

Portugal. The Man, Aka M80 The Wolf

Through crooked teeth and mouthed up ties
They spit you up river just like all those lions
That walked the banks

They said, "Paint me that river
And would you only use blues
Brilliant big black mouth and
Lengths of pines that route the river through
Through and through"

Fashion, fashion ballrooms of the leaves
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance

Paint me that arm
That lies directly over mountains
Where the glaciers climb so tall.
One absent of the scars passing boats and ships and oars
Tend to leave the veins will be the tributaries."

All the sounds of the ocean, the ocean.

Fashion, fashion ballrooms of the leaves
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance

Fashion, fashion ballrooms of the leaves
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance

I am but a man
But a proud, proud man
But a proud, proud man
Silver bells that line the way
Baited trails we'll find you there
Silver bells that line the way
Baited trails we'll find you there
I am but a man
But a proud, proud man
But a proud, proud man