

Gil Scott-Heron, Angel Dust

He was groovin'
and that was when he coulda sworn
the room was movin'
But that was only in his mind
He was sailin'
he never really seemed to notice
vision failin'
'cause that was all part of the high
Sweat was pourin'
he couldn't take it
The room was exploding
he might not make it.
Angel Dust Please, children would you listen.
Angel Dust Just ain't where it's at.
Angel Dust You won't remember what you're
missin', but down some dead end streets
there ain't no turnin' back.

They were standin'
everybody in a circle
the whole family
listening to the preacher's words
Sis was cryin'
She alone held all the secrets
'bout his dyin'
tears fallin' to earth
Maybe her fault
He was so trusting
God only knew why
they was dustin'!
Angel Dust Please children would you listen.
Angel Dust Just ain't where it's at.
Angel Dust You won't remember what you're
missin', but down some dead end streets
there ain't no turnin' back.