

Gold Fronts

Portugal. The Man

The sun bent down and spoke with the last lips,
They spoke of hell and things they knew they'd never miss.

Bridge shelter and the cold creek bed
That breaks backs and leads eyes down,
Until faces drag against the dirt
And ears living in this muddy sound.
Where the white whales roll just once a year,
And the arm feeds the hatchet with an African appetite.
Matched machetes sparkle shine
And shape that small-scale guillotine.

I've been getting pretty sleeping in these boxes,
With those blackened mule faces outside my door,
Shouting, shouting. Shouting, shouting.

The club met the seal and the seal met the dog
That carried the man to the end of the trail,
Where they walked down the streets,
Pavement was black beneath their feet.
I have been having a little trouble with these black glass lungs
And dealing in the man with the gold tooth grin.

I've been getting pretty sleeping in these boxes,
With those blackened mule faces outside my door,
Shouting, shouting. Shouting, shouting.