

Stables and Chairs

Portugal. The Man

I met a face with ring rounded pocket eyes
That shaped folded banks inside,
As he shivered out thoughts.
They went: "golden and pale, wind whispers, breathe New Orleans
",
Through basements and racetracks met hollowed out from stretchi
ng mouths.

All these thoughts were rolled onto needles,
That spilled from heads, tumble like apples,
Fell into the sky, that's where they hide,
Where rubies turned diamonds.
Like textures, like sunshine,
Behind hands arms lift into its own.
Behind hands arms lift into its own.

As the stadium sheds out the crowd into the streets,
And out of their throats pours, tongues licking down,
"What will we become?"

Rhythms fed gently in vacuums perspired
Will stay where it's warm,
Where it's safe from the down beating drums.
They went: "golden and pale, wind whispers, breathe New Orleans
",
Behind hands arms lift into its own.
Behind hands arms lift into its own.

As the stadium sheds out the crowd into the streets,
And out of their throats pours, tongues licking down,
"What will we become?"

As habits pull the sleep out,
Covered in the sheets that harbor rest and sunshine.
As habits pull the sleep out,
Covered in the sheets that harbor rest and sunshine.

As the stadium sheds out the crowd into the streets,
And out of their throats pours, tongues licking down,
"What will we become?"

Into its own.
Into its own.
Into its own.