

Portugal. The Man, 1989

I was born in 1989
All we could do
No shakes or coughs or burst relief
Or lists of all our things
Just minutes making minds

I was born in 1989
All we could do
But the making never made
The comers never came
But I still felt that awful news

It was patience that we had
And the miles that we had left
That held us there
Until we could let go

I was born in 1989
And it'll be over soon
No moon children or peoples sun
No ringing in my ears
When I felt that awful news

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And the miles that we had left
That held us there
Until we could let go

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