

Comment #1

Gil Scott-Heron

Poem here says

Comment number one

Uh, comment number 2 was dynamite

But comment number one was the one that we decided to, to use here this evening

Because it makes a, a comment, if you listen closely

On what is now being advertised in East Harlem as the rainbow conspiracy

A combination of the Students For A Democratic Society

The Black Panthers, and the Young Lords

And this is my particular comment about that conspiracy

Comment number one

The time is in the street you know

Us living as we do, upside down

And the new word to have is revolution

People don't even want to hear the preacher spill or spiel

Because God's hole card has been thoroughly piqued

And America is now blood and tears instead of milk and honey

The youngsters who were programmed to continue fucking up woke up one night

Digging Paul Revere and Nat Turner as the good guys

America stripped for bed and we had not all yet closed our eyes

The signs of truth were tattooed across our often entered vagina

We learned, to our amazement, the untold tale of scandal

Two long centuries buried in a musty vault

Hosed down daily with a gagging perfume

America was a bastard

The illegitimate daughter of the mother country

Whose legs were then spread around the world

And a rapist known as freedom

Free doom

Democracy, liberty, and justice were revolutionary code names that preceded

The bubbling, bubbling, bubbling, bubbling, bubbling

In the mother country's crotch

And behold a baby girl was born

Nurtured by slave holders and whitey racists

It grew and grew and grew

Screwing indiscriminately, like mother, like daughter

Everything unplagued by her madame mother

The present mocks us, good black people with keen memories

Set fire to the bastards who ask us in a whisper

To melt and integrate

Young, very young, teeny bopping revolt on weekend young

Dig by proxy what a mental ass kicking they receive

Through institutionalized everything and vomit up slogans to stay out of Vietnam

They seek to hide their relationship with the world's prostitute

Alienating themselves from everything except dirt and money

With long hair, grime, and dope

To camo-hide the things that cannot be hidden

They become runaway children

To walk the streets downtown with everyday black people

Sitting on the curb crying

Because we know that they will go back home with a clear conscience and a college degree

The irony of it all, of course
Is when a pale face SDS motherfucker dares look hurt
When I tell him to go find his own revolution
He wonders why I tell him that America's revolution will not be the melting
pot
But the toilet bowl
He is fighting for legalized smoke or lower voting age
Less lip from his generation gap and fucking in the street
Where is my parallel to that?
All I want is a good home and a wife
And her children and some food to feed them every night

Back goes pale face to basics
Does Little Orphan Annie have a natural?
Do Sluggos kings make him a refugee from Mandingo?
What does Webster say about soul?
I say you, silly trite motherfucker
Your great-grandfather tied a ball and chain to my balls
And bounced me through a cotton field
While I lived in an unflushable toilet bowl
And now you want me to help you overthrow what?
The only truth that can be delivered to a four year revolutionary
With a hole card i.e. skin is this

Fuck up what you can
In the name of Piggy Wallace, Dickless Nixon, and Spiro Agnew
Leave brother Cleaver and Brother Malcolm alone please
After all is said and done
Build a new route to China if they'll have you

Who will survive in America?
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