

## **Herbie Hancock**

### **"Chan's Song"**

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The woman in blue, she's asking for revenge  
The man in white, that's you, says, he has no friends  
The river is swollen up with rusty cans  
And the trees are burning in your promised land  
And there are no letters in the mailbox  
And there are no grapes upon the vine  
And there are no chocolates in the boxes anymore  
And there are no diamonds in the mine  
Well, you tell me that your lover has a broken limb  
You say, you're kind of restless now and it's on account  
of him  
Well, I saw the man in question, it was just the other  
night  
He was eating up a lady where the lions and Christians  
fight  
And there are no letters in the mailbox  
And there are no grapes upon the vine  
And there are no chocolates in the boxes anymore  
And there are no diamonds in the mind  
(You tell them now)  
Ah, there is no comfort in the covens of the witch  
Some very clever doctor went and sterilized the b\*\*\*\*  
And the only man of energy, yes the revolution's pride  
He trained a hundred women, just to kill an unborn  
child  
And there are no letters in the mailbox  
Oh no, there are no, no grapes upon your vine  
And there are, there are no chocolates in your boxes  
anymore  
And there are no diamonds in your mine  
And there are no letters in the mailbox  
And there are no grapes upon the vine  
And there are no chocolates in your boxes anymore  
And there are no diamonds in your mine

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