

The Ballad of a Crystal Man

Donovan

Walk along and talk along and live your lives quite freely
But leave our children with their toys of peppermint and candy.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

Your thoughts they are of harlequin, your speeches of quicksilver,
I read your faces like a poem, kaleidoscope of hate words.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

On the quilted battlefields of soldiers dazzling made of toy tin
The big bomb like a child's hand could sweep them dead just so
to win.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

As you fill your glasses with the wine of murdered negroes
Thinking not of beauty that spreads like morning sun-glow.
Seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

I pray your dreams of vivid screams of children dying slowly
And as you polish up your guns your real self be reflecting.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

Vietnam, your latest game, you're playing with your blackest Queen
Damn your souls and curse your grins, I stand here with a fading dream.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.