

Michael Franti, Piece O'Peace

Every million miles ya haffe tek a first step
Every million miles ya haffe tek a first step

I was sick of flippin' channels / and sick of
flippin' quarters
I called my man Zulu/ said, "Meet me on the corner"
Maybe we can check out the clubs in the city
'cause waitin' at the crib can make you feel shitty
so he hopped into my ride on the squeaky door side and
we hit the Upper Room/ where they keep the funk alive
The man at the door/ invited us inside
He said there isn't any cover/ if you're keepin' up the vibe

We took it upstairs to big up the area
the people in the house was shakin' up their derrier
Raisin up their hands and raisin up their voices
Tokes was the D.J. I was happy with his choices
maxin' and mixin' the beats they was fixin'
my brain like a smoke that was doubly, triply, dope
the decadence is gone and lifemay never be the same
'cause when the beat hits
you feel no pain!
(chorus)

so a piece of peace for you, a piece of peace for me
a piece of peace for every peaceful person that you see
a piece of peace for you, a piece of peace for me
but I don't act peaceful if you're not that way to me
Every million mile ya haffe tek a first step
Every million mile ya haffe tek a first step

Five-O was outside waitin' with their vans
hopin' that shit would get outta hand
so dat they could test their weapons
on innocent civilians,
the high tech shit costin' million and millions
money should've spent on something for community
but that's O.K. because we got the unity
so fuck the police! we can keep the peace!
we can make love and conquer that disease
because nothing in the world is impossible to me
I can swim on dry land and run upon the sea
and nothing in the world is impossible to me
you can chop off my legs and I'll land upon my feet
I turn it over to the spirit and I leave her in charge
my favorite record sounds like an African Head Charge
She'll beat up the beats with and eggbeater
pour em in the batter
she'll make 'em sound fatter and fatter
'cause food for the soul is the flavor of the music
spice for the brain is the essence of the lyrics
songs can be delicious and also be nutritious
You can't payfor culture" it can only be experienced
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!
"WELL HAVE YOU EVER BEEN EXPERIENCED!"
"WELL"

(chorus)

If the funk is on time
then we call it punctual
we're matchin up the footsteps
spiritual and functional
like carnivale in Rio

the Charlie Hunter trio
Had the groovers groovin'
and all the movers movin'
Cuba, Twist, Reminisce and NME
Graffiti on the street for everyone to see
even the elders in the house was havin' fun
because we livin' life at the top of our lungs
It was truly a life celebration that night
had the world's greatest time
but we'd never sell the movie rights
to Morrie Povich, or anyone like that
and anyone who does is really, really whack!
We fish or cut bait and we're not takin' prisoners
and if you comin' late then you might've missed some a this
funky good time we had here in fronta you
so long, farewell, alveerdersain, adieu to you
(chorus)