

Portugal. The Man, Oh Lord

Shepherds they came stripped of their names
and we were all the daughters that fell from her to ground
because she needed us she needed love
but we're all gone to strip that ground

Shivered pores were caves teeth were all decayed
jutting jagged rising up like welts on backs in strain
because she needed us she needed love
but we're all gone to strip that ground

We climbed up those banks from our place in the shade
built us a fire but never knew what we made
its not your mind, self, not your thoughts not your soul
because
we are that fire

We're you safe down in my hands
The higher we climb
these shapes show
and this place is more holy when nobody knows

We climbed up those banks from our place in the shade
built us a fire but never knew what we made
its not your mind, self, not your thoughts not your soul
because
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Show me what is still free and I will tell you.
Its not your mind your
self your thoughts your soul