



Come. And be my baby

The highway is full of big cars
Going nowhere fast
And folks is smoking anything that'll burn.
Some people wrap their lives around a cocktail glass
And you sit wondering
Where you're going to turn.
I got it.
Come. And be my baby.

Some prophets say the world is gonna end tomorrow
But others say we've got a week or two.
The paper is full of every kind of blooming horror
And you sit wondering
What you're gonna do.
I got it.
Come. And be my baby.

Maya Angelou (b. 1928)

from "Oh Pray my Wings are Gonna fit me Well" by Maya Angelou, 1975. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Random House, Inc.