

## Portugal. The Man "Marching With 6"

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Woke up late on that sunday morning.  
Woke up late yeah the sun was burning.  
Slides and chutes spilling explanations. slides and  
chutes offer alibis.

Where the freeways mate and the flies congregate  
There's a needle hungry for a place to sleep  
Where the jumpers meet in the film cloud eyes  
With the doctors notes and them heavy heads we'll cry

Lay my face back in the sleep finds me lazy  
A fears friendly fed when you're free to be resting  
Birds in the sky and the rain won't soon call in  
Gravel laced sunsets foaming in my belly

Evident was the flood  
Frame it up frame it up now frame it!  
Evident I was told  
Frame it up frame it up now frame it!  
A wonder it was worn  
Frame it up frame it up now frame it!  
Evident I was told.  
Frame it up frame it up now frame it!

Ohhh my baby's gonna take your breath away  
Ohhh my baby's gonna burn your soul  
Ohhh my baby's gonna take your breath away  
Ohhh my baby's gonna burn your soul

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