

Ballad of Trayvon Martin

Will Hoge

Trayvon Martin was a young black kid
Doin' the same things that we all did
Outside walkin' down the streets alone
Just talkin' to a girl on the telephone

Mindin' his business, not doin' nothin' wrong
But then George Zimmerman had to come along
Self-appointed wanna-be police man
With 9-1-1 call and a pistol in his hand

Oh, chariot swing low
Come to take another young angel home
Underneath that February moon
Another young brother gone way to soon

George told the cops "The kid's on drugs"
But what he really wants to say is "Black kids are thugs"
The dispatcher says not to make no stand
But he's gonna take matters into his own hands

Trayvon tells the girl that there's some guy
That's followin' him 'round and he don't know why
She says to hang up the phone and run
But the next thing you hear is the ringin' of a gun

Neighbors call the cops 'cause they hear screams
Another black child that never gets out of his teens
Zimmerman claims that is was self-defense
So Police Chief Lee just ignored the evidence

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So Zimmerman goes free and the country cries
'Cause we're still shackled by the hatred and the lies
Now we gotta stick together to see justice done
March out of the darkness to the risin' sun

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