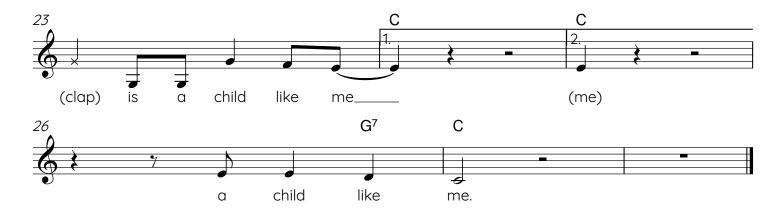
A Child Like Me

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Black child at a civil rights meeting
Listening to Martin Luther King
Asking the grown-ups to march for freedom,
She thinks she's too young to do a thing.
Next night, not enough grown-ups,
They're all in jail in Birmingham,
So next day it's the children marching
And the TV shows the whole world they came.

A child like you, a child like me, A child back in nineteen-sixty-three, Sometimes the hero in the history book Is a child like me.

Some child in a faraway country Or right here in the USA Is speaking out for peace and justice Not back in history but now, today, Speaking out against child labor, Speaking out for the refugee, Making all the right kinds of trouble. I think that child could be you or me.

A child like you, a child like me, A child in the twenty-first century Sometimes the hero in the history book Is a child like me.

^{*}This line changes in each chorus