

# Portugal. The Man, Sapphire Magic

Back to the world,  
the acrobats spinning around  
with his head in the bay,  
stepping in close to that door  
Shivers in pain,  
his mind slipping back in to  
behind his view  
a place he made through that door

back filling gold and colors that  
poured from his mouth dripping shame  
found as the flowed through that door  
comforts in time  
that pull and push against the  
moon climbing games  
that reach us to get through that door

Now back to the world,  
the acrobats spinning around  
their heads in the bay  
all the way back to that door  
It's in the door