

# Evolution (And Flashback)

## Gil Scott-Heron

In 1600 I was a darkie  
Until 1865, a slave  
In 1900 I was a nigger  
Or at least, that was my name  
In 1960 I was a negro  
And then brother Malcom came along  
And then some nigger shot Malcom down  
But the bitter truth lives on  
Martin is dead  
With Martin as our leader  
We prayed, and marched  
And marched, and prayed  
Things were changing  
Things were getting better  
But things were not together  
With Malcom as our leader,  
We learned  
And thought  
And thought we had learned  
Things were better  
Things were changing  
But things were not together  
And now it is your turn,  
We are tired of praying, and marching, and thinking, and learning  
Brothers wanna start cutting, and shooting, and stealing, and burning  
You are three hundred years ahead in equality  
But next summer may be too late  
To look back  
In 1600 I was a darkie  
And until 1865 a slave  
In 1900 I was a nigger  
Or at least that was my name  
In 1960 I was a negro  
And then Malcom came along  
Yes, but some nigger shot Malcom down  
Though the bitter truth lives on  
Well now I am a black man  
And though I still go second class  
Where as once I wanted the white man's love  
Now he can kiss me ass

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