## Skin On the Drum

## **Michael Franti**

I was born botanical the soul of an animal deep beneath the layers, I sink my roots no need for mechanical I come strictly organical when I need to feast, I look to the East that's why I'm never scared of the beast even though they try to prey upon me I'm protected by the one always greater than me so now I reveal to thee because you wanna see the contour of my mystery the strength of my arches the colour of my conscience and the way that I process my diction some fact some diction some mystery some future fantasy I'm the trunk that holds the branches the leaves who do the dances my flowers romantic my love gigantic from Africa, transplanted translantic in the heat of the sun I bring shade for everyone like the beat on the one I'm the skin on the drum

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I keep on living with the fullness of the one like the heat of the sun or the skin on the drumI'm fully marinated and now I'm ready for the fire so you can fire one

fire one

fire twoSee I've been fully marinated and now I'm ready for the fire see I'm beginning to perspire from deep within to the skin yo, the feminine and the masculine the pieces of the puzzle see my reflections in the puddle after the storm the purple of the sky brings to mind another time when we resided below the water line

life was fine there human divine
but in the years following
evil men came swallowing
everything in sight
some learned to run, some stayed to fight
I kneeled at the tomb of the soldier
said I would love to behold her
the magic in store there
she touched me on the shoulder
she said, "in time all is revealed, box of light be unsealed
now listen to me son, be like the skin on the drum"

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And as the pepper gas clears and police and protesters go home just as the morning dew are tear drops of the night my emotions are always there for you and will never leave you dry bless

Lyrics provided by https://www.omusic.in/