Arrested Development, Mr Wendal

Here have a dollar In fact now brotherman, here have two Two dollars means a snack for me But it means a big deal to you Be strong, serve God only Know that if you do, beautiful Heaven awaits That's the poem I wrote for the first time I saw a man with no clothes, no money, no plate Mr. Wendal, that's his name No one ever knew his name 'cuz he's a no one Never thought twice about spending on an old bum Until I had the chance to really get to know one Now that I know 'em, to give him money isn't charity He gives me some knowledge, I buy him some shoes And to think blacks spend all their money on big colleges Still most of you come out confused Go ahead Mr. Wendal Go ahead Mr. Wendal Mr. Wendal has freedom A free that you and I think he's dumb Free to be without the worries of a quick to diss society For Mr. Wendal's a bum

His only worries are sickness and occasional harassment By the police and their chase Uncivilized we call him but I just saw him Eat off the food we waste Civilization, are we really civilized? Yes or no, who are we to judge When thousands of innocent man could be brutally enslaved And killed over a racist grudge Mr. Wendal has tried to warn us about our ways But we don't hear him talk It's not his fault when we're goin' too far and we got too far 'Cuz on him we walk Mr. Wendal, a man, a human in flesh but not by law I feed you dignity to stand with pride Realize now that all in all we stand tall Go ahead Mr. Wendal Mr. Wendal Mr. Wendal

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Mr. Wendal