## Michael Franti & Spearhead "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 a grave in the middle Of the city isolation is a riddle
To be surrounded by a million other people But to 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 box gotta right to be boomin'

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 got a right to be boomin'

## 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' Stay human

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 box gotta right to be boomin'

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 got a right to be boomin'

'Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the world

All the freaky people make the beauty of the world Freaky people

'Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the world

All the freaky people make the beauty of the world All the freaky people

'Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the world

All the freaky people make the beauty of the world All the freaky people

'Cause all the freaky people make the beauty of the world

All the freaky people make the beauty of the world Stay with

All the freaky people

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'
Cartwrights 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

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 box gotta right to be boomin' 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 got a right to be boomin'

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 box gotta right to be boomin'

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 got a right to be boomin'

And every box gotta right to be boomin' And every star gotta right to be zoomin'

All the freaky people make the beauty of the world Freaky people
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world All the freaky people
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world All the freaky people
All the freaky people make the beauty

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