

People In Tha Middle

Michael Franti & Spearhead

I am not a muslim but I read the final call
Because within its pages there is something for us all
And I am not professional but I love basketball
The squeaking of the sneakers they echo in the hall
But if I don't have enemies I'm not doin' my job
I might throw out a curve ball but I never throw a lob
People criticize me but I know it's not the end
I try to kick the truth not just to make friends

But hey diddle diddle
To the people in the middle
We got hot wax
And it cookin' on the griddle
Got the guitar strummin'
The drummer drummin'
The people all hummin'
And the vibe was lovin'
On and on and on
'til the breakadawn

I am not a jerk although sometimes I act like one
And I am deadly serious about us havin' fun
Well I go many places but I know I'm not with you
And I am not a sucker even though I'm stuck on you
Each one- should teach one and share with one anotha
So many is out there-that's livin undercover
Your motha your fatha your sista your brotha
Your friends and their enemies all have their lovers

So tell me- the definition of a sell-out
Cast your first stone-but then get the hell out
People say they know me I can tell you that they don't
People say they own me I can tell you that they won't
The left and the right they all try to use me
But I'll be in they faces before they can abuse me
So roll down ya window and listen what I'm sayin'
Relax ya mind and let the band keep playin'
On and on and on 'til the breakadawn