

List Of Demands (Reparations)

Saul Williams

I want my money back
I'm down here drowning in your fat
You got me on my knees
Praying for everything you lack

I ain't afraid of you
I'm just a victim of your fear
You cower in your tower
Praying that I'll disappear

I got another plan
One that requires me to stand
On the stage or in the street
Don't need no microphone or beat

And when you hear this song
If you ain't dead then sing along
Bang and strum to these here drums
'Til you get where you belong

I got a list of demands
Written on the palm of my hands
I ball my fist and you're gonna know where I stand
We're living hand to mouth
You wanna be somebody?
See somebody?
Try and free somebody?
Got a list of demands
Written on the palm of my hands
I ball my fist and you're gonna know where I stand
We're living hand to mouth
Hand to mouth

I wrote a song for you, today
While I was sitting in my room
I jumped up on my bed, today
And played it on a broom

I didn't think that it would be
A song that you would hear
But when I played it in my head
I made you reappear

I wrote a video for it
And I acted out each part
And then I took your picture out
And taped it to my heart

I've taped you to my heart, dear girl
I've taped you to my heart
And if you pull away from me
You'll tear my life apart

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Ecstasy, suffering
Echinacea, buffering
We aim to remember what we choose to forget
God's just a baby and her diaper is wet

Call the police
I'm strapped to the teeth
And liable to disregard
Your every belief

Call on the law
I'm fixin' to draw
A line between what is and seems
And call up a brawl

Call 'em up now
'Cause it's about to go pow
I'm standing on the threshold
Of the ups and the downs

Call up a truce
Because I'm 'bout to break loose
Protect ya neck 'cause, son
I'm breaking out of my noose

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