

# 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