

Tom T. Hall, I Want To See The Parade

Hold me up, I want to see the parade
There was a demonstration in our town, quiet but very tense
I've always been a bit nosy, so I guess that's the reason I went
There were people carrying signs that said, "We want equality now."
And I thought to myself, "Boy, look at that will you. Look what the law allows."
A little girl and her mother were standing up next to the curb
The little girl said, "Mommy, I can't see the parade", and it happened that I heard
The woman who was with the little girl was small, and when she turned and smiled
I thought I'd do them a favor, so I offered to hold the child
When I held the little girl in my arms, I was glad of the offer I'd made
She said, "Thank you, mister, for holding me up; I wanted to see the parade."
Then she asked me a question, and it took me by surprise
She said, "Mister, why does my daddy hate all those people going by?"
I said, "Well you know they're not the same--but listen to me"
And I noticed that the child was blind, so I looked around for an answer; it was pretty hard to find
So I set her down by her mama's side and I patted her on the head
And that night as I sat in my own little room, I thought of the words she said
And that night, I took a good look at myself, and this is the prayer I prayed
I said, "Lord, I want you to hold me up, 'cause I want to see the parade."