

## All Mine

Portugal. The Man

They lead us out from our zoos  
A fixed escape still, we didn't know just what to do  
It was steps and steps on missing backs  
And our hands had been bent backwards to match

It's all mine, All mine

A pacing pace that races through  
Our will and bones that never knows just what we do  
Oh how we run around and forget about love

A million people in their beds  
A million more in other peoples beds  
One hundred stuck stayed  
While a million more just played  
Mixing stories came down from above

It's all mine, All mine

I she'd my skin and just crawled around  
My body ached as I was rolling rounds  
Felt it as I slipped away  
Making parts and mixing up with the stars