

Free Will

Gil Scott-Heron

Find a shadow cast by rainbows
There you'll meet the sage.
Feeding rabbits bits of lettuce or cleaning out the cage.
He can give you more direction than you've ever known.
Show you your bronzed baby shoes
Now, my how you have grown!
Ain't it nice to fly? You're waving as soft clouds go by,
But Peace won't be still of its own free will.
Say you want to go exploring; you got to find some truth.
Can't stand one more day of Christians shouting down at you.
You say you don't dig politics that never was your bag.
People who could run for office wave their private flag.
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