

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 nameIn 1960 I was a negro
And then brother Malcom came along
And then some nigger shot Malcom down
But the bitter truth lives onMartin 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 togetherWith Malcom as our leader,
We learned
And thought
And thought we had learned
Things were better
Things were changing
But things were not togetherAnd 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 backIn 1600 I was a darkie
And until 1865 a slave
In 1900 I was a nigger
Or at least that was my nameIn 1960 I was a negro
And then Malcom came along
Yes, but some nigger shot Malcom down
Though the bitter truth lives onWell 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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