## **Ebony And Ivy**

## **Esperanza Spalding**

Ocre, ivy, brick, and leather bound books built up by heavy lock crooks with unburdenedminds of bastardized Darwinian logic projected as hard evidence on backs and facesof our ancestral culprits wasted, toiling as a majority on plantated crime

We wanna knock and climb strings [?] and build our own hot breath kingdoms and make humane passions rain down

ash then hand out dirty white rules to wipe up and memorize then howl our own law hand-me-downs upon the class of masses and grin as each graduate passes on our synthesizedwords that sterilize natural awe

Seed grows on the mountain

You can dig it with a silver spoon

Float it off to market

Hawk and talk it from hot-air balloonsGet your good old-fashioned learning

Hear the bell in summers

Ending underneath the apple tree

Time to choose a branch

And build your nest of animosity

Now we're really, really learning

It's been hard to grow outside

Growing good, and act happyAnd pretend that the ivy vines

Didn't weigh our branch down

It's been hard to grow outside

But we're finally happyWhere the sage on the mountain now

Is a plant or animal

Seeds grow on the mountain

Round the fountain of unfiltered truthSomeone's [?] might contaminate their point-of-view

And the taste of high-class feelings

Peeking through the keyhole

Festive people watch the mastery

One degree of kneeling separates the heads from loving need

And the art of low class feeling

It's been hard to grow outside

Growing good, and act happy

And pretend that the ivy vines

Didn't weigh our branch down

It's been hard to grow outside

But we're finally happy

But were imany nappy

Where the sage on the mountain now

Is a plant or animal

Finally. Ochre, ivy, brick, and leather-bound books to find and fill our minds with

double-standard visions by degrees we banish, slaving over someone else's questions test their problems and abolish all unsavory and good grammar and forbid shovels, picking their hammers, and the act of starching linen to become the educated ones

wrapped in them
It's been hard to grow outside

Growing good, and act happy

And pretend that the ivy vines

Didn't weigh our branch down

It's been hard to grow outside

But we're finally happy

Where the sage on the mountain now

Is a plant or animal

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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