

Quasimodo

Kimbo Tippett

Oh Quasimodo, tell me what could I do,
to right the injustice that's given to you.

Quasimodo, Quasimodo, grin and drool as they crown you a fool.
Giggle and laugh as they give you the lash.
The crown of the clown is on you.
While tied in the sun, your clothes are undone.
One might mistake mockery for fun.

Quasimodo, tell me what could I do,
to right the injustice that's given to you.

Quasimodo, Quasimodo, you don't look right, but you are not wrong.
You try and join in with the jeers of the throng.
Your dream is to someday belong.
You look very strange. This can not be changed.
What you have suffered has made you insane.

Quasimodo, tell me what could I do,
to right the injustice that's given to you

Quasimodo, Quasimodo, you were the only one who did what was right.
Though your appearance would fill them with fright,
You stepped up with all of your might.
You took on the crowd. You should be proud.
You saw the light. Didn't run from the fight.
You were so brave, There was someone to save.
You saved the girl. You're a beautiful being in the Spiritual World.
Tell me what could I do?