

# Talk to Strangers

Saul Williams

Nah, I wasn't raised at gunpoint and I've read too many books  
To distract me from the mirror, when unhappy with my looks  
And I ain't got proper diction for the makings of a thug  
Though I grew up in the ghetto and my niggers all sold drugs And though that may validate me for a spot on  
MTV  
Or get me all the airplay that my bank account would need  
I was hoping to invest in a lesson that I learned  
I thought this fool had jumped me just because it was my turn I went to an open space 'cause I knew he wouldn't  
do it  
If somebody there could see him or somebody else might prove it  
And maybe in your eyes, it may seem I got punked out  
'Cause I walked a narrow path and then went and changed my route But that openness exposed me to a truth I  
couldn't find  
In the clenched fists of my ego or the confines of my mind  
Or the hipness of my swagger or the swagger in my step  
Or the scowl of my grimace or the meanness of my rep 'Cause we represent a truth, son, the changes by the hour  
And when you open to it, vulnerability is power  
And in that shifting form, you'll find a truth that doesn't change  
And that truth is living proof of the fact that God is strange Talk to strangers, when the family fails and friends  
lead you astray  
When Buddha laughs and Jesus weeps and it turns out God is gay  
'Cause Angels and Messiahs, love can come in many forms  
In the hallways of your projects or the fat girl in your dorm And when you finally take the time to see what  
they're about  
Perhaps you find them lonely or their wisdom trips you out  
Maybe you'll find the spot where cycles end  
You're back where you began  
But come this time around, you'll have someone to hold your hand Who prays for you, who is there for you, who  
sends you love and light  
Exposes you to parts of you that you once tried to fight  
But come this time around, you'll choose to walk a different path  
You'll embrace what you turned away and cry at what you laughed 'Cause that's the only way we're going to  
make it through this storm  
Where ignorance is common sense and senselessness the norm  
And flags wave high above the truth and the two never touch  
And stolen goods are overpriced and freedom costs too much And no one seems to recognize the symbols come  
to life  
The bitten apple on the screen and Jesus had a wife  
And she was his Messiah like that stranger may be yours

Who holds a subtle knife that carves through worlds like magic doors  
And that's what I've been looking for, the  
bridge from then to now  
Just watching BET like what the fuck, son? This is foul  
But that square box don't represent the sphere that we live in  
The earth is not a flat screen, I ain't trying to fit in  
But this ain't for the underground, this here is for the sun  
A seed a stranger gave to me and planted on my tongue  
And when I look at you, I know I'm not the only one  
As a great man once said, there's nothing more powerful  
Than an idea whose time has come

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