

# Portugal. The Man, And I

Some were reborn  
some were simply shaken free  
and some were the colors  
that took to the streets

they found in their later years  
yeah, they see what we need  
It's love for each other  
and every living thing

and All my time  
is used  
all my only  
and lonely time too

Some simply shaking free  
some were the colors  
that poured through the streets

They thought in their younger years  
they knew what to do  
they knew what to say  
they'd nothing to lose

Now pick up and pack up  
the place you were pink  
and falling around  
dripping and crawling and clawing and inside  
you're missing some sounds

the ones that float, carry  
and dance about time  
and space that it lends  
room to be free like the sun and the moon  
save for the sounds

we'll be reborn  
we'll simply be free  
and we'll be the colors  
that pour through the streets

And find in our after years  
that we're all the same  
we're all made of colors  
and pour through the streets