

Anne Braden, Lyrics/Music by Flobots

*The alternative hip hop group Flobots paid tribute to Anne Braden with the song "Anne Braden" on their 2007 album *Fight With Tools*. The track includes several audio samples of Anne Braden (Courtesy of Dr. Vincent Harding and the Veterans of Hope Project), describing her life and thoughts on race in her own words.*

Information from WIKIPEDIA, open source modified by the general public
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anne_Braden

Artist: The Flobots
Album: Fight With Tools
Year: 2008
Title: Anne Braden

Lyrics to *Anne Braden*

[Spoken]

What I've realized since is that it's a very painful process but it is not destructive. It's the world deliberation. And what really happened in the sixties was that this country took just the first step toward admitting that it had been wrong on race, and creativity burst out in all directions.

From the color of the faces in Sunday songs
To the hatred they raised all the youngsters on
Once upon a time in this country, long ago
She knew there was something wrong
Because the song said "yellow, red, black, and white
Every one precious in the path of Christ"
But what about the daughter
Of the woman cleaning their house?
Wasn't she a child they were singin' about?
And if Jesus loves us, black and white skin
Why didn't her white mother invite them in?
When did it become a room for no blacks to step in?
How did she already know not to ask the question?
Left lasting impressions
Adolescent's comfort's gone
She never thought things would ever change,
But she always knew there was something wrong.

Always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.

Years later, she found herself
 Mississippi bound to help
 Stop the legalized lynching of Mr. Willy McGee.
 But they couldn't stop it,
 So they thought that they'd talk to the governor about what'd happened
 And say, "We're tired of being used as an excuse to kill black men."
 But the cops wouldn't let 'em past
 And these women, they struck 'em as uppity
 So they hauled 'em all off to jail
 And they called in protective custody.
 Then from her cell
 She heard her jailers
 Grumblin' about "outsiders".
 When she called 'em out
 And said she was from the south, they shouted,
 "Why is a nice, Southern lady makin' trouble
 For the governor?"
 She said, "I guess I'm not your type of lady,
 And I guess I'm not your type of Southerner,
 But before you call me traitor,
 Well it's plain as just to say (?)
 I was a child in Mississippi
 but I'm ashamed of it today."

She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
 She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
 She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
 She always knew there was somethin' wrong.

([spoken] And, all of a sudden, I realized I was on the other side)

Imagine the world that you're standing within
 All of your neighbors, they're family-friends.
 How would you cope facing the fact
 The flesh on their hands was tainted with sin?
 She faced this every day.
 People she saw on a regular basis;
 People she loved, in several cases;
 People she knew were incredibly racist.
 It was painful, but she never stopped loving them,
 Never stopped callin' their names
 And she never stopped being a Southern woman
 And she never stopped fighting for change.
 And she saw that her struggle was
 in the tradition of ancestors never aware of her (?)

It continues today:
The soul of a Southerner
born of the other America.

She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.
She always knew there was somethin' wrong.

[spoken]

What you win in the immediate battles is little compared to the effort you put into it but if you see that as a part of this total movement to build a new world, you know what could be (????? "oooh, oooh"). You do have a choice. You don't have to be a part of the world of the lynchers. You can join the other America. There is another America!