I Hate the White Man

Roy Harper

Far across the ocean
In the land of look and see
There once was a time
For you and meWhere the winds blow sweetly
And the easy seas flow still
And where the barefoot dream of life
Can laugh and cry it's fillWhere slot machine confusion
And the plastic universe
Are objects of amusement
In the fiction of their curseAnd where the crazy whiteman
And his teargas happiness
Lies dead and long since buried
By his own fantastic messFor I hate the whiteman
And his plastic excuse
For I hate the whiteman
And the man who turned him loose...And the reins of coloured thunder
Of the stallion of the dawn
Ride the coalfire morning
On the beach where all is bornWhere the emperor of meaning
Is burning up his fort
And sits to warm his toes around
A fire made up of useless thoughtsAnd when the children tempt him
With the riddles of their trance
He flings the flames of solstice
Casting laughs into their danceAnd where the crazy whiteman
In the desert of his bones
Lies as bleached as the paradise
He likes to think he ownsAnd I hate the whiteman
In his evergreen excuse
Oh I hate the whiteman
And the man who turned him loose...And far across the reaches
Of the drifting yellow sands
The living carpet wilderness
Forever joins it's handsWith heaven hell's attainment
In a surging crest of fire
Where more than all is thrown upon
The ever lasting pyreAnd through the countless canticles
Of Jason's charcoal fleece
Are sung the songs of nothing

In the timeless masterpieceAnd there stood in the middle
Guess who?
It's the everlasting burst
Built by god's very own whiteman
As he tries to rule the dustAnd I hate the whiteman
In his doctrinaire refuse
Oh I hate the whiteman
And the man who turned you all loose...And the bowels of his city
Have been locked into a safe
Where the spew stains on the sidewalks
Are defenders of his faithWhile back inside his kitchen
The bowler hatted, long haired saint
Cleans with soap and water
But it's really just white paint
While his gorgon headed scandal sheet
Presents its daily bite
To give their righteous news-believers
Drugs to keep them whiteWhile outside in the whitewash
Where the guns are always, always right
A shooting star has summoned
Deaths dark angel from its nightAnd I hate the whiteman
And his evergreen excuse
Oh I hate the whiteman
And the man who turned you all loose
And the man who turned him loose...

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

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