

Civil

This kinky crown shakes
While these hips hop side to side understanding rhythm
This brown paper bag skin knows blues
Knows bruise
All I wanted to do was dance to the beat playing on the jukebox
Instead I had silver bracelets around my wrists

Use restraints to keep me still
Shoot poison out my veins and fry my brain
Labeled as insane, sick in the head and evil
Like the bodies next to me with names I can't remember
But I do remember
All we wanted to do was dance to the beat playing on the jukebox
Now our blood stained on the sidewalk

Being ourselves meant breaking the law
Cops breaking our bones was legally justified
Because we are human beings we bleed
Because we are human beings
We have to go to the extremes to be heard
Nice ways always fail
Rights are only won by those who make their voices heard
Why we have ask other humans to give us rights anyway
I don't know why

They still try to kill the best
When all we want to do is dance
But these bodies are resilient magical
We bring color and flavor to this world
So trust when our hands are free from these chains
They will turn into fists
They will resist
The people united will never be defeated
We have the stones to knock down walls
From Selma's bridge to the Stonewall Inn

We will fight with anything and everything we find
Bricks, sticks, rocks, pennies for these cops
And anyone else who tries to hold us down

You can't control this body
I can do whatever I want with this beautiful body
Sit down, walk out try to stop me

When nightsticks used like whips
Beat me until I'm unresponsive
I won't give up
I will get up
I will get loud
My hope will never be silent
My silence won't protect me

I will march down the street with a limp
For the speeches that spoke against us
That didn't mention us

This march will be the baddest two-step you've ever seen
For me the bodies with names I can't remember
The STARS that aren't with us anymore
That can no longer dance to the beat playing on the jukebox