

Hair Soundtrack

"Abie Baby"

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Yes, I's finished on y'all farm land with yo' boll weevils
and all,
and pluckin' y'all's chickens, fryin' mother's oats in
grease. I's
free now, thanks to yo', Massa Lincoln, emancipator of
the slaves.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, emanci-mother-fuckin-pator of the
slaves.

Four score
I said four score and seven years ago
Oh sock it to 'em baby, you're sounding better all the
time!
Our forefathers, I mean all our forefathers
Brought forth upon this here continent a new nation
Concieved, conceived like we all was
In liberty, and dedicated to the one I love
I mean dedicated to the proposition
That all men, honey, I tell you all men
Are created equal

Happy birthday, Abie baby,
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday, Abie baby,
Happy birthday to you
Bang!
Bang? Ha ha. Shit, I'm not dying for no white man.
(Tell it like it is, baby.)

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