

“Ball of Confusion” (1970)
Composed by Barrett Strong and Norman Whitfield
Sung By The Temptations

One, two, one, two, three, four, ow

People moving out, people moving in
Why, because of the color of their skin
Run, run, run but you sure can't hide

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth
Vote for me and I'll set you free
Rap on, brother, rap on

Well, the only person talking about love thy brother is the preacher
And it seems nobody's interested in learning but the teacher
Segregation, determination, demonstration, integration
Aggravation, humiliation, obligation to our nation

Ball of confusion
Oh yeah, that's what the world is today
Woo, hey, hey

The sale of pills are at an all-time high
Young folks walking round with their heads in the sky
The cities ablaze in the summer time

And oh, the beat goes on
Evolution, revolution, gun control, sound of soul
Shooting rockets to the moon, kids growing up too soon
Politicians say more taxes will solve everything

And the band played on

So, round and around and around we go
Where the world's headed, nobody knows

Oh, great googa-looga, can't you hear me talking to you
Just a ball of confusion
Oh yeah, that's what the world is today
Woo, hey

Fear in the air, tension everywhere
Unemployment rising fast, the Beatles new record's a gas

And the only safe place to live is on an Indian reservation

And the band played on

Eve of destruction, tax deduction, city inspectors, bill collectors
Mod clothes in demand, population out of hand, suicide, too many bills
Hippies moving to the hills, people all over the world are shouting, end the war

And the band played on

Great googa-looga, can't you hear me talking to you
Sayin' ball of confusion
That's what the world is today, hey, hey

Let me hear ya, let me hear ya, let me hear ya
Sayin', ball of confusion
That's what the world is today, hey, hey
Let me hear ya, let me hear ya, let me hear ya, let me hear ya, let me hear ya
Ball of confusion

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