

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
When I thought this fool would jump 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

In 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
That 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's living proof
Of the fact that God is strange

Talk to strangers
When 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
And perhaps you find them lonely
Or their wisdom trips you out

Maybe you'll find 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's there for you
Who sends you love and light
Exposes you to parts of you
That you once tried to fight

And come this time around
You 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 gonna 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 the subtle knife
That carves through worlds like magic doors

And that's what I've been looking for
The bridge from then to now
Was 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"