

# Portugal. The Man, Shade

Claims, they crawled from those clouds and  
over mountains cried  
into the streams where they ran the length of  
past and time that called out  
with their hands beside you  
as all the people shouted up to the  
'northern' territories

My, they glowed like a bug  
burning at the ends  
of sheet covered crowns  
whose only words were  
wicked mumbles that shake unstable  
manners brought these thoughts about you  
lights up like flies and ants that dip about  
and aim to

swallow us up like them bread baked gums

now I remain glowing at the ends  
it's because it's you they've become

shade drifts around, southern where the sheets are  
growing ash and steeple factories  
old boy you'll never know just what they think,  
it never finds you  
cheap work finding pockets  
only when we're aimed to

swallow them up like the bread baked gums

these lights were waves that spilled through my space (in the plains)  
where no one knows if they'll ever need again (I want to)  
come and get and take me home