Chains

Gil Scott-Heron

The first thing that you noticed in the morning
Is that there's not a cloud in the sky
And, lord, you can't help, you can't help but remember
Your woman, oh, how she cried all night

How much longer can this go on?
You pushed me past the point of being strong

I got to get away, oh yeah, from these chains
I got to get away, yeah, away from these chains

Standing over yonder is the driver
You know he'll be there every morning, cracking the whip
Cracking the whip in his hand
And my back, my back is bent from dawn until sunset
I don't know how much more of this, more of this I can stand
Lord, every day, somebody new holding me down
Brothers and sisters, what is this hell on earth I have found?

I got to get away, got to get away from these chains
I got to get away, yeah, away from these chains
Chains, yeah
Off these chains, yeah
Pull off these chains, yeah
Off these chains, yeah
Pull off these chains, yeah

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