

Yell Fire!

Michael Franti & Spearhead

A revolution never come with a warning
A revolution never sends you an omen
A revolution just arrived like the morning
Ring the alarm we come to wake up the snoring

They tellin' you to worry about the future
They tellin' you to never worry about the torture
They tellin' you that you'll never see the horror
Spend it all today and we will bill you tomorrow
Three piece suits and bank accounts in Bahamas
Wall street crime will never send you to the slammer
Tell all the children in the arms of their mummas
The F-15 is a homicide bomber

TV commercials for a popping pill culture
Drug companies circling like a vulture
An Iraqi babies with a G.I. Joe father
Ten years from now is anybody gonna bother?

Yell Fire, yo, yo, yo
Here we come here we come
Fire, yo, yo , yo, yo
Revolution a comin'
Fire, yo, yo, yo, yo

Fire, yo, yo, yo, yo
Everyone addicted to the same nicotine
Everyone addicted to the same gasoline
Everyone addicted to a technicolour screen
Everybody tryin' to get their hands on the same green
From the banks of the river to the banks of the greedy
All the riches taken back by needy
We come from the country and we come from the city
You play us on the record, you can play us on the CD
All the shit you've given us is fertilizer
The seeds that we planted you can never brutalize them
Tell the corporation they can never globalize it
Like Peter Tosh said Legalize it
Girls and boys hear the bass and treble
Rumble in the speakers and it make you wanna rebel
Throw your hands up, take it to another level
And you can never, ever, ever make a deal with the devil

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