

Gil

"On Coming From A Broken Home"

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I want to make this a special tribute
To a family that contradicts the concepts
Heard the rules but wouldn't accept
And women-folk raised me
And 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 become 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 then the 5 senses
She knew more then 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

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