

On Coming From A Broken Home (Pt. 1)

Gil Scott-Heron

I want to make this a special tribute
To a family that contradicts the concepts
Heard the rules, but wouldn't accept
And womenfolk raised me
And I was full-grown before I knew
I came from a broken home Sent to live with my grandma down south
When my uncles was leaving
And my grandfather had just left for heaven
They said and as every-ologist would certainly note
I had no strong male figure, right?
But Lily Scott was absolutely not your mail-order, room-service
Typecast, black grandmother
I was moved in with her
Temporarily, just until things were patched
Till this was patched and till that was patched
Until I became at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10
The patch that held Lily Scott who held me and like them four
I become one more and I loved her from the absolute marrow of my bones
And we was holdin' on
I come from a broken home
She had more than the five senses
She knew more than books could teach
And raised everyone she touched just a little bit higher
And all around her there was a natural sense
As though she sensed what the stars say, what the birds say
What the wind and and the clouds say
A sensual soul and self, that African sense
And she raised me like she raised four of her own
And I was hurt and scared and shocked when Lily Scott left
Suddenly one night
And they sent a limousine from heaven to take her to God
If there is one
So I knew she had gone
And I came from a broken home

Songwriters

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