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[But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind]

Caroline Randall Williams

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“Lucy, Lucy, where you been?”

Living in *brown sugar* sin.

“Lucy, Lucy, where’s you man?”

He come and *taste* me when he can.

“Lucy, Lucy, ain’t you hitched?”

No, I’m just his *so good* bitch.

“Lucy, Lucy. Baby is you blue?”

Tch. I’m tired of feeling *blackgirl* used.

“Lucy, Lucy, that’s no kinda life.”

Black girl ain’t no kinda wife.

“Lucy, Lucy, how you stand it?”

It’s better than bein’ empty handed.

“Lucy, Lucy, even you’s God’s flesh.”

This world ain’t wanna see that yet.