Skin On the Drum

Michael Franti

I was born botanical
the soul of an animal
deep beneath the layers, I sink my roots
no need for mechanical
I come strictly organical
when I need to feast, I look to the East
that's why I'm never scared of the beast
even though they try to prey upon me
I'm protected by the one always greater than me
so now I reveal to thee
because you wanna see
the contour of my mystery
the strength of my arches
the colour of my conscience
and the way that I process my diction
some fact some diction some mystery
some future fantasy
I'm the trunk that holds the branches
the leaves who do the dances
my flowers romantic
my love gigantic
from Africa, transplanted translantic
in the heat of the sun
I bring shade for everyone
like the beat on the one
I'm the skin on the drum(chorus)
I keep on living with the fullness of the one
like the heat of the sun or the skin on the drumI'm fully marinated and now I'm ready for the fire
so you can fire one
fire one
fire twoSee I've been fully marinated
and now I'm ready for the fire
see I'm beginning to perspire
from deep within to the skin
yo, the feminine and the masculine
the pieces of the puzzle
see my reflections in the puddle
after the storm the purple of the sky
brings to mind another time

when we resided
below the water line
life was fine there human divine
but in the years following
evil men came swallowing
everything in sight
some learned to run, some stayed to fight
I kneeled at the tomb of the soldier
said I would love to behold her
the magic in store there
she touched me on the shoulder
she said, "in time all is revealed, box of light be unsealed
now listen to me son, be like the skin on the drum"
(chorus)

Songwriters
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