# Michael Franti And Spearhead, Speaking In Tong

You don't have to be so scared to share what's inside
'cause you're Daddy's little superstar
and you're Mama's little butterfly
fly high

A strange strange litany of verses and reverses
adlibs and rehearses
clouds burst and words cursed
an argument breaks out
it's one we've all heard before, it's boring
had us all snoring from the first line
one after another chimed in perfect time
tired rehashes of petty cashes and mismatches
you shoulda coulda's
and "why didn't 'tcha dida's"
crippling snippets aimed at the heart
to inflame and impart blame
framed like Mumia
verbal diarrhoea
creating chasms between the souls of two
or two billion
nations torn apart
station to station damnation
with much deliberation and very little consideration
to the return on the damage from the altercation
collateral condemnation
then denyin' like colorization of an old black and white
create a revision of the recent last night
the fight that started with two words, "I'm right"

(chorus)
You don't have to be so scared to share what's inside
'cause you're Daddy's little superstar
and you're Mama's little butterfly
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But of course the fight ends with no resolution
merely a vow for retribution, substitution, execution, electrocution
ruthless, toothless and truthless
mumbling through page after page of excuses
abuses of the gift of the gab
Gabriel the trumpeter
bestowed upon us a voice with a choice
and a tongue kept moist by years of salivating
for oysters.. pearls and aphrodisiacs
locked in an ugly shell always too chewy and gooey
so they get swallowed whole
but a tongue is so much more than a vehicle for greed
a tongue is for washing fur
or for licking wounds
or for welcoming newcomers into a room
or cleansing those fresh from the womb
without a tongue there would be no croons
swoons, Junes under the moon
no bees pollinating no flowers in bloom
no recitation of words at the foot of a tomb
or wills read aloud of the family heirlooms
you probably couldn't even blow up a balloon
and that would be a shame
because to exhales the name of the game
exhale from the heart
not from the lungs
exhale from the heart
not from the tongue

(chorus)

Listening is understanding
and finding compassion
love is the action of soul satisfaction
a tongue can make wishes and also fine kisses
taste a sweet cake and also cast disses
but nothing compares to the voice from within
without it we might just be mannequins
up to no darn good shenanigans
learn to be skilful movers of the stones
that block the heart and turn humans to clones
learn to forgive, set free the bones
touch with your flesh, take off the rubber gloves
love like your life depends on it
because it does
(chorus)

Michael Franti And Spearhead Lyrics