Gil Scott-Heron, The Needle's Eye

A circle spinning faster
And getting larger all the time
A whirlpool spelled disaster
For all the people who don't rhyme

Him who don't fit through the needle's eye
Him who just don't understand
Understand, understand, understand

A brand new sense of freedom
A brand new sense of time
Him may go and stand alone now
And leave the hate and fear behind

All the millions spent for killing
Seems the whole world must be dying
All the children who go hungry
How much food we could be buying

Him who don't fit through the needle's eye
Him who just don't understand
Understand, understand, understand

A brand new sense of freedom
A brand new sense of time
Him may go and stand alone now
And the leave the hate and fear behind

People wake up every morning
And simply push their lives aside
They seem to carry all their feelings
Crushed and crumbled up inside
Inside, inside, inside

Him who don't fit through the needle's eye
Him who just don't understand

So I went to see my father
Many questions on my mind
But he didn't want to answer me
God, the whole world must be blind

Him who don't fit through the needle's eye
Him may someday go insane
Insane, insane, insane

Without a brand new sense of freedom
A brand new sense of time
Him may go and stand alone now
And leave the hate and fear behind, yeah, behind