

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_



# John Lewis & Nonviolent Action

Strange fruit hanging from trees in the night,  
Swaying in the wind, symbols the ending of life.  
Picture your mother dead just for trying to vote.  
Inside, you're done; you feel yourself slowly dying of hope.  
They saw us being killed; they tightened the rope.  
The more and more we spoke out, the higher we'd go.  
We say this world is better; things happen to bring back time.  
They tried to knock us down and thought that we would go run and hide.  
Actions are made in life, results: a crying me.  
Let me tell you about someone who was willing to die for me.  
Someone who fought for rights to get equality and peace.  
They said to preach the word, man, I'mma speak on reality:  
John Lewis, a real figure in this movement.  
Black lives matter; to this day, we still use it.  
Born in Alabama, 1940, into segregation.  
He worked the fields, something we don't know about in this generation.  
To make a living in this country, all the problems facing.  
He was a black man who beat the odds with an education.  
Such a reason we as blacks can go enjoy vacations.  
To tell a story from his face, his life you start to trace it.  
They tried to wipe us out, and that fact, we'll never lose it.  
He protests for our rights to eat together as one unit.  
He wanted us to be one whole. I see a black and white diverse class  
In front of my eyes, so yeah, we've reached that goal.  
In that time, blacks and whites, we couldn't ride together.  
Lewis decided that that wasn't gonna be life forever.  
John Lewis was of the famous 13

Who rode a bus of black and whites 'cause Dr. King had a dream.

A Freedom Rider, a leader with respect,

Arrested over 20 times — equity at its best? Equity at its best?

Crazy how our activists get thrown in jail

For some nonviolent acts, we got to hold a cell.

But they can beat us down and shoot us 16 times in the back,

Go to court, and people barely want to acknowledge that.

I understand people see it from a certain view.

Put you in my shoes — what happens when it's down to you?

We still got to ride for freedom. Let us ride.

John Lewis taught us to fight for our rights.

1965 — Lewis marched for the right to vote.

He led 600 people, an event that makes one clear their throat.

State troopers just wouldn't let them pass.

On his knees he prayed with others, need y'all to listen, class.

Told them to disperse so when they didn't they put on their masks.

Started attacking protesters with everything they had.

Lewis ran, police caught him, and they beat him down.

Fractured his skull 'cause his skin was brown — Bloody Sunday.

A couple of months later, August 6,

Voting Rights became an act, and I just can't resist

Thanking John Lewis himself for paying on that day.

No longer to this system anymore we'll be its slaves.

Because of him, African Americans have more in life.

He gave a chance to go and score in life.

And I say thanks, thank you for fighting for the future and the lives today.

A man of pride, hero who paved the way: John Lewis.

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John Lewis taught us to fight for our rights.

