

Michael Franti & Spearhead, Stay Human (All The

This one's dedicated to all the freaky people out there
All those lovely freaks and weirdos
who just tryin' to make it through life, you know what I'm sayin'
Sometimes it's rough out there, try to keep a sense of humor
Try to stay human, know what I'm sayin

Starvation is a creation of the devil, a rebel
I'm bringin' food to the people like a widow
bringin' flowers to a grave in the middle
Of the city isolation is a riddle
To be surrounded by a million other people
but feel alone like a tree in the desert
Dried up like the skin of a lizard
But full of color like the spots of a leopard
Drum and bass pull me in like a shepherd
scratch my itch like a needle on a record
Full of life like man gone to Mecca
Sky high like an eagle up soaring
i speak low but I'm like a lion roaring
Baritone like a Robeson recordin'
I'm giving thanks for bein' human every morning..

[chorus]

Because the streets are alive with the sound of Boom Bap
can I hear it once again!
Boom Bap tell your neighbor tell a friend
every box gotta right to be boomin'
Because the streets are alive with the sound of Boom Bap
can I hear it once again!
Boom Bap tell a neighbor tell a friend
every flower gotta right to be bloomin'!
Stay Human!

Be resisstant, the negativity we keep it at a distance
call for backup and I'll give you some assistance
Like a lifesaver deep in the ocean
Stay afloat here upon the funky motion
rock and roll upon the waves of the season
Hold your breath and your underwater breathin'
To be rhymin' without a real reason
is to claim but not to practice a religion
If television is the drug of the nation
satellite is immaculate reception
Beaming in they can look and they can listen
so you see don't believe in the system
To legalize you or give you your freedom
You want rights ask 'em, they'll read 'em
But every flower gotta right to be bloomin'..
Saty human..

[chorus]

All the freaky people make the beauty of the world [x8]

You see Y2K ya know is a moment n time we find that we can open
Up a heart that's locked or been broken, by the pain of words not spoken
Or shot by guns and still smokin'
Cartwrights out on the Ponderosa or drive by bang in Testarossa
We need to heed the words of Dalai Lama
or at least the words of ya mama
Take a mental trip to the Bahamas
Steam your body in a stereo sauna, sauna, comma..

[chorus]

All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
[repeat till song fades away]