

## **Portugal. The Man "A.K.A. M80 The Wolf"**

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Through crooked teeth and mouthed up ties  
They spit you up river just like all those lions  
That walked the banks

They said, "Paint me that river  
And would you only use blues  
With a brilliant big black mouth and?  
Lengths of pines that route the river through  
Through and through"

Fashion ballrooms of the leaves  
We'd like to watch the ghosts dance

They said, "Paint me that arm  
That lies directly over mountains  
Where the glaciers climb so tall.  
One absent of the scars passing boats and ships and  
oars  
Tend to leave, the veins will be the tributaries.  
With all the sounds of the ocean."

I am but a man  
But a proud, proud man  
Silver bells that line the way  
Through baited trails.  
We'll find you there

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