

Cane

Gil Scott-Heron

Take Karintha, Take Karintha
Perfect as dusk when the sun goes down
Take Karintha, as perfect as twilight as a child
Able to drive both young and old wild
Perfect as dusk when the sun goes down
Take Karintha
And remember, remember the sounds
For often as our flowers grow
Men will try and cut them down
Take Karintha, sweet as spring rain
And run from the cane

Pray for Becky. Pray for Becky
White woman gave birth to two black sons
Pray for Becky, her one room shack fell to the ground
The two boys killed a man and had to leave town
White woman gave birth to two black sons
Pray for Becky
And remember, remember the days
She looked to us for help
And we all turned away
Pray for Becky, buried down near the trains
Deep in the cane