

Portugal The Man, Horse Warming Party

Born and raised that giant was a fighter.
Mississippi.
On that canvas.
Dirty streets.
The people stood up to wave those white flags
The devil had died through the valley.
In the city.
Down south.
The people stood up and a cheer went through the air
That devil had died.

Sharpened tongues fair painted divers
Forearms rest in streams of silver
Golden people pass in silence
But it won't slip away

That giant was a mountain of a man
Walking trembles through the earth
Like a riot in the streets tearin Florence to the ground.
The people stood up to wave those white flags
The devil had died.

Born and raised in 65.
In the streets.
Televised.
The people stood up and a cheer went through the air
That devil had died.

That giant was a fighter.
Mississippi.
On that canvas.
Dirty streets.
The people stood up to wave those white flags
The devil had died.
In those gloves.
In them women.
In the mind.
The people stood up and a cheer went through the air
That devil had died