

Gil Scott-Heron

"Who'll Pay Reparations On My Soul?"

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Many suggestions
And documents written.
Many directions
For the end that was given.
They gave us
Pieces of silver and pieces of gold.
Tell me,
Who'll pay reparations on my soul?

Many fine speeches (oh yeah)
From the White House desk (uh huh)
Written on the cue cards
That were never really there. Yes,
But the heat and the summer were there
And the freezing winter's cold. Now
Tell me,
Who'll pay reparations on my soul?

Call my brother a junkie 'cause he ain't got no job (no
job, no job).
Told my old man to leave me when times got hard (so
hard).
Told my mother she got to carry me all by herself.
And now that I want to be a man (be a man) who can
depend on no one else (oh yeah).
What about the red man
Who met you at the coast?
You never dig sharing;
Always had to have the most.
And what about Mississippi,
The boundary of old?
Tell me,
Who'll pay reparations on my soul?

Call my brother a junkie 'cause he ain't got no job
Told my old man to leave me when times got hard (so
hard).
Told my mother she got to carry me all by herself.
Wanna be a man that can depend on no one else (oh
yeah).
What about the red man,

Who met you at the coast?
You never dig sharing;
Always had to have the most.
And what about Mississippi,
The boundaries of old?
Tell me,
Who'll pay reparations on my soul?

Many fine speeches (oh yeah)
From the White House desk (uh huh)
Written on the cue cards
That were never really there. Yes,
But the heat and the summer were there
And the freezing winter's cold.
Tell me,
Who'll pay reparations on my soul?

Who'll pay reparations,
Cause I don't dig segregation, but I
can't get integration
I got to take it to the United Nations,
Someone to help me away from this nation.
Tell me,
Who'll pay reparations on my soul?

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