

Michael Franti & Spearhead "I Wish That I Could Be You"

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(Chorus)

I wish that I could be you,
for a moment or two.
And you could be me,
if you wanted to see,
what it's like in my shoes.

Chillin' on a corner cause I gotta kill an hour.
I see a pretty sister over purchasing some flowers.
She walks into the grocery, so I take a step and follow.
She gives me funny feelings in my throat and so I
swallow.
Afraid to approach her, I stand goofy in the isle.
Shopkeeper starring, but he don't give me know smile.
He says, "customers only boy, leave if your not buying."
I turn around to him and say,

(Chorus)

Outside a night club, got know invitation.
A limosine pulls up, ya know it's causing made
comotion.
So I move alittle closer, maybe see a superstar.
Just to catch a glimpse of who's coming out the car.
A man steps out, you know he's dress up like Mac the
knife.
He had a taste of the plastic things in life.
Mad clothes, fine women, spent the rest on gettig high.
Laughed at other folks along the way just gettig by.
I eased up through the crowd just so I could see his
face.
His two security goons come knock me on my ace.
I say, " Yo man you ain't gotta do that, I ain't trying to
rock your world."
And at that same moment I see that pretty girl.
The one from the grocery, I saw buying flowers.
Steps out the limo and her face looks kind of sour.
Plastic man grabs her arm and walks away.
I sit up, look at him and say'

(Chorus)

That girl looks so damn fine,
I thought I'd never get her off my mind.
So I walk around to the back alley,
Try to sneak into the party.
I zoom in like binoculars on something that did shock
me.
That plastic man he had that girl up against the wall.
He was all up in her face, his fist up in a ball.
I said, "Yo man you better leave that nice young girl
alone."
And he smacked her one more time and said, "oh what,
you want some."
He took a swing at me,
I ducked, hit him with an uppercut,
knocked him on his butt like he got struck by mac the
truck.
He grabbed the sisters shoulders
and then he slammed her to the ground.
Crack, a deadly sound, red blood soiled the ground.
Sister wounded, I took in my arms.
I started praying that she would not be gones.
I heard sirens going off in my head,
and I whispered in her ear and said,

(Chorus 2)

I wish I could be you,
for a moment or two,
and you could be me if you wanted to see
just what I think of you.

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