

Brant Bjork

"Porto"

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Well I dreamed that I was Portuguese
Inside my hotel room
the word upon these beautiful streets
sweet poetry is born here
who knew these dreams inside my head
would reach my seed sown soul
and hear those things that seem so far away
they seem to be so near

Is it wrong to want love
is it wrong to never hate
these things that make you all so crooked
they seem to make me straight
hey son do you know where your coming from
hey jack do you know that you ain't mine
hey boy do you know where you wanna run
do you know why you can't cry

You stupid boy
your worthless all the same
got too much high
got too little brain
never thought you'd see the day
the day that come a man
now you know
you know that I am

you know that I am (x2)

Doo doo doo doo doo...

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