

Everyone Deserves Music

Michael Franti & Spearhead

Everyone deserves music, sweet music
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Seven in the morn' step on the floor
Walk into the kitchen and you open the door
There ain't much left in the bottle of juice
Because the seeds that you planted never reproduced
Computer still runnin'
But your mind has crashed
Because the plans that you made never came to pass
Now you reconizin' the times is hard
When you tryin' to take a bite out of your ATM card

Everyone deserves music, sweet music
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Even our worst enemies Lord, they deserves music, music
Even the quiet ones in our family, they deserve music

Ginny's home life wouldn't stabilize
At the age of 15 learned to drink and drive
No one ever could seem to empathize
Makin' babies in the back seat on tranquilizers
Papa never was much a rolling stone see
He just like to sit and drink alone
Mama always tried to do the best she could
She would work all day and then come home to cook but,
We all vain, we all strange
We all drained, we all love to just complain.
But nobody wants to seem to get along, ya see
We got shame, we got pain
We got blame, we all a little bit insane
So that's why I sing this song ya know because

So I pray for them and I'll play for them
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