

Stay Human

Michael Franti & Spearhead

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 riddleTo 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 leopardDrum 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 soaringI 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'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 got a right to be bloomin'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 motionRock 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 systemTo 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'
Stay humanBecause the streets are alive with the sound of boom bap
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Every flower got a right to be bloomin'Because all the freaky people make the beauty of the world

All the freaky people make the beauty of the world
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
Stay human 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 Because the streets are alive with the sound of boom bap
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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