

BLACK AND BLACK WOMAN

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The whip cracked - I screamed, wept, struggled,

But they called my resistance cowardice

Indolence

They attacked me and locked me up

I'm black, still black, but only in colour

I've tried my best to become white

As white as you like

Black and white, right?

Today the whip is my wage

The belt which I must fasten tighter

I scream, weep, struggle

But they call my resistance insurrection

Outrage

They turned me against myself, made me white

But I'm black, still black, and not just in colour

I know I'll get out, out of madhouses and hospitals

Of prisons and youth detention centres

I'll escape from the kitchen and the streets

I'll win, I'll be black

As black as you don't like

Black and black, Zé!