

# Ballad of a Crystal Man

Donovan

Walk along and talk along and live your lives quite freely  
But leave our children with their toys of peppermint and candy  
For seagull, I don't want your wings, I don't want your freedom in a lie  
Your thoughts they are of harlequin,  
your speeches of quicksilver  
I read your faces like a poem, kaleidoscope of hate words  
For seagull, I don't want your wings, I don't want your freedom in a lie  
On the quilted battlefields of soldiers  
dazzling, made of toy tin  
The big bomb like a child's hand could sweep them dead just so to win  
For seagull, I don't want your wings, I don't want your freedom in a lie  
As you fill your glasses with the wine of  
murdered Negroes  
Thinking not of beauty that spreads like morning sun glow  
Seagull, I don't want your wings, I don't want your freedom in a lie  
I pray your dreams of vivid screams of  
children dying slowly  
And as you polish up your guns, your real self, be reflecting  
For seagull, I don't want your wings, I don't want your freedom in a lie  
Vietnam, your latest game, you're  
playing with your blackest queen  
Damn your souls and curse your grins, I stand here with a fading dream  
For seagull, I don't want your wings, I don't want your freedom in a lie

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