

# Keziah Jones, Dear Mr. Cooper

Seen a face I don't recognize  
Making discord, turning my days sadder  
Don't confuse the word ostracise  
It'll make it fit more or disorganise matter

It's all in your game, yeah. It's all in your game.

Dear Mr Cooper,

I believe that you're a man of musical taste  
You will therefore be aware of the pain  
And heartache, that contradictions makes  
They say music is a river, yet it flows on  
Regardless of the profits that make you quiver  
So as we deliver the river your reply we anticipate

Yours, Theo

His response was pure mental Jazz  
A sobering vastness where shiny ebony forms  
Dance in dark glasses  
Such a tragic display of our racial identity  
Would make John Coltrane, Kwame Nkrumah  
Wail in their graves!  
As we stand here waiting to be saved