



COME, AND BE MY BABY

BY MAYA ANGELOU

The highway is full of big cars
going nowhere fast
And folks is smoking anything that'll burn
Some people wrap their lives around a
cocktail glass
And you sit wondering
where you're going to turn.
I got it.
Come. And be my baby.

Some prophets say the world is gonna end
tomorrow
But others say we've got a week or two
The paper is full of every kind of blooming
horror
And you sit wondering
what you're gonna do. I got it.
Come. And be my baby.