

# 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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