

## Saul Williams "Surrender"

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Well, there're two ways I can say this  
And one would be: fuck you!  
And there're no two ways around it  
Because one would be untrue.

Because I love everything about you.  
But I don't want to be around you

If you control my heart will you control my brain?  
If I give in to you, will it still feel the same?  
'Cause I want nothing more than to be here with you  
If you fulfill my dreams, will that fulfill you too?

I need a second.  
I need a second to think.  
I need a second.

Now, the other way to play this  
Would be mellow, light, and, cool  
Poetry and meditation  
Higher ground and higher truth.

Because I love everything about you  
But I use everything to doubt you

If you control my heart will you control my brain?  
If I give in to you, will it still feel the same?  
'Cause I want nothing more than to be here with you.  
If you fulfill my dreams, will that fulfill you too?

I need a second.  
I need a second to think.  
I need a second.

I found the spot where truth echoes and know each  
beauty mark by heart.  
But I just can't keep her still enough to render perfect  
art.  
'Cause the truth is ever changing and although she  
loves my touch,  
I've had my way, but I when I pray, she kisses back too  
much.

And it's hard to feel real gangster when you're always  
getting kissed.  
But you jump at every pucker, 'cause your fear of  
getting dissed.  
I try not to fight the parts of me that want to kiss her  
back.  
Egos should be illegal. Mine just don't know how to act.  
He tells me I don't need her. I should walk this path  
alone.  
She's make believe. She's up my sleeve.  
I'd do better with a clone.  
But could it be It seems to me that she's my other half.  
My inner-Tarzan monkey girl, raised mainly by giraffes.  
And besides she makes me laugh.  
'Cause deep down I think she's stupid.  
But deeper down, I'm just a clown starting bar room  
brawls with cupid,  
like, "Fuck that naked baby angel, doll and gimme 2  
more buttery nipples".  
And God just re-invents herself as ice-cubes in my  
ripple.

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