

Michael Franti & Spearhead

"Hole In The Bucket"

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"Hole In The Bucket"

(Money Money Money Money Nothin But Money)
I work 9 to 5 but it starts in the P.M.
And I love the sunrise so I step out in the A.M.
The street is black and shiny from the early
Nightly rainin'
The glory of the light it brings evaporation
Morning's fresh oxygen cleanest
I take a deep hit help my mind stay the greenest
I'm already wake so I'm not drinkin' coffee
Don't wanna cigarette, 'cause it's a form of slavery
Walk into the store 'cause I need a few items
The sun heats the blood like a hit of vitamins
Needa buy some food and some 'poo for my dreads
Can't remember why but I need a spool of thread
Man with dirty dreads, steps around the comer
He asks me for a dime, a nickel or a quarter
I don't have any change so I'm steppin' along
And as I'm walkin' past he sings to me a song...

[Chorus]

There's a hole in the bucket dear liza, dear
Liza...*[repeat]*

The day is pickin' up cause I'm hummin' his song
The buses and the people all keep movin' along
To the shopkeeper I say "was'sup?"
And I'm thinkin' about the man who's holdin' up the cup
I pay for all the stuff and get a pocketful of change
Should I give it to the man's the question in my brain
What's gonna happen if I give the man a dime?
I don't wanna pay for anotha brotha's wine
What's gonna happen if I give the man a quarter?
Will he find a dealer and try to place an order?
What's gonna happen if I give the man a nickel
Will he buy some food or some pork that's been
pickled?
I'm not responsible for the man's depression
How can I find compassion in the midst of recession?
How come all these questions keep fuckin' with my
head

And I still can't rememba why I need a spool of thread.

[Chorus]

He's starin' in my eyes just as I'm walkin' past
I'm tryin to avoid him cause I know he's gonna ask
Me about the coinage that is in my pocket
But I don't know if I should put it in his bucket
Walk right past him to think about it more
Back at the crib I'm openin' up the door
A pocketful of change it don't mean alot to me
My cup is half full but his is empty
I put back on my cap and I start headin' back
I reach into my pocket and I have a heart attack
Well as I'm diggin' deep I scream "oh no!"
There's nothin' in the pocket but a great big hole
While I was busy thinkin' if he would buy smack
The jingle in my pocket it slipped through the cracks
No one has the change and it's fuckin' up my head
But now I no the reason why I had to buy the thread!

[Chorus]

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