



# Come. And be my Baby

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.

*Maya Angelou (1928-2014)*

from "Oh Pray my Wings are Gonna fit me Well" by Maya Angelou, 1975. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Random House, Inc.