

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 from 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 "I'm headin' down";
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 "Im headin' down";
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'