

Portugal. The Man, The Bottom

How High
Soldiers pull boys through rain
ground to their toes ground to the dirt

(oh) my
They spilled down the steps filed in rows like hair likes to pour
like skin loves to warm

but teeth don't pull like these chains don't drag around

... because it's safe at the bottom....

Wind down
to the beds of the leaves bedding of sand
where fire don't burn (but the tops of trees)

Out, out
of the head streams a maze of colors and shapes
that dance from these walls

but trust don't pay like these guns don't fuck around

... we know it's safe at the bottom....

I know what I know, and all I ever need is you

Down, down
in the sand lives alone in shackles and bone
meat blood from grown gravel and stone

but teeth don't pull like these chains don't drag around

... because it's safe at the bottom....

Calm, but
never finds rest these bones for what we don't know
for all that we know It's all that we've known

but trust don't pay like these guns don't fuck around

... we know it's safe at the bottom....

I know what I know, and all I ever need is you