

Saul Williams

"List Of Demands (Reparations)"

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I want my money back, I'm down here drowning in your
fat

You got me on my knees praying for everything you
lack

I ain't afraid of you, I'm just a victim of your fear
You cower in your tower praying that I'll disappear

I got another plan, one that requires me to stand
On the stage or in the street, don't need no microphone
or beat

And if you hear this song, if you ain't dead then sing
along

Bang and strum to this here drum 'til you get where
you belong

I got a list of demands written on the palm of my hands
I ball my fist and you gon' know where I stand
We living hand to mouth, you wanna be somebody?
See somebody? Try and free somebody?

Got a list of demands written on the palm of my hands
I ball my fist and you gon' know where I stand
We living hand to mouth
Hand to mouth

I wrote a song for you today while I was sitting in my
room
I jumped up on a bed today and played it on a broom
I didn't think that it would be a song that you would
hear
But when I played it in my head, I made you reappear

I wrote a video for it and I acted out each part
And then I took your picture out and taped it to my
heart
I've taped you to my heart, dear girl, I've taped you to
my heart
And if you pull away from me you'll tear my life apart

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Ecstasy, suffering, echinacea, buffering
We aim to remember what we choose to forget
God's just a baby and her diaper is wet

Call the police, I'm strapped to the teeth
And liable to disregard your every belief
Call on the law, I'm fixing to draw
A line between what is and seems and call up a brawl

Call on them now 'cause it's about to go pow
I'm standing on the threshold of the ups and the downs
Call up a truce 'cause I'm about to break loose
Protect ya neck 'cause son I'm breaking out of my
noose

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