

Portugal. The Man "Bad, Bad Levi Brown"

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If I were a bear, I'd be the greatest of all
With a speech like god so dark and foreboding
Standing up tall from the top of that hill
I'd growl up your fears from down below
They're restless spinning around
Twisting hungry spitting tongues are restless
In the form of the god that's speaking out

Laying bricks, growing walls, clicking stone
And the sound that's awful in our ears
Forcing sprouts and speaking out

Like a carpenter
Like these weathermen
Like my brother
These hands they never sleep
Like the foundation
Like the frames that meet
Like these builders

If I were a god I'd be the greatest of all
With a speech so soft that loud it would kill you
Standing up tall from the top of that hill
I'd shout out commands to down below
They are restless tangled mess protests burned
And ears that bleed in rivers through the pipes
That heat your homes and families' plates

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