

## **Denson Al**

### **"Clear Blue Skies"**

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Verse One:

[Buddy Slim]

Damn it, son

I think its time we had a little man-to-man talking

I heard that you was hand-in-hand

Walking down the boulevard, middle of the day

With this Black chick

Tell me the truth, boy, or you can catch this slap quick

[The Brewin]

Let me get this straight

You're ranting and raving

Behaving like a mad dog with rabies

Because my baby's not white; that ain't right

Pops, you got me puzzled

Because in the past with Black folks you never  
struggled

At least to my knowledge

[Buddy Slim]

Your knowledge seems to need a little working

That little nigger bitch got you looking like The Jerk

And I can't another minute of you and that Black heifer,  
son

Looking sorta like Tom Willis from the Jefferson Show

[The Brewin]

What you know about my girl to try and slander

Let me talk a bit and maybe you can understand

The situation that I got isn't ?messing with somebody?

Cause this woman's taking care of both my mind and  
my body

[Buddy Slim]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, OK

I understand that she's attractive

Cause their bodies are just built to be sexually active

Baby-making taking tax money for their welfare

Or maybe up on 42nd with the bodies that they sell  
there

So what's her name?

Is it Shanainai or Shaquana?  
Son, she's got to be a goner

[The Brewin]  
Well I'm glad to see my father's in my corner

[Buddy Slim]  
Oh, you think this shit is funny?  
I ain't joking  
That's the last straw, the camel's back has been broken

(Chorus)

Verse Two:  
[The Brewin]  
Well I'll be damned  
Cause it seems that I'm the last to know  
My father's a bigot  
My girl's Black, he can't dig it  
So she has to go

[Buddy Slim]  
Now you're judging me, kid  
But do you know me

[The Brewin]  
But it seems to me that even David Duke could be your  
homey

[Buddy Slim]  
Now you know I ain't no racist  
But they place us in a terrible predicament  
They're taking over the block  
And, damn it son, I'm sick of it

[The Brewin]  
But when you see the neighbors you say "Hi, how you  
doing"

[Buddy Slim]  
Still I think of how the value of my property's been  
ruined

[The Brewin]  
You sound like such an idiot  
I pity it  
I wonder, should I laugh or should I cry?  
More than anything I want a reason why  
All of a sudden, the blood in your vein flows with such  
vigor  
Just because you choose to call another person

"nigger"

[Buddy Slim]

Well they're just some thugs  
Stealing, slum-dwelling, drug-dealing, gun-selling  
And a hundred yard dashing after doing purse-  
snatching  
Damn savages who ravages the buckets of Kentucky  
Fried Chicken  
With the first dibs on the ribs  
Looking like a damn monkey on the football fields and  
basketball courts  
Taking over sports  
Leaving us just to golf and to tennis  
And they menacing society, the bums  
They should go the fuck to where they came from

[The Brewin]

So that's your vision of perfection  
That's your clear blue skies  
Through those clear blue eyes  
Which seem to make you think you're better  
But instead of simply sinking to the level of your  
thinking  
I'll be ghost

[Buddy Slim]

Pack your bags, nigger-lover, and good riddance

(Chorus)

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