

I Hate The White Man

Roy Harper

Far across the ocean
In the land of look and see
There once was a time
For you and me

Where the winds blow sweetly
And the easy seas flow still
And where the barefoot dream of life
Can laugh and cry its fill

Where slot machine confusions
And the plastic universe
Are objects of amusement
In the fiction of their curse

And where the crazy whiteman
And his teargas happiness
Lies dead and long since buried
By his own fantastic mess

For I hate the whiteman
And his plastic excuse
For I hate the whiteman
And the man who turned him loose...

And the reins of coloured thunder
Of the stallion of the dawn
Ride the coalfire morning
On the beach where all is born

Where the emperor of meaning
Is burning up his forts
And sits to warm his toes around
A fire made up of useless thoughts

And when the children tempt him
With the riddles of their trance
He flings the flames of solstice
Casting laughs into their dance

And while a crazy whiteman
In the desert of his bones
Lies as bleached as the paradise
He likes to think he owns

And I hate the whiteman
In his evergreen excuse
Oh I hate the whiteman
And the man who turned him loose...

And far across the reaches
Of the drifting yellow sands
The living carpet wilderness
Forever joins its hands

With heaven hell's attainment
In a surging crest of fire

Where more than all is thrown upon
The ever lasting pyre

And through the countless canticles
Of Jason's charcoal fleece
Are sung the songs of nothing
In the timeless masterpiece

And there stood in the middle
Guess who?
It's the everlasting burst
Built by god's very own whiteman
As he tries to rule the dust

And I hate the whiteman
In his doctrinaire abuse
Oh I hate the whiteman
And the man who turned you all loose...

And the bowels of his city
Have been locked into a safe
Where the spew stains on the sidewalks
Are defenders of his faith

While back inside his kitchen
The bowler hatted, long haired saint
Cleans with soap and water
But it's really just white paint

While his golden headed scandal sheets
Present their daily bite
To give their righteous news-bleeders
Drugs to keep them white

While outside in the whitewash
Where the guns are always, always right
A shooting star has summoned
Its dark angel from his night

And I hate the whiteman
And his evergreen excuse
Oh I hate the whiteman
And the man who turned you all loose
And the man who turned him loose..