

## Portugal. The Man "Ruby Magic"

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Someday we'll find a home,  
Someday we'll find a lonely lonely home  
Where we'll pass time where we'll bring change,  
Where we'll bring change  
(I found the way out, but if I told you you'd be down)  
Lips likely loose and pouring out film lines

A roaring flow abounds a warmth and joy that holds  
you  
Open and apart in steps that never move

So children come in  
Find a seat we made your room/you're sure to use  
Ohhhhhhhh...  
Hello. You missed the sparrows mark...  
A breath of rockets shone like torches.  
Boss we got a problem the people will not listen  
Their ears are full of cranks, bells, pully's, wheels, and  
bolts  
Automated fiction with film on the eyes and the doctors  
claim  
They'll never form, you'll never see again

Lengths of snakes match each silent syllable  
Hello. You missed the sparrows mark...  
A breath of rockets shone like torches.  
(I found the way out)

So children come in  
Find a seat we made your room/you're sure to use  
Ohhhhhhhh...

A roaring flow abounds a warmth and joy that holds  
you  
Open and apart in steps that never move

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