

Portugal. The Man, My Mind

Stepping steps of floating floats
that float above such shining notes
they know just where we should rest

policed and waiting patiently
we knew where we'd gone and where we'd be
we know this should never drown the seeds
(just where/why their feet are moving)

my mind is all ...
my mind is all ...
my mind is all ... gone

deaf and dumb but fluent speech
speaking speaks and listening
while eating piled tangled sugar weaves
(just where/why their feet are moving)

my mind is all ...
my mind is all ...
my mind is all ... gone

down deep pace past
finding another there, got a dollar? sold!

you are hands just do as I please
I feel my body moving and feel these feet a moving

A messy mess of fruits and pies
that dance about these aging eyes
they know just what becomes of seeds
A busy suit or dirty boys
feeling rude in lazy lies, (oh) my my my my
(just where/why their feet are moving)

my mind is all ...
my mind is all ...
my mind is all ... gone