Talk To Strangers

Saul Williams

Nah, I wasnt raised at gunpoint and Ive read too many books
To distract me from the mirror, when unhappy with my looks
And I aint got proper diction for the makings of a thug
Though I grew up in the ghetto and my niggers all sold drugsAnd 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 turnI went to an open space 'cause I knew he wouldnt 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 routeBut that openness exposed me to a truth I couldnt 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, youll find a truth that doesnt change
And that truth is living proof of the fact that God is strangeTalk 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 dormAnd when you finally take the time to see what theyre about
Perhaps you find them lonely or their wisdom trips you out
Maybe youll find the spot where cycles end
You're back where you began
But come this time around, youll have someone to hold your handWho 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 thats the only way were 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 muchAnd 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 doorsAnd thats what Ive 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 aint trying to fit inBut this aint 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 Im not the only one
As a great man once said, theres nothing more powerful
Than an idea whos time has come

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