

# Invisibility

Ron Greene

3/4 p3

Young black men were unseen  
In Ralph Ellison's day.  
"Yessir" was routine –  
Life was safer that way.  
It's ironic, somehow,  
The change in our land:  
Few more visible now  
Than a young black man.

C A<sub>m</sub>  
F C  
C E<sub>m</sub>  
F G  
C F  
F C  
E<sub>m</sub> G  
F C

Others now disappear.  
These days the unseen one  
Is advanced in years,  
Whose life is thought done.  
Young people walk by  
Eyes on their device.  
A mid-aged gal or guy  
Will rarely look twice.

C A<sub>m</sub>  
F C  
C E<sub>m</sub>  
F G  
C F  
F C  
E<sub>m</sub> G  
F C

But things aren't all bad:  
We're not dead – we're just old.  
We needn't be sad;  
We can even be bold.  
'Cause when we're not seen,  
We can dress as we wish.  
We can say what we mean,  
Be a bit devilish.

C A<sub>m</sub>  
F C  
C E<sub>m</sub>  
F G  
C F  
F C  
E<sub>m</sub> G  
F C

And since we can see  
The others like us,  
Together we can be  
Quite adventurous.  
So courage my comrade,  
Let's go and have fun.  
Be steadfast; be glad,  
For we've barely begun.

C A<sub>m</sub>  
F C  
C E<sub>m</sub>  
F G  
C F  
F C  
E<sub>m</sub> G  
F C C<sub>note</sub>