

Simple Song of Freedom
By: Bobby Darin

Come and sing a simple song of freedom.
Sing it like you've never sung before.
Let it fill the air. Tell the people everywhere
That we, the people here, don't want a war.

Hey there, mister black man, can you hear me?
I don't want your diamonds or your game.
I just want to be someone known to you as me.
And I will bet my life you want the same.

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Seven hundred million are you list'nin'?
Most of what you read is made of lies.
But speaking one to one, ain't it everybody's sun
To wake to in the morning when we rise?

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Brother Solzhenitsyn are you busy?
If not, won't you drop this friend a line?
Tell me if the man who is plowin' up your land
Has got the war machine upon his mind.

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Now no doubt some folks enjoy doin' battle
Like presidents, prime ministers, and kings.
So let's all build them shelves
Where they can fight among themselves.
Leave the people free who like to sing.

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