

Portugal. The Man, Gold Fronts

The sun bent down and spoke with the last of the lips
They spoke of hell and things they knew they'd never miss
Bridge shelter and the cold creek bed
That breaks backs and leads eyes down
Until faces drag against the dirt and ears living in that muddy sound
Where the white whales roll just once a year
And the arm feeds the hatchet with an African appetite
Matched machetes sparkle shine
And shape that small-scale guillotine

I've been getting pretty sleeping in these boxes
With those blackened mule faces outside my door
Shouting
Oooohhhh

The club met the seal and the seal met the dog
That carried the man to the end of the trail
Where they walked down the streets pavement
Was black beneath their feet
I have been having a little trouble with these black glass lungs
And dealing in the man with the gold tooth grin