

## On Coming from a Broken Home, Pt. 1

Gil Scott-Heron

I want to make this a special tribute  
To a family that contradicts the concepts  
Heard the rules but wouldn't accept  
In addition, women-folk raised me  
In addition, I was full grown before I knew  
I came from a broken home

Sent to live with my grandma down south  
When my uncles was leaving  
And my grandfather had just left for heaven  
They said and as every-ologist would certainly note  
I had no strong male figure right?

But Lily Scott was absolutely not your mail order room service  
type cast black grandmother  
I was moved in with her; temporarily, just until things were patched,  
'Til this was patched and 'til that was patched  
Until I became at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10  
The patch that held Lily Scott who held me and like them 4  
I became one more and I loved her from the absolute marrow of my bones  
And we was holdin' on,  
I come from a broken home

She had more than the five senses  
She knew more than books could teach  
And raised everyone she touched just a little bit higher  
And all around her there was a natural sense  
As though she sensed what the stars say what the birds say  
What the wind and the clouds say  
A sensual soul and self that African sense

And she raised me like she raised 4 of her own  
And I was hurt and scared and shocked when Lily Scott left suddenly one night  
And they sent a limousine from heaven to take her to god, if there is one.  
So I knew she had gone  
And I came from a broken home