
Dear Lord, Why Me?

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Story of a man, supporting the best way as a fan.
Strolled to a game, Wheaney said no ID.
Sir, you're not a teacher.
Want in? 5 dollars.

Flip of a switch—Dear Lord, why me?
Would this be happening if I was a white man in the bleacher?
Man oh man we need a preacher.

You're under investigation. Investigation. Investigation.
You are of no relation. No relation. No relation.
And we want no relation. No relation. No relation.
Now you're hostile. Hostile. Hostile.
Subject you to my vile. Vile. Vile....
No rights, don't fight, fight, fight.
All because you're not white. Not white. Not white.

Perseveration is real. Boy here go take a pill.
For in this world no time to heal.
Just trying to keep it real.
So you better learn to chill.
Or we'll knock you off this hill.

Back into the world, no one wants you.
If you were of value, we'd flaunt you.
But you're not, so we stand and we mock you.
Right to your face, you're a target, ya I said we'll mock you.
Put your face on our project, audacity to name you "Had ID!"
Despite the fact that we knew you asked—Dear Lord, why me?