

Portugal. The Man, Chicago

The pig's spitting taxes and unwanted tasks
We say, "send me to the battle please sir!"

Chicago is dancing in xylophone laughter
We say burn the fucker down
Burn the motherfucker down

But would you please speak up
I can't hear with these clouds in my ears
The systems down
I doubt we'll get through
Send your money for
The caterpillars to entertain

The horse has been taken
Running clubs in the pasture