

# Dangerous Times

Harry Belafonte

Afraid to hold on  
Afraid to let go  
Afraid to find out  
But afraid not to know  
Afraid of what's broken  
But still doesn't show  
These are dangerous times to love

Afraid of the sky  
Afraid of the light  
Afraid of the wind  
That will carry the night  
Afraid of bad news from the satellite  
These are dangerous times to love

We do not stand up together  
We can't find no solid ground  
All of our songs are forever  
Not having empty sound

Afraid to hope  
Afraid to bleed  
Afraid of too much  
But afraid of the need  
Afraid of the poisons we might seed  
These are dangerous times to love

Afraid to be foolish  
Afraid to be old  
Afraid of the stories  
That are recklessly told  
Afraid we must sell what's already been sold  
These are dangerous times to love  
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