

AKA M80 the Wolf

Portugal. The Man

Through crooked teeth and mouthed up ties,
They spit you up river just like all those lions
That walked the banks.

They said, "Paint me that river,
And would you only use blues?
With a brilliant big black mouth and
Lengths of pines that route the river through,
Through and through."

Fashion, fashion ballrooms of the leaves.
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance.
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance.

They said, "Paint me that arm
That lies directly over mountains,
Where the glaciers climb so tall.
One absent of the scars, passing boats and ships and oars
Tend to leave, the veins will be the tributaries,
With all the sounds of the ocean, the ocean."

Fashion, fashion ballrooms of the leaves.
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance.
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance.
Fashion, fashion ballrooms of the leaves.
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance.
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance.

I am but a man.
But a proud, proud man.
But a proud, proud man.

Silver bells that line the way,
Through baited trails,
We'll find you there.
Silver bells that line the way,
Through baited trails,
We'll find you there.

I am but a man.
But a proud, proud man.
But a proud, proud man.