

# Michael Franti, Speaking In Tongues

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  
fly high

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