

Portugal The Man, Marching With 6

Woke up late on that sunday morning.
woke up late yeah the sun was burning.
slides and chutes spilling explanations. slides and chutes offer alibis.

where the freeways mate and the flies congregate
there's a needle hungry for a place to sleep
where the jumpers meet in the film cloud eyes
with the doctors notes and them heavy heads we'll cry

lay my face back in the sleep finds me lazy
a fears friendly fed when you're free to be resting
birds in the sky and the rain won't soon
call in
gravel laced sunsets foaming in my belly

evident was the flood
frame it up frame it up now frame it!
evident I was told
frame it up frame it up now frame it!
a wonder it was worn
frame it up frame it up now frame it!
evident I was told.
frame it up frame it up now frame it!

Ohhh my baby's gonna take your breath away
ohhh my baby's gonna burn your soul
Ohhh my baby's gonna take your breath away
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