

Michael Franti & Spearhead, 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' sedission
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