

Portugal. The Man "Out And In And In And Out"

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Hear that outside? Go feed the dogs
They're begging barking bashing at their homes
Cold and wet and dirty like the earth
That mashes molding muddy marching boots
Now rain is beating beats and beading down the view
That foggy hazy drumming of that rain

Hear that outside? They're coming in
They're banging knocking shouting at the door
Fists are heavy pounds of pounding placed
Firm and steady rhythms that they pace
In and out and in and out we named
Everything and everyone we've known
Hear that outside? We lost our homes
Given up in loans and time we paid
Worth more to us than them, so we will end
Our lives with backs that strained to find
A pretty place and life to call our own
A place that we well never ever know

Hear that outside? We lost the war
How easy it is done if we never knew
It started back before I was born
All of us were other souls
We borrowed life and shared it with our own
And now we need to stretch and find our own

Hear that outside? Go feed the dogs
They're begging barking bashing at their homes
Cold and wet and dirty like the earth
That mashes molding muddy marching boots
Now rain is beating beats and beading down the view
That foggy hazy drumming of that rain

Hear that outside? It's changing airs
And bleeding out the colors of the world

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