

Visibility

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_m
F C
C E_m
F G
C F
F C
E_m G
F C

A man over there
Who's trying to shop
Can't go anywhere
Without a mall cop.
How small must one feel
When a narrow white mind
Is certain you'll steal
'Cause you're one of "that" kind.

C A_m
F C
C E_m
F G
C F
F C
E_m G
F C

A white family enjoys
A day in the park.
Then they see some black boys
On their own happy lark.
The parents move on
With their kids in tow.
'Til the black boys are gone,
They're not likely to show.

C A_m
F C
C E_m
F G
C F
F C
E_m G
F C

Some cops seem to thrive
In hassling at night
Those black men who drive
With one working taillight.
Because of their race
They're likely to get
A gun in their face
Or some other grave threat.

C A_m
F C
C E_m
F G
C F
F C
E_m G
F C

Ralph Ellison's gone,
But young black men have not.
No longer withdrawn
They can't be forgot.
It's time to reflect:
They've been badly typecast.
We should give them respect
And move out of the past.

C A_m
F C
C E_m
F G
C F
F C
E_m G
F C
F G C_{note}