

Colors

Portugal. The Man

All the needy still need,
And all the losers still lose.
All the preachers still preach,
But they ain't bringin no change.

I'm not afraid to die,
'Cause all these colors will change.
I'm not afraid to die,
'Cause all these colors will change.

All the low is still low,
And all the high still get high.
How I wish we could dance,
But all these rhythms don't seem to match up,
Seem to match up.

I'm not afraid to die,
'Cause all these colors will change.
I'm not afraid to die,
'Cause all these colors will change.

Bits and bits of cane,
Burning, burning, burning
Bit by bit away.
They grow as people grow,
And glow as people glow.

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Bit by bit away.
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