

Donovan**"Ballad Of A Crystal Man Version I"**

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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.

As you fill your glasses with the wine of murdered
Negroes

Think you not of beauty that spreads like morning sun-
glow.

For seagull I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie.

On the quilted battlefield of soldiers dazzling made of
toy tin

The big bomb like a child's hand could sweep them
dead just so to win.

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.

Seagull I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie

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