

Portugal. The Man "1989"

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I was born in nineteen eighty-nine
All we could do
No shakes or coughs or burst relief
Or lists of all our things
Just minutes making minds
I was born in nineteen eighty-nine
All we could do
But the making never made
The comers never came
But I still felt the awful news

It was patience that we had
And the miles we had left
That held us there
Until we could let go

I was born in nineteen eighty-nine
And it'll be over soon
No moon children or peoples sun
Or ringing in my ears
When I felt that awful news

But we found that we were always lost... in space
And we will never find our way
We felt that we would always find our way
If our minds ever come around

I was born in nineteen eighty-nine
All we could do
Not in birth or body
But only in our minds
I was shaking to through my eyes
And living through each breath
I still felt that awful news

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