

Tommy

Portugal. The Man

Tommy was a preacher's son,
Now he's running through the jungle, "yes sir!"
Fingers cold and fire,
When you get so tired and we're so tired.
Lazing back in this desert,
Waitin' for that sunny day.

Tommy was a preacher's son,
Now he's running through the streets sellin' up that cocaine.
Those fires will get ya,
When you get too tired and we're so tired.
Eyes blister, beaded fortress, rolling fevered freight trains i
n.

Well, I met three men with friends in office,
Smooth dark skin and ivory teeth smiles,
Our boots come alive in this mud, in this mud and this shit.
In this mud, in this mud and this shit.

"Life is hard to fill with teeth that bite and eat up our fears
."

Through August fall of '69,
Jesus had birthed him.
He spoke in guns through crippled sheets,
For Jesus had birthed him.
Sugar cubes, fingernails, worming snakes that built the fire.
When you get so tired and we're so tired.
Lazing back in this desert,
Waitin' for that sunny day.

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