

# Michael Franti & Spearhead

## "Every Single Soul"

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Every single soul is like a poem, you know  
It got words

No matter where I roam  
Whoa oh, I know every single soul is a poem  
It's written on the back of God's hand

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Ya see moms and pops be copulatin'  
Plantin' seeds and pickin' weeds for another season  
Another reason for livin' another reason for givin'  
Another reason for lovin' and tryin' stay out of prison

'Cause everything in life can't be nice  
And everything you want can't be got  
But the lessons on bein' patient be causing the  
pressure to rise  
And make some people suicidal

Oh no, another soul, has lost control  
We pull him back into the fold  
He got strung out on the material  
All the superficial initials upon his clothes

They make me wanna go Sprewell  
Every time I see my family locked in jail  
The economical can be demoniacal  
Keep love in your soul

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No matter where I roam  
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Ya see people are so beautiful in love  
That's why I'm reminded of life's precious moments

Every time I see lovers walkin' by in the park  
Close my eyes and I stop reminisce

To see a little baby suckin' on his mama's milk  
'Ey silky smoothness of a lovin' caress holdin' baby to  
breast  
And blessin' the world with another to test, test, test  
Oh yes, oh yes, bom, bom, I'd like to sing a little song  
Dedicated to the people who would like to sing along

'Cause every little song has little beats and notes  
Like every little lake has little trees and boats  
All people deserve a safe and warm home  
'Cause every single soul is a poem

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I want to show you somethin' beautiful  
It's lovely, it's lovely  
It's lovely, it's lovely, y'all

Right from the start in a world torn apart  
A baby's love leaves finger prints upon the heart  
So many think it but never say it  
"Why bring a child to this planet full of hatred?"

They might not make it like the youngest departed  
Or worst of all they might become a part of it  
Involved in it, perpetuating violence, violence  
And growing up in silence

Seein' things they don't know how to deal with  
And learnin' ways, to try to cope with it  
Cope with it, cope with it  
But not lose hope

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Whoa oh, I know every single soul is a poem  
It's written on the back of God's hand

No matter where I roam  
Whoa oh, I know every single soul is a poem  
It's written on the back of God's hand

No matter where I roam, where I roam, y'all  
Whoa oh, I know every single soul is a poem  
It's written on the back of God's hand

No matter where I roam, where I roam, y'all  
Whoa oh, I know every single soul is a poem  
It's written on the back of God's hand

I want to show you somethin' beautiful

Livin' thing, livin' thing is beautiful  
Livin' thing, livin' thing is beautiful  
Livin' thing, livin' thing is beautiful  
Livin' thing, livin' thing is beautiful

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