

Michael Franti And Spearhead, Tolerance

A child is born, and a mamma's torn
About the life that it's bound to live
A sun and moon and a modest home
Is all they asking the Lord to give
But politics and big events they never seem to notice the little guy
So make a plan or simply hold a hand but don't ever be a passer by

Tolerance or violence and the whole world goes to war
Is one enough or is one too many
Before we say, "No More"
Could you ever love a pot of gold?
Could you ever love another lonely soul?
Could you ever find a love that was oceans wide?
Could you ever find love in another stranger's eyes?

Oh, give a little,
Tolerance, tolerance
We need you more and more
So lend a hand or simply hold a friend
That's in need of a life support
Draw a picture, share a whisper
Anyway that you can rise above
And when the end is near who is goanna volunteer
To be the last one to die for love

Tolerance or violence and the whole world go to war
Is one enough or is one too many
Before we say, "No More"
no more, no more, no more, no more