

## Portugal. The Man "Church Mouth"

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Sell me, I'm a skeptical boy  
And if you need help I'm not easily found  
We met the man in the deep deep south  
With the gritty smile and the dirty old church mouth  
"my breath was short better hit the ground running"  
Papers, read and weigh down the stands  
It's cold here and waiting weighs on this man  
Still not full, I need a pass and a page  
March stepped some steps and it spoke some  
War tongues flickered about that dirty old church  
mouth  
Fill me up with money gold cause ain't  
Nobody ever need me  
My salt was skin of maps made whole gotta  
Get out gotta sell this soul  
I'll be better when that sleep comes and finds me  
Stroll about through these forks and roads find  
Me in the pines in the sleet and cold  
Shine on, in this brilliant paced pulse  
All I need in this life is this love  
"march stayed with the dirty old church mouth"  
Fill me up with money gold cause ain't  
No body ever need me  
My salt was skin of maps made whole gotta  
Get out gotta sell this soul  
We met the man in the deep deep south with  
The shit teeth smile that  
Poured about the church's mouth  
Fill me up with money gold cause ain't  
Nobody ever need me  
Then take me to the steeple let the  
Preachers hands a bathe me  
"march stayed with the dirty old church mouth"

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