

Portugal. The Man, Lay Me Back Down

I remember things, not many things
I don't remember where my feet touch the ground
but I remember every word and every sound

I remember things, not many things
I don't remember when the ships hit the sea
but I remember my name and what they paid for me

they placed me in the bed with the cold hearted people
divided into space.

Lay me back down
in the holes and the warmth that we've warmed up
pour me on in
Lay me back down
Lay me back down
Aahhhhh....

I remember things, not many things
I don't remember presidents or what they did
but I remember the wars and just who profited

I remember things, not many things
I don't remember place in times
but I remember the love and just who gave me it

In the bed with the cold hearted people
and listen to them working too hard
Lay me back down
in the holes and the warmth that we've warmed up

I hear them calling me back to the ground
I hear them calling me back where I belong