

Portugal The Man, Aka M80 The Wolf

Through crooked teeth and mouthed up ties
They spit you up river just like all those lions
That walked the banks

They said, "Paint me that river
And would you use only blues
With a brilliant big black mouth and?
Lengths of pines that route the river through
Through and through"

Fashion ballrooms of the leaves
Wed like to watch the ghosts dance

They said, "Paint me that arm
That lies directly over mountains
Where the glaciers climb so tall.
One absent of the scars passing boats and ships and oars
Tend to leave with all the sounds of the ocean."

I am but a man
But a proud, proud man
Silver bells that line the way
Through baited trails.
Well find you there