

# 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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