

Sleeping Sleepers Sleep

Portugal. The Man

Shave our heads strip our clothes
burn them books but the mind still grows

a sheltered mind with fears of rings
fear of time and missing links
we all once were and I'll walk until my legs are broken

I was up walking and you were the shoes
bored with the thoughts that you thoughts I could use
Islands were made of brick stone and shade
where deaths only rest of laughable tunes

feel your toes buried sand
wide eyes roll and the legs, they stand
I was asleep until my eye were opened

we are made
to be sewn
bodys lips eyes
earthed and regrown
shave our heads
strip our clothes
burn them books but
the mind still grows
and I'll walk until my legs are broken

Bills sit about talking of people they've used
born of new worlds that have fallen past due
trusting in funding and finding a place
in wheel wells and homes and people like you
films finding fair faces and lies
while ships bearing backs house glass teeth and eyes
like the apartment of capable tunes
that bored with the thoughts that we thought it could use

it never ever rains if you never cry
and you never have to mourn if you never ever die