

Coldcut, Mr. Nichols

Please Mr. Nichols come back inside the window
I can't promise you anything, but I trust that there is far greater reason to live
I know you've become disheartened and disillusioned by the current state of affairs
Your stocks are falling, your investments have failed you
The man from whom you took orders has been ordered to jail by his and your subordinates
You question what is this world coming to
What is the profit margin when you're forced to pander to the marginalized
Where's the glory you dreamt of as a child..
Dressed as a cowboy, your play gun pointed at real targets
Your mother, holding her tongue as your father consoles her with the words..
it's just boy stuff

Well

You joined his fraternity, you grew into his old suits
You acquired his beliefs, you embodied his dreams and with them his oversights.
How long did you think it would last?
It's just a matter of time.
The world is far from over.

Look...

Your mother outlives your father,
Your sister outlives your brother.
And if you jump from this window today..
She'll also outlive you.
Look at her, sitting in her midwestern home, tuned into Oprah once again
Today, she learns to meditate on a second-hand couch.
Meanwhile, you stand outside this window
Twelve stories above the ground
One story remaining untold...

You contemplate the setting sun,
Unaware of your disorientation.
Dis-orient: turned away from the east.
The shifting current seems to conspire against you.
Mr. Nichols, you fail to see that you've always stood outside of this window, perched on the threshold
Countless man made stories above the truth
For so long you've stood facing the setting sun
Mistaking the complimentary unified duality of nature as being right or wrong
Good or evil
God or devil
Mr. Nichols instead of stepping from this ledge into the downfall of your up rise
Why not just turn around
Lessen the intensity of your western glare and face the rising sun
Note the energy swirling from its center
How it illumines us all and only the birds fly first class...

There is your inheritance!
The warmth of a kiss
Invest your tongue into the mouth of mystery
Allow her breath to seep into your lungs and surrender to her touch and guidance
There's no other way
Your dreams of dominance will only help you forsake yourself
While your family continues its search for understanding
And your daughters outlive your sons...