

How the Leopard Got Its Spots

Portugal. The Man

Palms are fitted black and finely tuned
To triggers that cause bodies that tremble.

But this mud looks shallow from the beach,
When we hide behind such ugly faces.
And the dark eyed woman lifts her head,
"Why do we hide behind such ugly faces?"

Child bearing games from the streets down to the shores,
They're playing as waterways open in an obscene gaping gasp.

But this mud looks shallow from the beach,
When we hide behind such ugly faces.
And the dark eyed woman lifts her head,
"Why do we hide behind such ugly faces?"

"Rally all your men, there is work to be done."
Still we don't have the time for speaking out of place,
Because he won't come down.
He won't come down. (He won't come down.)
He won't come down. (He won't come down.)

When lengths of snakes match each silent syllable,
"With eyes like these."
Face glistening with suspense of a scalpel blade,
Clockwork calculating surgical precision.

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Still we don't have the time for speaking out of place,
Because he won't come down.
He won't come down. (He won't come down.)
He won't come down. (He won't come down.)

Palms are fitted black and finely tuned
To stomachs that swallowed whole that bayou.

But this mud looks shallow from the beach,
When we hide behind such ugly faces.
And the dark eyed woman lifts her head,
"Why do we hide behind such ugly faces?"