

# It's Complicated Being a Wizard

Portugal. The Man

Try and always find you  
Where sheep's shed friendly information  
Slowly spout back, sifting  
Through patient air their  
Legs are bending  
Back to find the roots where  
Offer only explanations  
We will only take what  
Hands and backs and legs can carry  
Out of here

Someday we'll find a home  
(I found the way out)  
Someday we'll find a lonely, lonely home  
(But if I told you, you'd be down)  
We're they bring the change  
Lips like holes  
Pouring our feelings

Roar and flow the bows  
That won't control the homes  
To open in the pockets  
Steps that never move

Children came  
and found or secret lair  
Your move

Lengths of snakes match each silent syllable  
"With eyes like these"  
Hello? You missed the speller's mark  
The breath of rockets shone like torches

Hustle got a bog  
And the people never listen  
The leaves are full of cracks  
Pass partly seasonal boats  
Autumn made a fictional film on the eyes  
Doctors stand they'll never form are never seen again

Back to the well  
The acrobats spinning round  
The head's in the bay  
Stepping in close to that door  
Into the shore  
Feelings and pains  
Plans slip them back into  
behind the view  
The place seen up through that door  
It's in the door  
Back through they go  
They're going past the  
port on his mouth dripping shame  
They find eyes that flow through that door  
It's in the door  
Ripples and tides  
Bowing for seconds

Moon crowning games  
The leeches to get through that door  
It's in the door

Always, always  
Always, always  
all alone  
And they said  
Always, always  
Always, always  
all alone  
And they said

I found the way out  
But if I told you, you'd be down  
And I hate to get you down  
when you're up so high

Track 'em in  
Fine recedes you're sure to do

Children come in  
Found our secret lair  
Your move  
Track 'em in  
Fine recedes you're sure to do

Lengths of snakes damage each silent syllable  
"With eyes like these"  
Hello? You missed the speller's mark  
The breath of rockets shone like torches