

Portugal. The Man, Telling Tellers Tell Me

Summer came and I lost my shoes
Purple gold linens, pressed them down in the basement
And if don't you know or see them clouds
Will step to the sky and wind... down
Tell me what you know tell me what we get tell
me where we go then tell me when you come back around

Calm will find your soul
Those tired lonely lips dragged him down to the train tracks
Left them purple gold lids sittin down in the basement
And if we die here will we ever be back again?
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men that shuffled slithered
Legs till they found how to stand

Every time I grow I know I'll never change
Because the liver tree sways, but knows he'll never find me
I know my problems and know where they lay

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My brothers busy laughing at the end of the hall, said
"That mans not a doctor if he cures no cancer"
Placed in the back where there are no dancers crooked steps diamonds
And a bag housing answers where I step to sky and wind... down

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