

## Been to Dachau

It was 1963 In Dachau, Germany. Yeah, that Dachau!  
They sure loved their beer, Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, and the Beatles.

We waited for Vietnam to call. We waited anxiously for the call

While we wondered for whom the bells would next toll.

Said to me one day an old Kraut, It must terrible for you

To live in America with all the prejudice and inequality.

I answered, Yes, Sir, it can get awfully ugly for us,

But they haven't yet built ovens and gas chambers

To employ in a final solution to exterminate us.

It was many years later when I'd grown up

I realized Vietnam had done the job on us,

As Iraq and Afghanistan would do forty years in the future.

They don't need gas chambers and ovens to kill us.

They got money-makin' wars to send us brothers into,

And neighborhoods back home that might as well be concentration camps.

Go kill somebody colored in a country you never heard of, If you want to get out the ghetto. If you want  
out of poverty;

Or stay in your own country, in your neighborhood

And kill somebody colored, or be killed by somebody colored.

We ain't got much choice right now, but someday. Someday.

Someday, down the line. Someday. Someday down the line.

I have a dream. I have a dream. I have dream. I have a dream.

Dear Lord. I got nothin' but a dream.