

Guns. Guns...Guns

Portugal. The Man

Where have all the people gone
Whose lives are no longer of use to them?
But this system bites habit forming,
But this single file is so contagious.
But black eyes breed gossip
These perverse and perversions alike.
Just like these perverse and perversions.

Hibernate while you're still young,
You are getting older, so much older,
So much older than you think, still
Not far but years away,
Your hands'll snake out in a serpent smile.
Crank the tap, itch, brimming with suspicions,
The burrows are brimming with suspicions.

Where have all the people gone
Whose guns are gold cold son of a bitch?
"I'll travel anywhere I like", he says.
"I'll travel anywhere I please", he says.
Your guns, big guns, suck life.
These perverts and perversions alike.
Just like this perverts and perversions.

Hibernate while you're still young,
You are getting older, so much older,
So much older than you think, still
Not far but years away,
Your hands'll snake out in a serpent smile.
Crank the tap, itch, brimming with suspicions,
The burrows are brimming with suspicions.

Where have all the trumpets gone,
That played us "la-da da-da-da"?

The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.
The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.

The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.
The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.
The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.
The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.

The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.
The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.
The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.
The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.
The priest's on the boat and hell is on its way.