Sit Back and Dream

Portugal. The Man

I hear them calling me back to the ground,
Back where I belong
I take my time with summers slowed
Share me with the bread and blood digging deeper
Than the world that I belong
Lazing back down these rickety roads

Just Take me back to warmer times
Where I know everybody needs me

I see them falling in, all the places placed in the place they
should
But my bellies burden bellows like a bucket full of bees
Just be where you are, coming down in tens falling back to the
one
Sixes from the sevens come on back to the tens

Just limit lies to one per line and share them with all those w
ho listen
Please take me back to warmer times where I know everybody need
s me
Just Take me back to warmer times where I know everybody needs
me

Oh, I sit back and dream
Oh, I sit back and be
Oh, I sit back and see
Oh, I sit back in need