

Portugal. The Man, Waiter

Under blankets these hills cover neatly
We'll take steps to make sure our failures are hidden
But it's hard when our voices echo over ripples?
That form on the lakes and the edges they prey on we'll shine

Swim around the lake
Hoping like hell we'll find shelter in
Coal mines incubating lies fathers and families,
Hammers and ties brace for the winter
Until that rumble leapt up to his jaws

Spines of furrowed earth jut jagged as they rise
Like welts up on our backs on our bellies
Its cold as the lord in the bedroom
Lord at your feet
The lords shaking the headboard
With nothing to eat

Cold restless stumbles wanders towards the light
That breaks out from the town little homes bearing sheriffs
Playing across drifts to the back of the brain
Where they flicker like fire speaking of times that they shined