

Portugal. The Man "Fantastic Pace"

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He was born in the first grade hungry little lion
Swallowed all he saw still he's barely alive he was a
Colorful person born of some colorful people when he
Opened up his mouth he poured some colorful
speeches his
Home was a tar paper palette tyvek green house
pumped
Into the culdesac gravel housing his house where living
Like the drinks are rivers, wells, creeks, oceans, bays
Every year we get a little older found in his ways "I
Hope he never grows, grows into nothing" he's not so
well
Behaved what are we to do get him to the digging get
him
Over in the corner got a little place out in the crystal
Fires no one wants you no one wants you no one wants
you

What are we to do? no one wants you no one wants you
no
One wants you what are we to do? no one wants you no
one
Wants you no one wants you what are we to do? no one
Wants you no one wants you no one wants you what are
we
To do? starving empty stares pushed it down in the
Parking lots the valley, lake, cars and the riverbed
Hang outs a long way from the little lion in black full-
Body snow-suits snowshoe, goosebay and neighbors
claims
On empty lots where guns and gold were goals given
up
Given his pace below all the giants growing up at
Fantastic pace

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