

## Portugal. The Man "Children"

Visit "[Children](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Birth me of blood oil  
Salt sugar water pales  
Build me black jesus  
Cause jesus can't save me  
Shackles pulling at your hair  
Shine me from roots out  
Wash me form the neck down  
Cut me fat stores  
Take me to the tree line  
I'm a heading down down down  
Down to the river cause I don't believe in medicine  
I'll crawl out shaking pale  
Always got the answer I got ears all around me  
Burn up in black smoke  
Thick and pouring down your throat  
Make me of bread walks  
Listen up with ears we're diving  
Birth me of blood oil  
Salt sugar water pales  
Build me black jesus  
Shackles pulling at your hair  
I'm a heading down down down  
Down to the river cause I don't believe in medicine  
I'll crawl out shaking pale  
Always got the answer I got ears all around me  
Tell your children we got another year coming  
Oil stands the legs this body speaks in tongues  
And croaks "I'm heading down"  
I'll walk down to the river where we met our pales  
Filled and spilling like our southern friends  
Met that pale atop the rocks and moss  
Grass grips licks about our heels and bends  
Tell your children we spent a year in this fire.  
Copper bands and hells getting lighter line up  
In lines we can only get higher  
Tell your children we got another year coming

Visit [Portugal. The Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.