuition
Hands dirty
Mind clean
A different vision

With a new dream
We kicking out the old regime
Liberation, elevation, education
I said "America, yousa lie"
But the whole world 'bout to testify
I said the whole world 'bout to testify
We gonna watch the table
Now we gonna watch the table
Turn, turn, turn (The tables got to)
That's right
Turn, turn, turn (it's got to)
You waited too long, you gotta
Turn, just turn, turn (the tables got to)
We see it all now
Turn, turn, turn
Said the tables got to turn
Turn tables turn
Turn tables turn
Turn tables turn (The tables got to)
Turn tables turn
Turn tables turn (The tables got to)
Turn tables turn
Turn tables turn (The tables got to turn)



“Better Than We Found It” / Maren Morris

"If you don't like it, then get the hell out"
That's what they yell when I open my mouth
A stick is a stick, a stone is a stone
But who's gonna care if I don't?
Who's gonna change if I won't?
When time turns this moment to dust
I just hope that I'm proud of the woman I was
When lines of tomorrow are drawn
Can I live with the side that I chose to be on?
Will we sit on our hands, do nothing about it?
Or will we leave this world better than we found it?
Over and under and above the law
My neighbor's in danger, who does he call?
When the wolf's at the door all covered in blue
Shouldn't we try something new?
We're over a barrel and at the end of one too
When time turns this moment to dust
I just hope that I'm proud of the woman I was
When lines of tomorrow are drawn

Can I live with the side that I chose to be on?
Will we sit on our hands, do nothing about it?
Or will we leave this world better than we found it?
America, America
Divided we fall
America, America
God save us all
From ourselves and the Hell
That we've built for our kids
America, America
We're better than this
When time turns this moment to dust
I just hope my son's proud of the woman I was
When lines of tomorrow are gone
Can I live with the side that I chose to be on?
Will we sit on our hands, do nothing about it?
Can we leave this world better than we found it?
America
America