

## Shade

### Portugal. The Man

Claims, they crawled from those clouds  
And over mountains cried,  
Into the streams where they ran the length of  
Past and time that called out,  
With their hands beside you,  
As all the people shouted  
Up to the northern territories.

My, they glowed like a bug,  
Burning at the ends  
Of sheet covered crowns  
Whose only words were  
Wicked mumbles that shake unstable,  
Manners brought these thoughts about you.  
Lights up like flies and ants that dip about  
And aim to.

Just swallow us up like them bread baked gums.

Now I remain glowing at the ends,  
I remain glowing at the ends,  
It's because it's you they've become.

Shade drifts around, southern where the sheets are  
Growing ash and steeple factories.  
Old boy, you'll never know just what they think,  
It never finds you.  
Cheap work finding pockets  
Only when we're aimed to.

Just swallow them up like the bread baked gums.

Now I remain glowing at the ends,  
I remain glowing at the ends,  
It's because it's you they've become.

These lights were waves that spilled through my space, (In the plains  
.)  
Where no one knows if they'll ever need again. (I want to.)  
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Where no one knows if they'll ever need again. (I want to.)  
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Where no one knows if they'll ever need again. (I want to.)  
Come and get and take me home.  
These lights were waves that spilled through my space, (In the plains  
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Where no one knows if they'll ever need again. (I want to.)  
Come and get and take me home.  
These lights were waves that spilled through my space, (In the plains  
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Where no one knows if they'll ever need again.