

Portugal. The Man "Salt"

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My legs are all buried in salt, the way
As my lips move out all of my words, the way

But this can't be all the we have to wait

Pressing pulling this pains, the way
They listen and listen for all the way

But this can't be all we have to wait

Do you hear the wind child?
Calling out the salt plains
Listen to the wind child
It's calling, calling out your name
I was born of sun beams
Warming up our limbs
Born up from the earth, child
Ahhhhh ahh

No I'll never come back down, down from here

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