

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
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