

Michael Franti

"Stay Human"

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Starvation is the creation of the devil, a rebel
I'm bringin' food to the people like a widow
Bringin' flowers to the grave in the middle
Of the city isolation is a riddle

To be surrounded by a million other people
But feel alone like a tree in a desert
Dried up like the skin of a lizard
But full of color like the spots of a leopard

Drum and bass pull me in like a shepherd
Scratch my itch like a needle on a record
Full of life like a man gone to Mecca
Sky high like an eagle up soaring

I speak low but I'm like a lion roaring
Baritone like a Robeson recordin'
I'm givin' thanks for bein' human
Every morning, morning, morning

Because the streets are alive with the sound of boom
bap
Can I hear it once again?
Boom bap tell your neighbor, tell a friend
Every flower gotta right to be bloomin'

The streets are alive with the sound of boom bap
Can I hear it once again
Boom bap tell your neighbor, tell a friend
Every flower got a right to be bloomin'

Be resistant, the negativity we keep it at a distance
Call for backup and I'll give you some assistance
Like a lifesaver deep in the ocean
Stay afloat here upon the funky motion

Rock and roll upon the waves of the season
Hold your breath and your underwater breathin'
To be rhymin' without a real reason
Is to claim but not to practice a religion

If television is the drug of the nation

Satellite is immaculate reception
Beaming in they can look and they can listen
So you see don't believe in the system

To legalize you or give you your freedom
You want rights ask em', they'll read em'
But every flower got a right to be bloomin'
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Because all the freaky people make the beauty of the
world
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
Because all the freaky people make the beauty of the
world
We saw all the freaky people make the beauty of the
world
Stay human

You see Y2K ya know is a moment
In time we find that we can open
Up a heart that's locked or been broken
By the pain of words not spoken
Or shot by guns a still smokin'
Cart wrights out on the Ponderosa

Or drive by bang in Testarossa
We need to heed the words of Dalai Lama
Or at least the words of yo mama
Take a mental trip to the Bahamas
Steam your body in a stereo sauna, sauna, comma

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