

# Winter in America

Gil Scott-Heron

From the Indians who welcomed the pilgrims  
And to the buffalo who once ruled the plains  
Like the vultures circling beneath the dark clouds  
Looking for the rain  
Looking for the rain Just like the cities staggered on the coastline  
Living in a nation that just can't stand much more  
Like the forest buried beneath the highway  
Never had a chance to grow  
Never had a chance to grow And now it's winter  
Winter in America  
Yes and all of the healers have been killed  
Or sent away, yeah  
But the people know, the people know  
It's winter  
Winter in America  
And ain't nobody fighting  
'Cause nobody knows what to save  
Save your soul, Lord knows  
From Winter in America The Constitution  
A noble piece of paper  
With free society  
Struggled but it died in vain  
And now Democracy is ragtime on the corner  
Hoping for some rain  
Looks like it's hoping  
Hoping for some rain And I see the robins  
Perched in barren treetops  
Watching last-ditch racists marching across the floor  
But just like the peace sign that vanished in our dreams  
Never had a chance to grow  
Never had a chance to grow And now it's winter  
It's winter in America  
And all of the healers have been killed  
Or been betrayed  
Yeah, but the people know, people know  
It's winter, Lord knows  
It's winter in America  
And ain't nobody fighting  
'Cause nobody knows what to save

Save your souls  
From Winter in America And now it's winter  
Winter in America  
And all of the healers done been killed or sent away  
Yeah, and the people know, people know  
It's winter  
Winter in America  
And ain't nobody fighting  
'Cause nobody knows what to save  
And ain't nobody fighting  
Cause nobody knows, nobody knows  
And ain't nobody fighting  
'Cause nobody knows what to save

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