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

We met the man in the deep, deep south With the gritty smile and 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 I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me