

Saul Williams "Talk To Strangers"

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Nah, I wasn't raised at gunpoint and I've read too many books
To distract me from the mirror, when unhappy with my looks
And I ain't got proper diction for the makings of a thug
Though I grew up in the ghetto and my niggers all sold drugs

And though that may validate me for a spot on MTV
Or get me all the airplay that my bank account would need
I was hoping to invest in a lesson that I learned
I thought this fool had jumped me just because it was my turn

I went to an open space 'cause I knew he wouldn't do it
If somebody there could see him or somebody else might prove it
And maybe in your eyes, it may seem I got punked out
'Cause I walked a narrow path and then went and changed my route

But that openness exposed me to a truth I couldn't find
In the clenched fists of my ego or the confines of my mind
Or the hipness of my swagger or the swagger in my step
Or the scowl of my grimace or the meanness of my rep

'Cause we represent a truth, son, the changes by the hour
And when you open to it, vulnerability is power
And in that shifting form, you'll find a truth that doesn't change
And that truth is living proof of the fact that God is strange

Talk to strangers, when the family fails and friends lead you astray
When Buddha laughs and Jesus weeps and it turns out God is gay
'Cause Angels and Messiahs, love can come in many

forms

In the hallways of your projects or the fat girl in your
dorm

And when you finally take the time to see what they're
about

Perhaps you find them lonely or their wisdom trips you
out

Maybe you'll find the spot where cycles end

You're back where you began

But come this time around, you'll have someone to
hold your hand

Who prays for you, who is there for you, who sends you
love and light

Exposes you to parts of you that you once tried to fight

But come this time around, you'll choose to walk a
different path

You'll embrace what you turned away and cry at what
you laughed

'Cause that's the only way we're going to make it
through this storm

Where ignorance is common sense and senselessness
the norm

And flags wave high above the truth and the two never
touch

And stolen goods are overpriced and freedom costs
too much

And no one seems to recognize the symbols come to
life

The bitten apple on the screen and Jesus had a wife

And she was his Messiah like that stranger may be
yours

Who holds a subtle knife that carves through worlds
like magic doors

And that's what I've been looking for, the bridge from
then to now

Just watching BET like what the fuck, son? This is foul

But that square box don't represent the sphere that we
live in

The earth is not a flat screen, I ain't trying to fit in

But this ain't for the underground, this here is for the
sun

A seed a stranger gave to me and planted on my
tongue

And when I look at you, I know I'm not the only one

As a great man once said, there's nothing more

powerful
Than an idea who's time has come

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