

# Michael Franti, Listener Supported

Six foot six above sea level  
I grab the mic because I like to take you to  
another mental level  
low power frequency radio modulation  
the big sound from underground another pirate station  
we bring the truth to places truth is never heard before  
we bring the sound communication of our tribal war  
dark vision fly by helicopters in the night  
attempt triangulation of our station in the fight  
straight from the bass the deep down low precision  
high crime treason we broadcastin' sedition  
like the wall street mornin' afternoon edition  
commandeering airwaves from unknown positions

(chorus)

Live and direct we comin' never pre-recorded  
with information that will never be reported  
disregard the mainstream media distorted  
whoop! whoop!  
we comin' listener supported  
Live and direct we comin' never pre-recorded  
with information that will never be reported  
disregard the mainstream media distorted  
whoop! whoop!  
we comin' listener supported

Don't take no prisoners if can't afford to feed none  
don't start no fights if you can't predict the outcome  
don't make donations where you cannot get your dough back  
fuck the apathetic bullshittas send em' all your prozac  
I will not climb into your telephone tree  
and "hell no you cannot put me on hold!"  
it's the same recorded message you'd been singin' all along  
keep handin' us the bible while you walkin' off with all the gold  
the bureaucratic office sends you merry-go-rounding  
while the KKK police the streets by blood hounding  
interest on the credit card just keeps on compounding  
but the FCC can neva shut this pirate sound down  
(chorus)

Michael Franti And Spearhead Lyrics