

# Michael Franti, Rock The Nation

We livin' in a mean time and an aggressive time  
a painful time, a time where cynicism rots the vine  
in a time where violence blocks the summer shine  
lifetimes, go by in a flash  
in the search for love, in the search for cash  
everybody wanna be some fat tycoon  
everybody wanna be on a tropic honeymoon  
nobody wanna sing a little bit out of tune  
or be the backbone of a rebel platoon  
it's too soon to step out of line  
you might get laughed at you might get fined  
but do you fear me when I say I feel pain everyday  
when I see the way my friends gotta slave  
and never get ahead of bills they gotta pay  
no way no way!  
some make a living doing killing Colombian penicillin  
some are willing to play the villain they just chillin'  
to pass the time, pass the information  
or pass the wine  
pass the buck or pass the baton  
but you can't pass the police or the pentagon  
the I.R.S. or the upper echelon  
I think it's time to make a move on the contradiction

(chorus)

Bom-Bom, rock the nation  
take over television and radio station

Bom-Bom the truth shall come  
give the corporation some complication!

This is the dawning of our time I say it one more time  
to emphasize the meaning of my rhyme  
to rise above all the dirt and grime  
add the right spice at the right time  
fuck the constitution  
are we part of the solution or are we part of the pollution  
sittin' by and wonderin' why,  
things ain't the way we like to find them to be, to be  
for you and for me the people over there and the ones in between  
check our habitation are we a peace lovin' nation  
peace lovin' nation  
I have a reasonable doubt I think I'll just spell it out  
there's no need to scream or to shout  
the N.R.A. just bought a man's soul  
then he jumps up and shouts gun control  
the government says that killin's a sin  
unless you kill a murderer with a lethal syringe  
so I ask again "are we peace lover's then"  
some of them slang guns when they six years old  
some of them end up in some six foot hole  
this whole damn place seems to, lost control  
so I raise my voice before I lose my soul  
(chorus)

This is the way I'll express my feelings  
vibe revealed and revolved spinnin on a record y'all  
try to confiscate take what I communicate with  
it's ancient gift of the lip steady creating  
activating passion vocal vibrations to the blind plus the seeing  
human doesn't mean just being  
be coming don't believe it just believe it  
belongings or beloved rehearse it or recite it  
while shining drop your guns and move your tongues

battle motivation in no time lyrics come  
sometimes fun others run their mouth or away  
my mind comes beaming like an early sunray  
one day we'll get the picture and all combine  
less the talking bout mines is mine and become one mind  
every piece of the puzzle has its place  
to build the piece of the puzzle called the human race

taking it long enough we crush the formal journalistic  
dyslexic critters talk backwards to rap words  
I'm sure raising my hands with questions and demands  
statements and a plan with a map of the land  
(chorus)