

# Portugal The Man, Guns... Guns... Guns

Where have all the people gone  
Whose lives are no longer of use to them  
But this system bites habit forming  
But this single file is so contagious  
But black eyes breed gossip  
Like these perverse and perversions alike

Hibernate while you're still young  
But you are getting older  
So much older  
So much older than you think

Crank the tap.  
Itch.  
Brimming with suspicions  
The burrows are brimming with suspicions

Where have all the people gone  
Whose guns are gold cold son of a bitch  
Hes says, I'll travel anywhere I like  
I'll travel anywhere I please.

The priests on the boat  
And hell is on its way