

Portugal. The Man, Church Mouth

Sell me, I'm a skeptical boy
And if you need help I'm not easily found

We met the man in the deep, deep south
With the gritty smile and the dirty old church mouth

Papers, read and weigh down the stands
It's cold here and waiting weighs on this man
Still not full, I need a pass and a page

March stepped some steps and it spoke some
War tongues flickered about that dirty old church mouth
My breath was short better hit the ground runnin'

Fill me up with money gold 'cause ain't nobody ever need me
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me
My salt was skin of maps made whole gotta get out gotta sell this soul
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me
Stroll about through these forks and roads
Find me in the pines in the sleet and cold

Shine on, in this brilliant paced pulse
All I need in this life is this love

We met the man in the deep, deep south with with the shit teeth smile
That poured about the church's mouth
March stayed with the dirty old church mouth

Fill me up with money gold 'cause ain't nobody ever need me
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me
My salt was skin of maps made whole gotta get out gotta sell this soul
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me
Stroll about through these forks and roads
Find me in the pines in the sleet and cold

Fill me up with money gold 'cause ain't nobody ever need me
Then take me to the steeple let the preachers hands a bathe me

I'm going down, down to the river
Ain't nobody needs me out in the water
Little man's hands bathe me down
Down, down, down, down

We met the man in the deep, deep south
With the gritty smile and the dirty old church mouth

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I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me
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