

# Gil Scott-Heron, 1980

Thank you very much, thank you  
Thank you, thanks, thanks everybody, yes thank you

Robot dignitaries better welcome you  
Aliens part as you pass on through(?)  
Nourishment and encouragement for the captain and his crew  
Includes a ticker tape parade down the Main Avenue(?)

And you're captured by the dream machine  
you wake up and you wonder what it means  
It's 1980

And there ain't even no way back to '75 or 1969  
It's 1980

And ain't nobody ask me no time lately "how we gonna open the door for 1984?"

God will continue to look out for the children  
But the fools will have to look out for themselves

Space is the place but you stuck on the ground  
If powers continue but without the sound  
A universal dress rehearsal paints the town  
But boogie-woogie somewhere in the lost and found

I don't mean to say that you're behind the times  
But only that the times got away from you  
And it's 1980

And there ain't even no way back to '75, much less 1969  
It's 1980

And ain't nobody ask me no time lately "Brother help me open the door for 1984"

God will continue to look out for the children  
But the fools will have to look out, look out, look out

The robot mayor is there to shake your hand  
But he ain't never seen himself no earth man  
Heard a funny word he just don't understand  
But he hope that it don't mean you need a piece of land

Does it seem like such a long long way to come  
To end up right back where you coming from?  
It's 1980

And there ain't even no way back to '75, or much less 1969  
It's 1980

And ain't nobody ask me no time lately "how we gonna open the door for 1984?"

God will continue to look out for the children  
But the fools are gonna have to learn to fend for themselves

God will continue to watch over the babies  
But the fools who never learn, never learn

God will continue to watch over the babies  
But the fools are gonna have to watch out, watch out, watch out  
Watch out  
Watch out