

Racetrack In France

Gil Scott-Heron

I heard I needed to travel.
"Go out and spread the word" people say.
So I'm kickin' up dust and gravel
on a racetrack near Marseilles.

If it all sounds like a mystery
things that you just don't understand
let me give you a little bit of history
about me and the Midnight Band:

On a racetrack in France
everybody started clapping their hands.
It seemed like a long way from Union Station.

On a racetrack in France
everybody started to dance.
I was a long way from home but those were good vibrations.

Me and the others no parlez-vous.
French was way down on my list.
(But) the Africans said "Merci beaucoup!"
'cause the rhythm's what they missed.

The people got the message
from the music that we play.
It really shouldn't a been no surprise
that we all got down that day:

On a racetrack in France
everybody got to clapping their hands.
It seemed like a long way from Union Station.

On a racetrack in France
Everybody started to dance.
I was a long way from home but those were good vibrations.