

# Portugal. The Man, New Orleans

I slip back down where we found  
a meter milling maze  
And the rest that we find sound

Will it find us on the bottom?  
Will we find our way?  
Will we fall apart useless machining the made?  
Find that sleep that we've lost

Fair and tired living  
Lives like little lifted leans  
Shaking heads under the shade of them bright bright bright sweet pear trees

Mine is gone with the day  
Never miss a beat never find a home  
Mine is gone with all time, all time

Mother, father, brother sister, son daughter  
We are the rabbit that let the fox lead us  
Out in the sun with the cold war fever  
Don't need to beg for your money just please don't eat us

Deaf like the big guns foaming  
At the mouth, they're gnashing  
Quiet like our words that roam and roll about

Will we find our loves lost?  
Will we ever make it back?  
Will we ever need more than the fill that we can get  
Let's find that sleep that we lost

Then we'll find that sleep we lost, we lost  
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