Portugal. The Man, Colors

Ahhh Ahh ah
All the needy still need
and all the losers still lose
all the preachers still preach
but they ain't bringin no change

I'm not afraid to die
'cause all these colors will change

All the low is still low
and all the high still get high
how I wish we could dance
but all these rhythms don't seem to match up
seem to match up

I'm not afraid to die
'cause all these colors will change

ohhhh ahhh ohhhh
Ahhhh ahhh ahhhh

Bits and bits of cane, burning burning burning
bit by bit away
they grow as people grow
and glow as people glow

I'm not afraid to die
'cause all these colors will change