

Just My Soul Responding

Smokey Robinson

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday, happy birthday
Happy birthday to you

A few years ago on my birthday
I had just become twenty one
(I remember)
I had a lot to live, said I had a lot to give
Til a man comes to give me a gun

And though that war he sent me to
Didn't claim me
If I'm bitter don't blame me
It's just my soul responding

Don't you try to tell me I'm un-patriotic
I deserve an explanation
I can't help but wonder if you really got it

It's just my soul responding
Soul responding, soul responding

This land once belonged to my father
And to his father before him too
Let me tell you now, I'm on a reservation
Living in a state of degradation
What's a soul suppose to do?

'Cause I'm out, pushin', right?
I'm not in doubt
When it's just my soul responding

To seeing little hungry children
In the land of plenty
Just my soul responding
To doing lots of deeds
But never having any

It's just my soul responding
Soul responding, soul responding

I was born and raised in the ghetto
On the run down side of the track
And there are forces who do everything they can do
To hold me back because my skin is black

Oh but more and more I mind
Hell, it's about time
It's just my soul responding
To being second-class in a land I helped to form
Just my soul responding

To too many roaches and not enough heat
To keep my babies warm
In this land I helped to form
I've got too many roaches and not enough heat

To keep my babies warm

It's just my soul responding
Soul responding, soul responding