

The klansman

Word of the trouble spread around
One day a man came to my town
I was in the kitchen when my Pa let him in
He shook my hand, said, "The Klan's your friend"

Was a meetin' at Lyle Stanton's house
On the Jefferson Highway
Some, they did not listen
Some did not turn away

Said, "When the holy rain of fire
Comes tumblin' from above
It'll be a Klansman
Who stands for the land he loves"

Look away, look away now

I was ten years old when my Pa said,
Son, some day you will see
When you grow to wear the robes
Like your brother and me

When the war between the races
Leaves us in a fiery dream
It'll be a Klansman
Who will wipe this country clean
This, son, is my dream".