

Portugal. The Man, Bellies Are Full

Look at him working
wearing his hands to the bone just to prove where
he came from

The mans always worried,
the man only worries himself if his pay and
his bellies of mention

If we had the money, we'd climb our way back down somehow
and if we're in the garden don't you know that our bellies are full

His eyes always moving
licking about as they please, you know he's
always in question

hair falling about him
favors fair please and polite very fond and
glad to have known you

If we had the money, we'd climb our way back down somehow
and if we're in the garden don't you know that our bellies are full
now that heavens out the way

Don't you feed them hungry or to hold somebody when you're sleeping
through that night all alone
hold tight maybe we're all hungry and lonely cause those fires don't
burn well alone

look at him moving, listen to feet falling bare on the stone all about him
that tamborines ringing, those bells have all worried their minds
because there's no sorted of safety here

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through that night all alone
hold tight maybe we're all hungry and lonely cause those fires don't
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