

Just My Soul Responding

Smokey Robinson

Happy Birthday to you.
Happy Birthday to you.
Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday,
Happy Birthday to you. A few years ago on my birthday,
I had just become twenty-one (I remember).
I had a lot to live, said I had a lot to give,
Til a man comes to give me a gun. And though that war he sent me to didn't claim me,
If I'm bitter don't blame me.
It's just my Soul responding. Don't you try to tell me I'm un-patriotic.
I deserve an explanation!
I can't help but wonder,
If you really got it. It's just my Soul responding,
Soul responding,
Soul responding This land once belonged to my father,
And to his father before him too.
Let me tell you now, I'm on a reservation,
Living in a state of degradation.
What's a Soul suppose to do? Cause I'm out,
Pushin, right?
I'm not in doubt.
When it's just my Soul responding, To seeing little hungry children in the "Land of Plenty".
Just my Soul responding.
To doing lots of deeds.
But never having any. It's just my Soul responding,
Soul responding,
Soul responding I was born and raised in the ghetto,
On the run down side of the track.
And there are forces who do everything they can do,
To hold me back because my skin is black. Oh, but more and more I mind!
Hell, It's about time!
It's just my Soul responding,
To being second-class in a land I helped to form
Just my Soul responding, To too many roaches and not enough heat to keep my babies warm.
In this land I helped to form,
I've got too many roaches, and not enough heat to keep my babies warm. It's just my Soul responding,
Soul responding,
Soul responding

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