

# The Portuguese Man Of War

More Than a Thousand

No one knows how much this means.  
I feel every note we've done.  
We're still the ones.  
No damage done.  
My friends.  
This means so much to me.  
But the road ends here.

Hold your fire.  
Hold your positions.  
I still count on you my friend.  
But I just want to sleep away.

I feel every song we've done.  
I feel every word I sing.  
I would crawl to the end of the tunnel.  
But I'm sure you'd never do the same.  
We're still the ones.  
No damage done.  
My friends.  
This means so much to me.  
My road ends here.

Hold your fire.  
Hold your positions.  
I still count on you my friend.  
But I just want to sleep away.  
My road ends here.  
We're all so cold  
We're all so cold.

No one knows how much this means to me.  
Somewhere near the end.  
And by the time you see this through.  
Remember this day.  
Remember today.

Hold your fire.  
Hold your positions.  
I still count on you my friend.  
But I just want to sleep away.  
My road ends here.  
We're all so cold  
We're all so cold.