**The Other**

words & music by John McCutcheon

I am the other

I am the neighbor you don’t know

The quiet kid in high school

Who sat in the last row

The old woman with the pushcart

The stranger on the bus

The ones out at the edges

Who are never one of us

I am the other

I root for a different team

I pray in a different language

I wear clothes you’ve never seen

I tune to different stations

On TV and radio

I hear things you never hear

I know things you’ll never know

I am the other

Returning home from work at dawn

I am the guy who drives a Prius

With a Trump sign in my lawn

I’m the one who sees the world

A little different than you

Still, I’ll come if you’re in trouble

I mean, what you gonna do?

I am the other

Waiting patiently in line

Watching others cut in front of me

And you think that’s it’s just fine

I am detained at the border

I am stopped by the police

I am wondering when all

This special treatment’s gonna cease

I am the other

Every day just getting by

I am the one who got in Harvard

And never wondered why

I am Brooklyn in Topeka

I am Harlan in LA

I am seventh generation

I have just arrived today

I am the other

I am no great mystery

Wonder is the watchword

Compassion is the key

And when we sit down at the banquet

This well no longer dry

We’ll bow our heads in thanks

And eat our humble pie

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*Smoke Rise, GA*

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