

## Church Mouth

Portugal. The Man

Sell me, I'm a skeptical boy  
And if you need help I'm not easily found.  
We met the man in the deep, deep south,  
With the gritty smile and the dirty old church mouth.

Papers, read and weigh down the stands,  
It's cold out here and waiting weighs on this man.  
Still not full, I need a pass and a page.  
March stepped some steps and it spoke, some  
War tongues flickered about that dirty old church mouth.  
My breath was short, better hit the ground runnin'.

I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me.  
My salt was skin of maps made whole, gotta get out, gotta sell this soul.  
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me.  
Stroll about through these forks and roads,  
Find me in the pines, in the sleet and cold.

Shine on, in this brilliant paced pulse,  
All I need in this life is this love.  
We met the man in the deep, deep south with with the shit teeth smile  
That poured about the church's mouth.  
March stayed with the dirty old church mouth.

I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me.  
My salt was skin of maps made whole, gotta get out, gotta sell this soul.  
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me.  
Stroll about through these forks and roads,  
Find me in the pines, in the sleet and cold.

Fill me up with money gold 'cause ain't nobody ever need me,  
Then take me to the steeple, let the preachers' hands a-bathe me.

I'm going down, down to the river,  
Ain't nobody needs me out in the water.  
Little man's hands bathe me down,  
Down, down, down, down.

Fill me up with money gold 'cause ain't nobody ever need me,  
Then take me to the steeple, let the preachers' hands a-bathe me.

We met the man in the deep, deep south,  
With the gritty smile and the dirty old church mouth.

I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me.  
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