

# The Ballad of a Crystal Man

Donovan

Walk along and talk along and live your lives quite freely  
But leave our children with their toys of peppermint and candy.  
For seagull I don't want your wings,  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

Your thoughts they are of harlequin, your speeches of quicksilver,  
I read your faces like a poem, kaleidoscope of hate words.  
For seagull I don't want your wings,  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

On the quilted battlefields of soldiers dazzling made of toy tin  
The big bomb like a child's hand could sweep them dead just so  
to win.  
For seagull I don't want your wings,  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

As you fill your glasses with the wine of murdered negroes  
Thinking not of beauty that spreads like morning sun-glow.  
Seagull I don't want your wings,  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

I pray your dreams of vivid screams of children dying slowly  
And as you polish up your guns your real self be reflecting.  
For seagull I don't want your wings,  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.

Vietnam, your latest game, you're playing with your blackest Queen  
Damn your souls and curse your grins, I stand here with a fading dream.  
For seagull I don't want your wings,  
I don't want your freedom in a lie.