

# Stay Human

Michael Franti

Starvation is the creation of the devil, a rebel  
I'm bringin' food to the people like a widow  
Bringin' flowers to the 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 a 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 a 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 givin' thanks for bein' human  
Every morning, morning, morning

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 flower gotta right to be bloomin'

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Be resistant, 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 got a right to be bloomin'  
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Because all the freaky people make the beauty of the world  
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All the freaky people make the beauty of the world  
All the freaky people make the beauty of the world  
Because all the freaky people make the beauty of the world  
We saw all the freaky people make the beauty of the world  
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You see Y2K ya know is a moment  
In 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 a still smokin'  
Cart wrights 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 yo mama  
Take a mental trip to the Bahamas  
Steam your body in a stereo sauna, sauna, comma

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