

# 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]