

Of Course You Can

Michael Franti & Spearhead

"Ya know one day the indigenous people of the
Earth are gonna reclaim what's rightfully
There's."

"Really? Uh oh!"

Lose your mind misplace your mind
Forgot you even had a mind
'cause someone told you it's impossible
To change your mind
A friend of mine made it to twenty-five
We had a celebration "man I'm glad that you're alive"
I'm happy to see my man you're beatin' the odds
And for this on this day we give thanks to the gods
'cause everyone deserves a shot except you only get one
I hope it's not through the head my son.
'cause life is short when you're afraid to die.
Life is hard when you're afraid to cry.
But when I feel alone I sing myself a song
Because wherever I lay a groove is my home.

But can you see me in the desert?
Of course you can!
Can you see me on the mountain?
Of course you can!
Can you see me in the ocean?
Of course you can!
I'm just splishin' and splashin'
And jumpin' in the sand!

But he remembered memories of walkin'
Through the puddles
Sayin' "Gee dad, am I the one who's wanted by
The federal Government doesn't want me
To go to school
I ask too many questions
And I don't play by their rules.
In school they tried to tell me
That a rock is not alive
But I have seen a volcano growin' up and die
In school they tried to tell me
That a tree it couldn't feel
But I have felt a tree and it was bleeding for real
In school they tried to tell
Me animals couldn't talk
But they can understand it when a dog starts to bark
In school they tried to tell me
Man doesn't have a soul
"whet happened to his" I say "cause mine is
Still whole!"

"Can you see me?"

"Can you see me?"

The reoccurring dream of life's imprisonment
The reoccurring scream of a world and it's residents

The reoccurring theme of a mind full of finger prints
The reoccurring dream of a knife and a president
Well would you like to look at Madonna's book on sex?
Or would you rather Alex Haley's book on Malcolm X?
Their fuckin' with Ice T but they don't even care if
Eric Clapton's singin' I Shot the Sherriff!
But how many more books on this subject can I read
And how many more frustrations must I try to ease
End how many more days of this bad air can I breathe
And how many more of my friends must just die and leave

But you can't diffuse the ticking time bomb
You can't refuse the time it has come
You can't erase our people from the nation
I'll take a life before they call us "the lost generation"

Can you see me in Africa?
Of course you can!
Can you see me in Asia?
Of course you can!
Can you see me in Australia?
Of course you can!
Aotearoa? Western Samoa? Eskimoa?
Can you see me in the White House?
No you can't!
Can you see me on the radio?
Hell No!
Can you see me with the police?
In handcuffs?
Splishin', splashin', jumpin' in the sand.