

# Portugal. The Man, Children

Birth me of blood oil  
salt sugar water pales  
build me black jesus  
cause jesus can't save me  
shackles pulling at your hair  
shine me from roots out  
wash me form the neck down  
cut me fat stores  
take me to the tree line  
I'm a headin down down down  
down to the river cause I don't believe in medicine  
I'll crawl out shakin pale  
always got the answer I got ears all around me  
burn up in black smoke  
thick and pourin down your throat  
make me of bread walks  
listen up with ears we're divin  
birth me of blood oil  
salt sugar water pales  
build me black jesus  
shackles pulling at your hair  
I'm a written page and a giant man  
never sick in bed so i never need that medicine  
I'll crawl out shakin' pale  
always got the answer i got ears all around me  
tell your children we got another year comin'  
oil stands the legs this body speaks in tongues and croaks &quot;'m headin' down&quot;  
I'll walk down to the river where we met our pails  
filled and spillin like our southern friends  
met that pail atop the rocks and moss  
grass grips licks about our heels and bends  
we don't need you we got sun for days  
tell your children we got another year comin'  
oil stands the legs this body speaks in tongue and croaks &quot;Im headin' down&quot;  
tell your children we spent a year in this fire  
copper bands and hell's getting lighter line up in lines we can only get  
higher  
tell your children we got another year comin'