

# Portugal. The Man, Salt

My legs are all buried in salt, the way  
as my lips move out all of my words, the way

But this can't be all the we have to wait

pressing pulling this pains, the way  
they listen and listen for all the way

but this can't be all we have to wait

do you hear the wind child?  
calling out the salt plains  
listen to the wind child  
its calling, calling out your name  
I was born of sun beams  
warming up our limbs  
born up from the earth, child  
ahhhhh ahh

No I'll never come back down, down from here