

Waiter

Portugal. The Man

Under blankets these hills cover neatly,
We'll take steps to make sure our failures are hidden.
But it's hard when our voices echo over ripples,
That form on the lakes and the edges they prey on.

We'll shine, shine, shine.
We'll shine, shine, shine.
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Swim around the lake, hoping like hell
We'll find shelter in coal mines incubating lies,
Fathers and families, hammers and ties
Brace for the winter until that rumble leapt up to his jaws.

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Spines of furrowed earth jut jagged as they rise
Like welts up on our backs, on our bellies
It's cold as the lord in the bedroom, lord at your feet,
The lords shaking the headboard with nothing to eat.

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Cold, restless, stumbles, wanders towards the light
That breaks out from the town, little homes bearing sheriffs
Playing across drifts to the back of the brain
Where they flicker like fire, speaking of times that they shine
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