

Salt

Portugal. The Man

My legs are all buried in salt, the way.
As my lips move out all of my words, the way.
But this can't be all that we have to wait.
But this can't be all that we have to wait.

Pressing and pulling these pains, the way.
They listen and listen for all the way.
But this can't be all that we have to wait.
But this can't be all that we have to wait.

Do you hear the wind, child?
Calling out the salt plains.
Listen to the wind, child,
It's calling, calling out your name.
I was born of sun beams,
Warming up our limbs.
Born up from the earth, child.

No, I'll never come back down,
Never come down from here.
No, I'll never come back down,
Never come down from here.
No, I'll never come back down,
Never come down from here.
No, I'll never come back down,
Never come down from here.
No, I'll never come back down,
Never come down from here.
No, I'll never come back down,
Never come down from here.
(But this can't be all that we have to wait.)
No, I'll never come back down,
Never come down from here.
(But this can't be all that we have to wait.)
No, I'll never come back down,
Never come down from here.