

Open Letter (To a Landlord)

Living Colour

Now you can tear a building down
But you can't erase a memory
These houses may look all run down
But they have a value you can't see

This is my neighborhood
This is where I come from
I call this place my home
You call this place a slum
You wanna run the people out
This is what you're all about
Treat poor people just like trash
Turn around and make big cash

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Last month there was a fire
I saw seven children die
You sent flowers to their families
But your sympathy's a lie
'Cause every building that you burn
Is more blood money that you earn
We are forced to relocate
From the pain that you create

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We lived here for so many years
Now this house is full of fear
For a profit you will take control
Where will all the older people go?
There used to be when kids could play
Without the scourge of drug's decay
Now our kids are living dead
They crack and blow their lives away

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For your neighborhood

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