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