

Portugal. The Man "And I"

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Some were reborn
Some were simply shaken free
And some were the colors
That took to the streets

They found in their later years
Yeah, they see what we need
It's love for each other
And every living thing

And All my time
Is used
All my only
And lonely time too

Some simply shaking free
Some were the colors
That poured through the streets

They thought in their younger years
They knew what to do
Knew what to say
Had nothing to lose

Now pick up and pack up
The place you were pink
And falling around
Dripping and crawling and
Clawing and inside
You're missing some sounds

The ones that float, carry
And dance about time
And space that it lends
Room to be free like the sun and the moon
Save for the sounds

We'll be reborn
We'll simply be free
And we'll be the colors
That pour through the streets

And find in our after years
That we're all the same
We're all made of colors
And pour through the streets

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