

Head Is a Flame (Cool with It)

Portugal. The Man

I was born without a name
A soldier for
The streets they say
This kid's on a mission
Running high on fame of the guillotine
No roots to find and no one to miss him

My head is like a flame

Well we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it

Shaking with a fire burning deep inside
Still the politicians they never listen
Blood money was a sound
I didn't care to hear
Of which the politicians they only listen

My head is like a flame
And my eyes were red

Well we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it

My head was like a flame
It was burning up, burning up
It was burning up
My head was like a flame
It was burning up, burning up
It was burning up

I became a child of the universe
Reborn into this galactic prism

My head was like a flame
Ah, my eyes were red

Well we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it

My head was like a flame
It was burning up, burning up
It was burning up
My head was like a flame
It was burning up, burning up

It was burning up

My head was like a flame

My head was like a flame

My head was like a flame

My head was like a flame