

# Out of the whirlwind

I can't breathe

David Froemming & Leigh Newton © 2020

♩ = 120

1. He put his knee right down and hard on the neck, And  
3 killed the black man he had vowed to protect, And  
5 woke up a nation from end-less denial of it's  
7 rac-ist and mur-der-ous ways. "I can't breath," he's plead-ing a -  
10 gain and a- gain, On dull re-peat fad-ing the fire is fanned, God  
13 speaks in the cry from the street, Out of the whirl - wind,  
16 out of the whirl wind. I can't  
20 breathe, I can't breath, I can't breath.

Chords: Eb, Cm, Fm, Bb, C, G, Cm, Bb, Eb, G, Cm, Bb, G(sus4), G, Eb

1. He put his knee right down and hard on the neck,  
to kill the black man, he had vowed to protect  
And woke up a nation from endless denial,  
of its racist and murderous ways.

“I can’t breathe,” he’s pleading again and again,  
On dull repeat fading - the fire is fanned.  
God speaks, in the cry from the street,  
Out of the whirlwind, out of the whirlwind.

2. Mothers come frantic with mothers’ raw pain,  
Running in anguish when they hear their name,  
They buckle with heartache at each brutal loss  
Of one they had all brought to birth.  
The young come protesting the murder with rage –  
they went looking for Hope, nudged her up to the stage,  
God speaks, in the cry from the street.  
Out of the whirlwind, out of the whirlwind.

### **Chorus**

I can’t breathe, I can’t breathe, I can’t breathe

3. And the force in their armour, with ice in their eyes,  
Use weapons of war we have learned to despise.  
The tear gas rolls slowly and hangs in the streets,  
As canisters spin all aflame.  
And the force is a curse in economy of scale;  
They’re a cold iron hammer in search of a nail.  
God speaks, in the cry from the street,  
Out of the whirlwind, out of the whirlwind.

4. Is it not strange, not a little bit odd,  
A nation of pilgrims claims it’s under God,  
While people are under suspicion and shot  
‘Cos the colour of their skin is black?  
George was Jesus, as plain as can be,  
He's no need of pity, it's change that we need.  
God speaks, in the cry from the street.  
Out of the whirlwind, out of the whirlwind.

### **Chorus**

5. Now, nothing has changed over 400 years,  
Supremacist lynchings still haunt our affairs.  
The rope and the tree are now pavement and knee,  
There’s a manifest reck’ning to come.  
So we're carving our pledge on the old city gate,  
We're sorry for sleeping and showing up late.  
God speaks, in the cry from the street,  
Out of the whirlwind, out of the whirlwind.

### **Chorus**