

Michael Franti & Spearhead "Hello Bonjour"

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I don't need a passport to walk on this earth
Anywhere I go 'cause I was made of this earth
I'm born of this earth, I breathe of this earth
And even with the pain I believe in this earth

So I wake up in every mornin' and I'm steppin' on the
floor
I wake up in every mornin' and I'm steppin' out the door
I got faith in the sky, faith in the one
Faith in the people rockin' underneath the sun

'Cause every bit of land is a holy land
And every drop of water is a holy water
And every single child is a son or a daughter
Of the one earth mama, and the one earth papa

So don't tell a man that he can't come
here
'Cause he got brown eyes and a wavy kind of hair
And don't tell a woman that she can't
go there
Because she prays a little different to a God up there

You say you're a Christian 'cause God made
you
You say you're a Muslim 'cause God made you
You say you're a Hindu and the next man a Jew
And we all kill each other 'cause God told us to? Nah!

Hello, hello!
Bonjour, bonjour!
Hola, hola!
Konnichiwa, konnichiwa wa!

Hello, hello!
Bonjour, bonjour!
Hola, hola!
Konnichiwa, konnichiwa wa!

Follow me, follow me, follow me, let me take to the
dancehall
Now to come a rock this rhythm

Follow me, follow me, follow me, let me take to the
dancehall
Now to come a skankin'

Follow me, follow me, follow me, let me take to the
dancehall
Now to come a rock this rhythm
Follow me, follow me, follow me, let me take to the
dancehall
In a Spearhead style, now hear this!

So you dance to the rhythm, bounce to the rhythm
Shake to the rhythm and you roll the rhythm
Sweat to the rhythm, get wet to the rhythm
Make love to the rhythm, clean up to the rhythm

When you movin' you come alive
And when ya grooving in rhythm we survive
So don't panic, don't panic
No drum machines, this is all organic

Just Sly and Robbie on the drums and the bass
Sticke on percussion and we mashin' up the place
Givin' you a beat you can rock and roll to
Givin' you a sound you can shake your soul to

So hip hoppas, punk rockas
Roots rockas, even wood stockas
Don't need a passport, just send a postcard
Send me a message, let me know how you are

Whether you are walkin' or drivin' in your car
Throw your hands high tell me who you are

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Hola, hola!
Konnichiwa, konnichiwa wa!

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Bubble from Nigeria to Botswana
Bubble Botswana to Ethiopia
Bubble Ethiopia to Zimbabwe
Now bubble Zimbabwe to Mexicana

Bubble Mexico to Brazilians
Bubble Brazil to Americana

Bubble from America to Japan
Bubble from Japan to China

Bubble from a China to Pakistana
Bubble from a Pakistan to Australia
Bubble from Australia to Palestrina
Bubble from a Palestine to Israel

Bubble bubble booyaka, Jamaica
Bubble to Italia
Española, Britania
Bubble bubble dance to the sound

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Hola, hola!
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[Incomprehensible]

Follow me, follow me, follow me, let me take to the
dancehall
Now to come a rock this rhythm
Follow me, follow me, follow me, let me take to the
dancehall
[Incomprehensible]

[Incomprehensible]
Konnichiwa, konnichiwa wa!
Drums and bass

Visit [Michael Franti & Spearhead](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.