

**Lyrics to “Boy on a Swing” by Heather Moz  
performed at the Unitarian Church of Montpelier  
October 1, 2017**

In Claremont, New Hampshire, summer came to an end  
A boy took a swing that he did not intend  
His teen buddies ran as he swung from the tree  
It was luck that he found strength to set himself free

CHORUS

Oh what do us fair faced Vermonters say now  
When our neighbors are making our landscape obscene  
Can we look at a lynching and call it benign?  
Just some boys actin' foolish, 'cause boys will be boys  
Will be boys, will be boys, oh yeah

But to do that would just be to beg the question  
Oh where does the responsibility lie  
Well it's not on this side of our lovely state's border  
Oh, no, it can't be we're a piece of this pie

CHORUS

Oh his neck is all red, and his skin is quite broken  
We can see in the pictures alive on the web  
And we know that he wasn't a-swingin' that long  
Just a few back and forths, and that's why he's not dead

CHORUS

If we all continue to point a finger  
At others who stray from a politic line  
We ignore our upbringing, our same awkward thinking  
Our lost human kindness replaced by our dread

CHORUS

So let's take up a cudgel, and call ourselves warriors

Let's try to remake our black history now  
Let's manage our fears and remember our oneness  
Remember our oneness, in all of our vows

CHORUS followed by verse 1 repeated