

Out and In and In and Out

Portugal. The Man

Hear that outside? Go feed the dogs.
They're begging, barking, bashing at their homes.
Cold and wet and dirty like the earth
That mashes molding, muddy, marching boots.
Now rain is beating beats and beading down the view,
That foggy, hazy drumming of that rain.

Hear that outside? They're coming in.
They're banging, knocking, shouting at the door.
Fists are heavy pounds of pounding placed,
Firm and steady rhythms that they pace.
Out and in and in and out we named,
Everything and everyone we've known.

Hear that outside? We lost our homes.
Given up in loans and time we paid.
Worth more to us than them, so we end
Our lives with backs that strained to find,
A pretty place and life to call our own,
A place that we, we'll never ever know.

Hear that outside? We lost the war.
How easy it is done if we never knew.
It started back before I was born,
All of us, all of us were other souls.
We borrowed life and shared it with our own,
And now we need to stretch and find our own.

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That mashes molding, muddy, marching boots.
Now rain is beating beats and beading down the view,
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Hear that outside? It's changing airs.
And bleeding out the colors of the world.