

# The Thing That Makes Me Get Through

Michael Franti & Spearhead

Sometimes I'm down on the ground  
When you come around  
And my head feels heavy like it's fifty pounds  
Of a world gone crazy, but you tell me I'm not  
I just got to release, but I'm tied up in knots  
I'm feelin' so darn tired, and I wanna let go  
I wanna dive in the ocean and in your undertow  
You pick me up when I need you cuz I'm feelin' low  
You pick me up when I need you cuz I, I, I

Nobody knows what you doin' when you do to me  
The things you always do  
Nobody knows what you doin' when you do to me  
The thing that helps me get through  
Nobody knows what you doin' when you do to me  
The thing that feels so good  
Nobody knows what you doin' when you do to me  
You do the thing that helps me get thrOUGH...to you

It's a crazy world, a mixed up world  
Involving politics and the underworld  
You shake it up a little, you see another side  
You see a flower grow, and then a suicide  
But if you're all alone, you know you're not alone  
There are plenty of people ready to take you home  
One day you're cuttin' class, and then you're buyin' gas  
And then you're out on your own and they kick you in the ass

Under the city lights, and when we're on the phone  
Even in the streets, and when we're all alone  
You do the thing that helps me get through  
The thing that helps me get through  
You do the thing that helps me get through  
To you