

The Home

Portugal. The Man

Do you ever listen to the sounds that your hands make?
Did you know that we could make sounds?
I don't know what the palace knows,
But I don't run with sheep, the shepherd can't herd me.
My feet ever slow with the age that takes me,
I'll slip out to the mountains where nobody knows me.

I will make my home here,
I will make my home here,
I will make my home here.

Grow a field of plenty to hold me tight,
And keep us warm from the cold that burns me.
My feet ever slow with the age that takes me,
I'll slip out to the mountains where nobody knows me.

I will make my home here,
I will make my home here,
I will make my home here.

Do you ever listen for sounds that your head make?
Did you know that we could make sounds?
I don't know what the palace knows,
But I don't run with sheep, the shepherd can't herd me.
My feet ever slow with the age that takes me,
I'll slip out to the mountains where nobody knows me.

I will make my home here,
I will make my home here,
I will make my home here.
(I will make my home here)

I will make my home here,
I will make my home here,
I will make my home here.
(I will make my home here)

I know that I was fine before. (Fine before, fine before)
I know that I was fine before. (Fine before, fine before)
I know that I was fine before. (Fine before, fine before)
I know that I was fine before. (Fine before, fine before)