

# Michael Franti & Spearhead, Everyone Deserves

Everyone deserves music, sweet music  
Everyone deserves music, sweet music

Seven in the morn' step on the floor  
Walk into the kitchen and you open the door  
There ain't much left in the bottle of juice  
Because the seeds that you planted never reproduced  
Computer still runnin'  
But your mind has crashed  
Because the plans that you made never came to pass  
Now you reconizin' the times is hard  
When you tryin' to take a bite out of your ATM card

(chorus)  
Everyone deserves music, sweet music  
Everyone deserves music, sweet music  
Even our worst enemies Lord, they deserves music, music  
Even the quiet ones in our family, they deserve music

Ginny's home life wouldn't stabilize  
At the age of 15 learned to drink and drive  
No one ever could seem to empathize  
Makin' babies in the back seat on tranquilizers  
Papa never was much a rolling stone see  
He just like to sit and drink alone  
Mama always tried to do the best she could  
She would work all day and then come home to cook but,  
We all vain, we all strange  
We all drained, we all love to just complain.  
But nobody wants to seem to get along, ya see  
We got shame, we got pain  
We got blame, we all a little bit insane  
So that's why I sing this song ya know because

(chorus)

So I pray for them and I'll play for them  
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We all drained, we all love to just complain.  
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(chorus)