

# Michael Franti & Spearhead, Hole In The Bucket

(Money Money Money Money Nothin But Money)

I work 9 to 5 but it starts in the P.M.  
and I love the sunrise so I step out in the A.M.  
the street is black and shiny from the early  
nightly rainin'  
the glory of the light it brings evaporation  
morning's fresh oxygen cleanest  
I take a deep hit help my mind stay the greenest  
I'm already wake so I'm not drinkin' coffee  
don't wanna cigarette, 'cause it's a form of slavery  
walk into the store 'cause I need a few items  
the sun heats the blood like a hit of vitamins  
needa buy some food and some 'poo for my dreads  
can't remember why but I need a spool of thread  
Man with dirty dreads, steps around the corner  
he asks me for a dime, a nickel or a quarter  
I don't have any change so I'm steppin' along  
and as I'm walkin' past he sings to me a song...

(chorus)

There's a hole in the bucket dear liza, dear  
liza...(repeat)

The day is pickin' up cause I'm hummin' his song  
the buses and the people all keep movin' along  
to the shopkeeper I say &"was'sup?"&  
and I'm thinkin' about the man who's holdin' up the cup  
I pay for all the stuff and get a pocketful of change  
should I give it to the man's the question in my brain  
What's gonna happen if I give the man a dime?  
I don't wanna pay for anotha brotha's wine  
What's gonna happen if I give the man a quarter?  
will he find a dealer and try to place an order?  
what's gonna happen if I give the man a nickel  
will he buy some food or some pork that's been pickled?  
I'm not responsible for the man's depression  
how can I find compassion in the midst of recession?  
How come all these questions keep fuckin' with my head  
and I still can't rememba why I need a spool of thread.

(chorus)

He's starin' in my eyes just as I'm walkin' past  
I'm tryin to avoid him cause I know he's gonna ask  
me about the coinage that is in my pocket  
But I don't know if I should put it in his bucket  
walk right past him to think about it more  
back at the crib I'm openin' up the door  
a pocketful of change it don't mean alot to me  
my cup is half full but his is empty  
I put back on my cap and I start headin' back  
I reach into my pocket and I have a heart attack  
well as I'm diggin' deep I scream &"oh no!"&  
there's nothin' in the pocket but a great big hole  
While I was busy thinkin' if he would buy smack  
the jingle in my pocket it slipped through the cracks  
no one has the change and it's fuckin' up my head  
But now I no the reason why I had to buy the thread!

(chorus)