

Portugal. The Man

"60 Years"

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The boy looks high he looks higher than the sky you
can see it in his eyes just watch how he tries the city
never lets you grow so he never tries the city never lets
you go so you never try his path was on the parks
running kink to pittman the city was a shotgun ending
in sunshine but the sunshine never ends so we never
try well we dug a hole and filled it up with other holes in
these other holes we found a hole and and hid away
our hungry men if it takes us sixty years the boy looks
high he looks higher than the sky you can see it in his
eyes just watch how he cries the path was on a straight
line church street to houston houston to the butte
coming straight back to houston well we dug a hole
and filled it up with other holes in these other holes we
found a hole and buried all our hungry men if it takes
us sixty years I'll dig a hole and find that fire if it takes
us sixty years I'll dig another hole when we found that
hole we found there were some other holes and we
climbed inside then we climbed back out we left alone
those hungry men if it takes us sixty years I'll dig a hole
and find that fire if it takes us sixty years I'll dig
another hole he got it in his head he'd make more
money than the straight man the straight man the boy
looks high he looks higher than the sky if it takes us
sixty years the city never lets him grow so he never
tries if it takes us sixty years filled up with other holes
in these other holes if it takes me sixty years we hid
away these hungry men the boy looks high if it takes
me if it takes us sixty years I'll dig a hole and find that
fire if it takes us sixty years I'll dig another hole he got
it in his head he'd make more money than the straight
man

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