Ballad in Black and White

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Abstract

'Tis the black of the night in Jackson now: There’s nothing astir in sight. So grab you a shovel and come along, Nigger knockin’ with me tonight...
Ballad in Black and White

By Dave Thomas

'Tis the black of the night in Jackson now:
    There's nothing astir in sight.
So grab you a shovel and come along,
    Nigger knockin' with me tonight.

We picked up a scoop and an old black car
    And we drove for many a block,
'Til we came to the edge of old Black Town,
    Where we knew there'd be niggers to knock.

With two on the fenders, the rest inside,
    Them black boys they sure did run,
But there was plenty and lots of time.
    Pretty soon we'd get us one.

It's the black of the night in Black Town too,
    And there's plenty astir all right,
So grab you a shovel and come along,
    Nigger knockin' with me tonight.
He was walking alone right along the curb,
   Never heard us coming, I guess.
And we laughed and we yelled cause we knew pretty soon
   That he'd be one hell of a mess.

He turned at last before we struck,
   And he swung his slim white cane.
But he missed and a shovel smacked him down,
   Red blood oozed toward the drain.

We floored it hard, and I just looked back
   As I punched another beer,
And a little boy stood over that shape,
   And his face sure did look queer.

'Tis the black of the night in Jackson now;
   There's nothing astir in sight,
So grab you a shovel and come along,
   Nigger knockin' since we be white.