

# 11:59 (ft. Sonna Rele)

## Michael Franti & Spearhead

It's eleven fifty-nine and fifty-nine seconds.  
If I'm gonna die tonight I'm goin to heaven,  
Ay, ay, with you.  
It's eleven fifty-nine and fifty-nine seconds.  
If I'm gonna die tonight I'm goin to heaven,  
Ay, ay, with you. It was eleven fifty-nine and fifty-nine clicks.  
The whole world's watching but the clock just ticks, over and over, every single day  
Some people steal while other people pray, to God, to man, machines or whatever  
Some of us just lost faith altogether  
No way, they say, we can't live this way  
That's why so many people stand up and say One love, one blood, one heart, one soul and one drum and only  
one rhythm.  
One child and all of them singin.  
One life, one time, one child and only one mind and one voice,  
still just one moment, six billion people and all of them singing. Are you gonna sit back, are you gonna walk like  
soldier.  
He can take you higher, higher, higher, higher.  
He can take you higher, higher, higher, higher. It was eleven fifty-nine and fifty-nine clicks.  
The whole world watching, the clock just ticks, over and over, every single day.  
Pain I know, so I can say. It was eleven fifty-nine and fifty-nine clicks.  
Life's a cord plugged in, the whole world's sick.  
Got diseases excited, they crawled up inside us.  
Super stupiditis, philosophies that divide us.  
Keep us in fear from one another so we can't seem to recognize a brother from another mother.  
No way, we can't live this way, that's why so many people stand up and say One love, one blood, one heart, one  
soul and one drum and only one rhythm.  
One child and all of them singin.  
One life, one time, one child and only one mind and one voice,  
Still just one moment, six billion people and all of them singing. Are you gonna sit back, are you gonna walk  
like soldier?  
Then you take you higher, higher, higher, higher  
Then you take you higher, higher, higher, higher Some say it's left hand, some say it ain't.  
The best newspaper is a can of spraypaint.  
Pick up a chainsaw filled with desire, chop down a tree, set them on fire.  
Some transform and they call them a liar.  
The worlds all black from a stack of burning tires.  
Some say it's over, some say it's on,  
some hold to their children and still walk on sayin One love, one blood, one heart, one soul and one drum and  
only one rhythm.

One child and all of them singin.

One life, one time, one child and only one mind and one voice,  
still just one moment, six billion people and all of them singing. Are you gonna sit back, are you gonna walk like  
soldier?

Then you take you higher, higher, higher, higher.

Then you take you higher, higher, higher, higher.

Songwriters

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