

Mister Holland

Gregory Porter

Hello, Mister Holland
And Rosie may come out and play
She's a good girl now
Won't be no trouble, no how

By the way, Mister Holland
I like the way you make no trouble of my skin
It's not a problem
Nor has it ever been

You invited me into your home
Treated me like I was grown
I was only 18
And Rosie was a beauty queen

Hello, Mister Holland
And Rosie may come out and play
I'm a good boy now
Won't be no trouble, no how

By the way, Mister Holland
I liked the way you treated me like a regular Joe
I wanted a soda
And you said Rosie could go

Anyway, I like your style
Seemed like I'll be around for a while
We can talk about a country mile
And listen to a blues record, check it out, oh

Hello, Mister Holland
And Rosie may come out and play
It's a good world now
Won't be no trouble, no how

And by the way, Mister Holland
I liked the way you treated me like a regular being
My name is not a problem
And oh, it never will

Anyway, I like your way
People ought to be able to play
And keep your soul as black as the night
When you walk in straight into the light
Oh now

Anyhow, I like your way
People ought to be able to play
And keep your soul as black as the night
As you walk into the brighter light

Mama used to fear for me
When you walk out in the world, you see
Some people will fear your face and name
But Mister Holland, don't play that game

Oh, Mister Holland

Oh, Mister Holland
Oh, Mister Holland
Oh, always treat me right

Oh, Mister Holland
Oh, Mister Holland
Oh, Mister Holland
Oh, Mister Holland always treat me right

Mister Holland
Hey, Mister Holland
Thank you, Mister Holland
You sure 'nuff treat me right

Mister Holland
Hey, Mister Holland
Hey, Mister Holland
But you always treat me right, oh