Something Wonderful

Nina Simone

Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
For the women of the world, because women are the world
Mixing my emotions... to close the bad again
I'm just letting you know...
I'm tryna be a good man I can't speak for the others
Know the saying heaven lies at the feet of your mother
Mine showed me the definition of hard work and
Smiles through her tears even though her heart's hurting
Speaks her mind and never ever bites her tongue
I guess today you can say I'm just like my mum
Great grandmother was in Beirut in '82
In a flat when it got invaded by Israeli troops
Sleeping in the hallway for shelter from the bullets
And that's why I'll always respect her to the fullest
Physically gone, all memories are kept in a picture
In Baghdad my nan slept with a Beretta in her slipper
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you show the women around you
So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
Something wonderful...
To chase it all away
Mixing my emotions. to close the bad again
I'm not claiming to be perfect I know what a curve is
But a woman's worth isn't just on the surface
I see too many young women craving affection
Degrading themselves for a male's attention
I know it's love that you're certain that you felt
But messing with these different guys you're just searching for yourself
Would it whore-ish to boast how high your score is
When a man does it, a player is what you call him
What if it's all just lies when she talks to guys
Displays promiscuous ways like it's all alright

Would it make you squirm if the tables turned
Is that really what it would take to make you learn
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
And the respect that you shown the women around you

So think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody's sister
I said think about that stuff when you diss her
That's somebody's daughter, somebody's mother and somebody
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Certain things are too deep to put in a verse
Let me apologise to every single woman I've heart
Or disrespected whether family members or ex's
I wanna make amends for however I left it
Men make them, but the women get harmed in wars
I pray for a heart as pure as Assata Shakur's
We put them down on the pedestal we should put them
Behind every good man, there's a good women
Betty Shabazz lost her husband to the handguns
And lost her life when her house was burned down by her grandson
Qubilah saw her father murdered when the hammers passed
So I feel her pain when she tried to murder Farrakhan
You're judged as a man by everything you amount to
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