

New Orleans

Portugal. The Man

I slip back down where we found
A meter milling maze
And the rest that we find sound
Will it find us on the bottom
Will we find our way
Will we fall apart useless
Machining the made
Find that sleep that we've lost

Fair and tired living lives like little lifted leans
Shaking heads under the shade of them bright bright bright sweet
pear trees
Mine is gone with the day
Never miss a beat never find a home

Mine is gone with all time
Will we find our loves lost
Will we ever make it back
Will we ever need more than
The fill that we can get
Let's find that sleep that we lost

Mother, father, brother sister, son daughter
We are the rabbit that let the fox lead us
Out in the sun with the cold war fever
Don't need to beg for your money just please don't eat us

Deaf like the big guns foaming at the mouth their gnashing
Quiet like our words that roam and roll about