

Portugal. The Man "Bellies Are Full"

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Look at him working wearing his hands to the
Bone just to prove where he came from
The man's always worried, the man only worries
Himself if his pay and his bellies of mention
If we had the money, we'd climb our
Way back down somehow
And if we're in the garden don't you know that
Our bellies are full
His eyes always moving licking about as they
Please, you know he's always in question
Hair falling about him favors fair please and
Polite very fond and glad to have known you
If we had the money, we'd climb our way
Back down somehow
And if we're in the garden don't you know that
Our bellies are full
Now that heavens out the way
Don't you feed them hungry or to hold somebody
When you're sleeping through that night all alone
Hold tight maybe we're all hungry and lonely
Cause those fires don't burn well alone
Look at him moving, listen to feet falling bare
On the stone all about him
That tambourines ringing, those bells have all worried
their minds
Because there's no sorted of safety here
Our bellies are full now that heavens out of the way.
Don't you feed them hungry or to hold somebody
When you're sleeping through that night all alone
Hold tight maybe we're all hungry and lonely
Cause those fires don't burn well alone

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