

# Angel Dust (1978)

**Gil Scott-Heron**

He was groovin'  
And that was when he coulda sworn  
The room was movin'  
But that was only in his mind  
He was sailin'  
He never really seemed to notice  
Vision failin'  
'cause that was all part of the high  
Sweat was pourin'  
He couldn't take it  
The room was exploding  
He might not make it. Angel Dust Please, children would you listen.  
Angel Dust Just ain't where it's at.  
Angel Dust You won't remember what you're  
Missin', but down some dead end streets  
There ain't no turnin' back. They were standin'  
Ev'rybody in a circle,  
The whole family  
Listening to the preacher's words  
Sis was cryin'  
She alone held all the secrets  
'bout his dyin'  
Tears fallin' to earth  
Maybe her fault  
He was so trusting  
God only knew why  
They was dustin'! Angel Dust Please children would you listen.  
Angel Dust Just ain't where it's at.  
Angel Dust You won't remember what you're  
Missin', but down some dead end streets  
There ain't no turnin' back.

Songwriters

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