

Donovan

"Ballad Of A Crystal Man"

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Walk along and talk along and live your lives quite
freely
But leave our children with their toys of peppermint and
candy.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.
Your thoughts they are of harlequin, your speeches of
quicksilver,
I read your faces like a poem, kaleidoscope of hate
words.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.
On the quilted battlefields of soldiers dazzling made of
toy tin
The big bomb like a child's hand could sweep them
dead just so to win.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.
As you fill your glasses with the wine of murdered
negroes
Thinking not of beauty that spreads like morning sun-
glow.

Seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.
I pray your dreams of vivid screams of children dying
slowly
And as you polish up your guns your real self be
reflecting.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.
Vietnam, your latest game, you're playing with your
blackest Queen
Damn your souls and curse your grins, I stand here
with a fading dream.
For seagull I don't want your wings,
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

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