

Portugal. The Man "Guns.Guns...Guns"

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Where have all the people gone
Whose lives are no longer of use to them
But this system bites habit forming
But this single file is so contagious
But black eyes breed gossip
Like these perverse and perversions alike

Hibernate while you're still young
But you are getting older
So much older
So much older than you think

Crank the tap.
Itch.
Brimming with suspicions
The burrows are brimming with suspicions

Where have all the people gone
Whose guns are gold cold son of a bitch
He's says, "I'll travel anywhere I like
I'll travel anywhere I please."

The priest's on the boat
And hell is on its way

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