

# Michael Franti, Tolerance

A child is born, and a mamma's torn  
About the life that it's bound to live  
A sun and moon and a modest home  
Is all they asking the Lord to give  
But politics and big events they never seem to notice the little guy  
So make a plan or simply hold a hand but don't ever be a passer by

Tolerance or violence and the whole world goes to war  
Is one enough or is one too many  
Before we say, "No More"  
Could you ever love a pot of gold?  
Could you ever love another lonely soul?  
Could you ever find a love that was oceans wide?  
Could you ever find love in another stranger's eyes?

Oh, give a little,  
Tolerance, tolerance  
We need you more and more  
So lend a hand or simply hold a friend  
That's in need of a life support  
Draw a picture, share a whisper  
Anyway that you can rise above  
And when the end is near who is gonna volunteer  
To be the last one to die for love

Tolerance or violence and the whole world go to war  
Is one enough or is one too many  
Before we say, "No More"  
no more, no more, no more, no more