Donovan, The Ballad Of A Crystal Man

From the album fairytale

Walk along and talk along and live your lives quite freely

But leave our children with their toys of peppermint and candy.

For seagull I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie.

Your thoughts they are of harlequin, your speeches of quicksilver,

I read your faces like a poem, kaleidoscope of hate words.

For seagull I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie.

On the quilted battlefields of soldiers dazzling made of toy tin

The big bomb like a child's hand could sweep them dead just so to win.

For seagull I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie.

As you fill your glasses with the wine of murdered negroes

Thinking not of beauty that spreads like morning sun-glow.

Seagull I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie.

I pray your dreams of vivid screams of children dying slowly

And as you polish up your guns your real self be reflecting.

For seagull I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie.

Vietnam, your latest game, you're playing with your blackest Queen

Damn your souls and curse your grins, I stand here with a fading dream.

For seagull I don't want your wings,

I don't want your freedom in a lie.