

# Arrested Development, Mr. Wendel

Here, have a dollar  
In fact no 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 'cause he's a no-one  
Never thought twice about spending on a ol' bum  
Until I had the chance to really get to know one  
Now that I know him, to give him money isn't charity  
He gives me some knowledge, I buy him some shoes  
And to think blacks spend all that money on big colleges  
Still most of y'all come out confused  
Go ahead, Mr.Wendal  
Go ahead, Mr.Wendal  
Mr.Wendal has freedom  
A free that you and I think is 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 an 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 men  
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  
Is it his fault when we've gone too far  
And we got too far 'cause 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 that all in all you stand tall  
Mr.Wendal, Lord, Mr.Wendal