

Keziah Jones

"Dear Mr. Cooper"

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Seen a face I don't recognize
Making discord, turning my days sadder
Don't confuse the word ostracise
It'll make it fit more or disorganise matter
It's all in your game, yeah. It's all in your game.
Dear Mr Cooper,
I believe that you're a man of musical taste
You will therefore be aware of the pain
And heartache, that contradictions makes
They say music is a river, yet it flows on

Regardless of the profits that make you quiver
So as we deliver the river your reply we anticipate
Yours, Theo
His response was pure mental Jazz
A sobering vastness where shiny ebony forms
Dance in dark glasses
Such a tragic display of our racial identity
Would make John Coltrane, Kwame Nkrumah
Wail in their graves!
As we stand here waiting to be saved

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