

I gaze into my crystal ball and see the world is troubled  
in some places peace is reduced to rubble  
the slack is half and the work is double  
rapping in my riverdale bubble  
only imagining the tragedy  
why the need for all the suffering  
after all we should all be family

I can imagine paradise – it's all around me  
the boys bouncing  
emcees counted  
shouts out to the crowd  
good vibes surprise  
we found it

but to what does it amount  
if the opposite is found true  
when the bubble breaks  
and the faraway faces on the news are me and you

cause you got a car  
and you got a life  
and I got a house  
and I got a mic  
and I got a job  
and cash  
and a bed  
and bread  
and clothes  
and hope in my head

so many blessings I'm taking for granted  
too much to measure  
the psychosomatic urge  
to earn more  
to burn oil  
harm the world  
and strip the soil

but what if tomorrow the pot over boils  
we're left with garbage and no plans  
no more food and amenities from foreign lands  
stripped of our culture  
naked we stand  
we'll be angry  
they sold us out  
they led us to believe beyond all doubt  
that the path of consumerism had no catch  
and to ignore the world was the perfect route

but that's not really what it's all about

-korus-

everybody's got the right  
to have life  
everybody needs the means to fight  
injustice  
whether with a pen and a mic  
or a whisper  
send on the wind in flight  
saying revolution will happen tonight

Chuck Hegsted

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