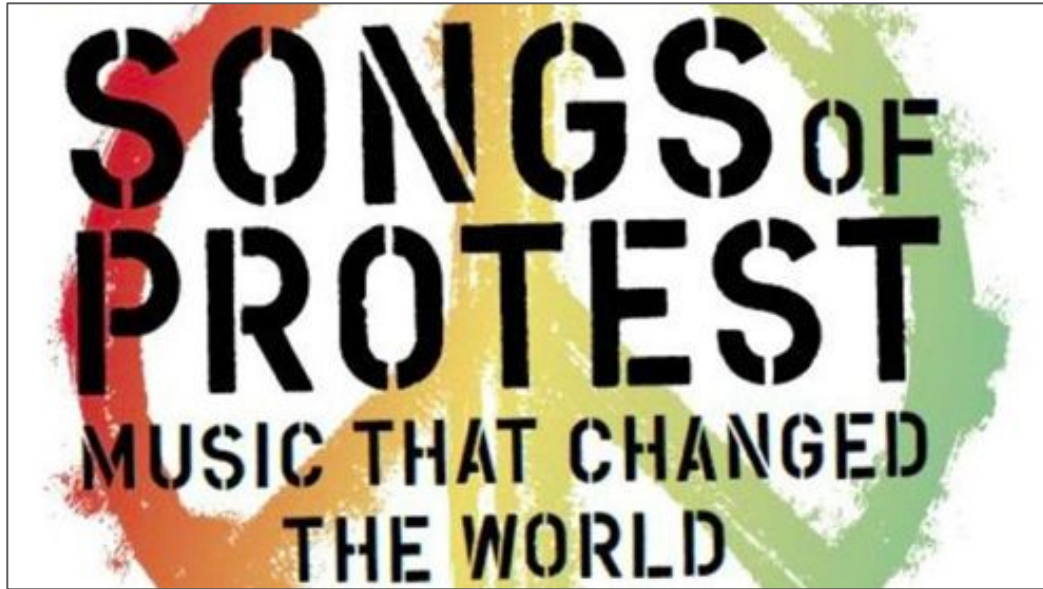


# Music With a Message

Protest Music

- Music has always been a form of expression.



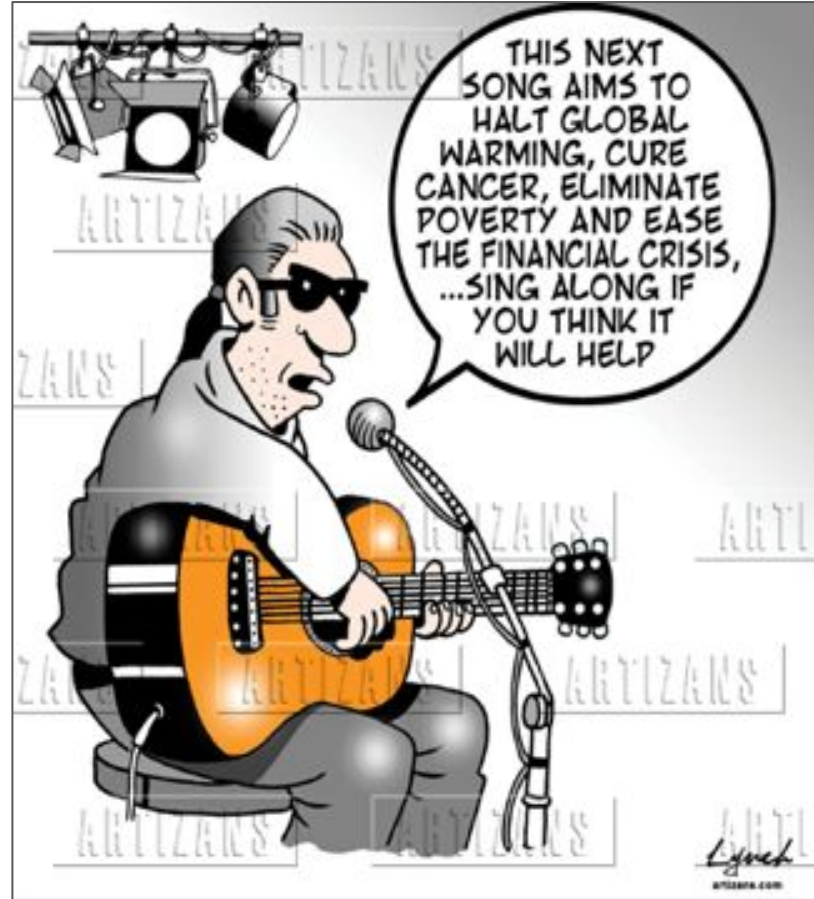
- As we watch the music video that follows, think about how music can convey a message.

# Childish Gambino, “This is America”



# What is a protest song?

- ❖ A song that is designed to protest economic, political or social problems.



# Types of Events that Have Inspired Protest



- Racism, sexism, discrimination, etc.
- Wars (Vietnam, etc.)
- Economic problems (The Great Depression, etc.)



# Protest Songs: 1960s

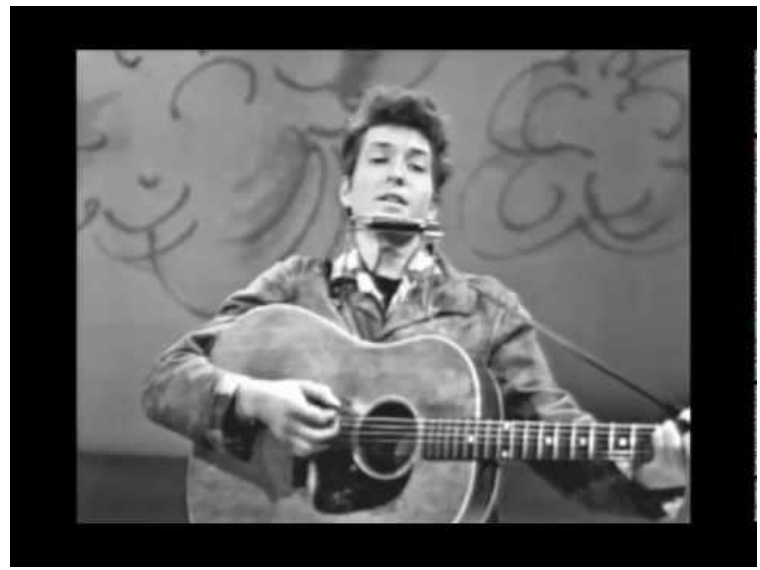


- Protest music in the 1960s was inspired by the Civil Rights Movement, the Vietnam War, equal rights campaigns, etc.

# “Blowin’ in the Wind,” Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man ?  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand ?  
Yes, how many times must the cannonballs fly  
Before they're forever banned ?  
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, how many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea ?  
Yes, how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, how many times can a man turn his head  
Pretending he just doesn't see ?  
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.



*What makes this a protest song? Look at the lyrics for help.*

Yes, how many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky ?  
Yes, how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry ?  
Yes, how many deaths will it take till he knows  
That too many people have died ?  
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Oh, war, I despise  
'Cause it means destruction of innocent lives  
War means tears to thousands of mothers eyes  
When their sons go to fight  
And lose their lives  
I said, war, huh good god, why'all  
What is it good for, Absolutely nothing say it again  
it ain't nothing but a heart-breaker  
(War) friend only to the undertaker  
Oh, war it's an enemy to all mankind  
The point of war blows my mind  
War has caused unrest  
Within the younger generation  
Induction then destruction  
Who wants to die, ah, war-huh, good god why'all  
What is it good for, Absolutely nothing  
it ain't nothing but a heart breaker  
(War) it's got one friend that's the undertaker  
Oh, war, has shattered many a young mans dreams  
Made him disabled, bitter and mean  
Life is much to short and precious  
To spend fighting wars these days  
War can't give life  
It can only take it away

# Edwin Starr, “War (What is it Good For?)”

**NOTHING!**

*What makes this a protest song? Look at the lyrics for help.*



# Protest Songs: 1970s & 1980s

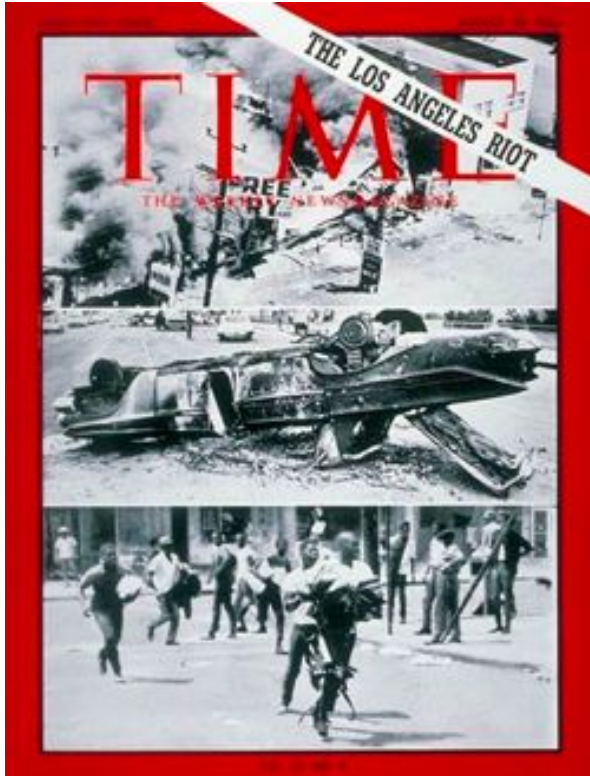
- By the end of the 1960s, it was common to express frustration, anger, and a desire for change through the lyrics of music.
- Protest songs in the 1970s & 1980s focused on racial discrimination, economic & gender inequality.



# Protest Songs: 1970S

- Marvin Gaye started as a pop star. Things changed for him after the 1965 Watts Riots in LA:

*“I remember I was listening to a tune of mine playing on the radio, when the announcer interrupted with news about the Watts riot. My stomach got real tight and my heart started beating like crazy. I wanted to throw the radio down and burn all the songs I’d been singing and get out there with the rest of the brothers. ...I understood anger that builds up over years, and I felt myself exploding. Why didn’t our music have anything to do with this? Wasn’t music supposed to express feelings? I wondered to myself, ‘With the world exploding around me, how am I supposed to keep singing love songs?’”*



# Marvin Gaye, "What's Going On?"



Mother, mother  
There's too many of you crying  
Brother, brother, brother  
There's far too many of you dying  
You know we've got to find a way  
To bring some lovin' here today,  
eh eh

Father, father  
We don't need to escalate  
You see, war is not the answer  
For only love can conquer hate  
You know we've got to find a way  
To bring some lovin' here today, oh  
oh oh

Picket lines and picket signs  
Don't punish me with brutality  
Talk to me, so you can see  
Oh, what's going on  
What's going on  
Yeah, what's going on  
Ah, what's going on

In the meantime  
Right on, baby  
Right on brother  
Right on babe  
Mother, mother, everybody thinks we're  
wrong  
Oh, but who are they to judge us  
Simply 'cause our hair is long  
Oh, you know we've got to find a way  
To bring some understanding here today  
Oh oh oh

# Grandmaster Flash, "The Message"

It's like a jungle sometimes  
It makes me wonder how I keep from  
goin' under  
Broken glass everywhere  
People pissin' on the stairs, you know they  
just don't care  
I can't take the smell, can't take the noise  
Got no money to move out, I guess I got  
no choice  
Rats in the front room, roaches in the  
back  
Junkies in the alley with a baseball bat  
I tried to get away but I couldn't get far  
'Cause a man with a tow truck repossessed  
my car  
*Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the edge*  
*I'm trying not to lose my head*  
*It's like a jungle sometimes*  
*It makes me wonder how I keep from goin'*  
*under...*



My brother's doin' bad, stole my  
mother's TV  
Says she watches too much, it's just  
not healthy  
*All My Children* in the daytime, *Dallas*  
at night  
Can't even see the game or the Sugar  
Ray fight  
The bill collectors, they ring my phone  
And scare my wife when I'm not  
home

Got a bum education, double-digit  
inflation  
Can't take the train to the job, there's a  
strike at the station  
Neon King Kong standin' on my back  
Can't stop to turn around, broke my  
sacroiliac  
A mid-range migraine, cancered  
membrane  
Sometimes I think I'm goin' insane  
I swear I might hijack a plane!

# Protest Music in the 21st Century: Kendrick Lamar, “Alright”



When you know, we been hurt, been down before, n\*\*\*a  
When my pride was low, lookin' at the world like, where do we  
go, n\*\*\*a?  
And we hate Popo,  
wanna kill us dead in the street for sure, n\*\*\*a  
I'm at the preacher's door  
My knees gettin' weak & my gun might blow but we gon' be  
alright

N\*\*\*a, we gon' be alright  
N\*\*\*a, we gon' be alright  
We gon' be alright  
Do you hear me, do you feel me, we gon' be alright  
N\*\*\*a, we gon' be alright  
Huh, we gon' be alright  
N\*\*\*a, we gon' be alright  
Do you hear me, do you feel me, we gon' be alright