

Telling Tellers Tell Me

Portugal. The Man

Summer came and I lost my shoes
While them purple gold linens, pressed them down in the basemen
t
And if don't you know or see them clouds
Will step to the sky and wind... down
Tell me what you know tell me what we get tell
Me where we go then tell me when you come back around
Shelter never pays without months without
Rain after winter leaves we'll just do it again
Calm will find your soul
Those tired lonely lips dragged him down to the train tracks
Left them purple gold lids sitting down in the basement
And if we die here will we ever be back again?
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men that shuffled slithe
red
Legs till they found how to stand every time I grow I know I'll
never change
Because the liver tree sways, but knows he'll never find me
I know my problems and know where they lay
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men
That shuffled slithered
Legs till they found how to stand
My brothers busy laughing at the end of the
Hall, said "That mans not
A doctor if he cures no cancer"
Placed in the back where there are no dancers
Crooked steps diamonds
And a bag housing answers
Where I step to sky and wind... down
Calm will find your soul
Those tired lonely lips dragged him down to the train tracks
And if we die here will we ever be back again?
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men
That shuffled slithered legs till they found how to stand