

What More Can I Say, John?

Richie Havens

You have anticipated all the players
Your silent judgement growin'
And from time to time you pace the floor
Because you are a-knowin'
Yet you cannot stop your sowin'
All the stars that symbolise where you're goin'
And your heavy rains keep growin'
Hey, come on, you've got something better to do.

You have hidden your face from the people,
And to them you keep on denyin'
That far, far away across the sea,
For no reason their sons are dyin'
While it's Vietnam you're buyin'
Among all your conservatives a-sighin'
And all your murderous lyin'
Hey, it's me who's defyin'
Hey, come on, you've got something better to do.

What good are all those documents?
Those well-kept worthless scrolls;
When the hand you bit turns and slaps your face,
The hands you tried to mold,
And they leave you out in the cold,
With your pockets full of gold,
Yet you cannot pay the toll
Of the brave and the bold who are shoutin'
Hey, come on, you've got something better to do.