

Where are you now  
 By:Manic Street Preachers'  
 "Let Robeson Sing

Where are you now?  
 Broken up or still around?  
 The C.I.A. says you're a guilty man.  
 Will we see the likes of you again?  
 Can anyone make a difference anymore?  
 Can anyone write a protest song?  
 Pinky, lefty, revolutionary  
 Burnt at the stake for:

A voice so pure;  
 A vision so clear.  
 I've got to learn to live like you:  
 Learn to sing like you.  
 Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo....

Went to Cuba to meet Castro.  
 Never got past sleepy Moscow.  
 A giant man with a heavenly voice.  
 M-K-Ultra turned you paranoid.  
 No passport till 1958.  
 McCarthy poisoned through with hate.  
 Liberty lost: still buried today  
 Beneath the lie of the USA.

A voice so pure;  
 A vision so clear.  
 I've got to learn to live like you:  
 Learn to sing like you.  
 Oo-oo-oo-oooo....

[SPOKEN] Now let the Freedom Train come zooming down the track,  
 Gleaming in the sunshine for white and black,  
 Not stopping at no stations marked colored or white,  
 Just stopping in the fields in the broad daylight.  
 Stopping in the country in the wide open air,  
 Where there never was a Jim Crow sign nowhere.  
 And no lily-white committees, politicians of note,  
 Nor poll-tax layer through which colored can't vote.  
 And there won't be no kind-a color line.  
 The Freedom Train will be yours and mine.

[SUNG] A voice so pure;  
 A vision so clear.  
 I've got to learn to live like you:  
 Learn to sing like you.  
 Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo....

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo....

Sing it loud! Sing it proud!  
 I will be heard! I will be found!  
 Sing it loud! Sing it proud!  
 I will be heard! I will be found!