

## Bellies Are Full

Portugal. The Man

Look at him working  
wearing his hands to the bone just to prove where  
he came from

The man's always worried,  
the man only worries himself if his pay and  
his bellies of mention

If we had the money, we'd climb our way back down somehow  
and if we're in the garden don't you know that our bellies are full

His eyes always moving  
licking about as they please, you know he's  
always in question

hair falling about him  
favors fair please and polite very fond and  
glad to have known you

If we had the money, we'd climb our way back down somehow  
and if we're in the garden don't you know that our bellies are full  
now that heavens out the way

Don't you feed them hungry or to hold somebody when you're sleeping  
through that night all alone  
hold tight maybe we're all hungry and lonely cause those fires  
don't  
burn well alone

look at him moving, listen to feet falling bare on the stone all about him  
that tamborines ringing, those bells have all worried their minds  
because there's no sort of safety here

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