

Citizen of the United States

He was born in the dumps of Harlem
Raised up in parts of the Bronx
His folks were supposed to be Hispanic
He had no idea to whom he belonged

How can you be proud to be...
A citizen of the United States
No president cares about you
No one will open the gates
To let you into the White House

You are living in New York City
But no one will come to see you
Maybe a couple of tourist people
Might take pictures out of a VW

How can you be proud to be...

I have written that song
More than 20 years ago
I can see a change is coming,
I think so
Mr. President has changed
He might rearrange a couple of things
That Mr. Bush has done

Take care of yourself
You might handle it
You are the king of the streets
Go straight ahead, don't look back
Let nobody know who your mother is
(even if your heart bleeds)

How can you be proud to be...