

The ships are coming over
Slaves are getting sold

Africans getting gathered up
All of them leaving their families
Some are crying because they're going to America

They think back when they were young
Hear their moms say there is nothing better than this
There has to be something better than this

I wish there was freedom in this country
I need to live the life I want to live
This is not the way you treat human beings

If I could do something I would escape from those slave capturers
And take the underground railroad and never come back
Never come back to picking all of that tobacco, cotton, and rice

Just hide out then find something to eat
But if I don't I might have to go back to the plantation
And get that whipping for running away from the plantation

Then get back to work

Student of
Gracie White