

# Talk To Strangers

Saul Williams

Nah, I wasn't raised at gunpoint  
And I've read too many books  
To distract me from the mirror  
When unhappy with my looks

And I ain't got proper diction  
For the makings of a thug  
Though I grew up in the ghetto  
And my niggers all sold drugs

And though that may validate me  
For a spot on MTV  
Or get me all the airplay  
That my bank account would need

I was hoping to invest in  
A lesson that I learned  
When I thought this fool would jump me  
Just because it was my turn

I went to an open space  
'Cause I knew he wouldn't do it  
If somebody there could see him  
Or somebody else might prove it

And maybe in your eyes  
It may seem I got punked out  
'Cause I walked a narrow path  
And then went and changed my route

But that openness exposed me  
To a truth I couldn't find  
In the clenched fists of my ego  
Or the confines of my mind

In the hipness of my swagger  
Or the swagger in my step  
Or the scowl of my grimace  
Or the meanness of my rep

'Cause we represent a truth, son  
That changes by the hour  
And when you open to it  
Vulnerability is power

And in that shifting form  
You'll find a truth that doesn't change  
And that truth's living proof  
Of the fact that God is strange

Talk to strangers  
When family fails and friends lead you astray  
When Buddha laughs and Jesus weeps  
And it turns out God is gay

'Cause angels and messiahs  
Love can come in many forms

In the hallways of your projects  
Or the fat girl in your dorm

And when you finally take the time  
To see what they're about  
And perhaps you find them lonely  
Or their wisdom trips you out

Maybe you'll find where cycles end  
You're back where you began  
But come this time around  
You'll have someone to hold your hand

Who prays for you, who's there for you  
Who sends you love and light  
Exposes you to parts of you  
That you once tried to fight

And come this time around  
You choose to walk a different path  
You'll embrace what you turned away  
And cry at what you laughed

'Cause that's the only way  
We're gonna make it through this storm  
Where ignorance is common sense  
And senselessness the norm

And flags wave high above the truth  
And the two never touch  
And stolen goods are overpriced  
And freedom costs too much

And no one seems to recognize  
The symbols come to life  
The bitten apple on the screen  
And Jesus had a wife

And she was his messiah  
Like that stranger may be yours  
Who holds the subtle knife  
That carves through worlds like magic doors

And that's what I've been looking for  
The bridge from then to now  
Was watching BET like, "What the fuck, son?  
This is foul"

But that square box don't represent  
The sphere that we live in  
The Earth is not a flat screen  
I ain't trying to fit in

But this ain't for the underground  
This here is for the Sun  
A seed a stranger gave to me  
And planted on my tongue

And when I look at you  
I know I'm not the only one  
As a great man once said  
"There's nothing more powerful  
Than an idea

Whose time  
Has come"