

## Portugal. The Man "Sleeping Sleepers Sleep"

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Shave our heads  
Strip our clothes  
Burn them books but  
The mind still grows  
A sheltered mind with  
Fears of rings  
Fear of time  
And missing links  
We all once were.  
And I'll walk until my legs are broken  
I was up walking and you were the shoes  
Bored with the thoughts that you thoughts I could use  
Islands were made of brick stone and shade  
Where deaths only rest of laughable tunes  
Feel your toes  
Buried sand  
Wide eyes roll and  
The legs, they stand  
I was asleep until my eye were opened  
We are made to be sewn  
Bodies lips eyes  
Earthed and regrown  
Shave our heads  
Strip our clothes  
Burn them books but  
The mind still grows  
And I'll walk until my legs are broken  
Bills sit about talking of people they've used  
Born of new worlds that have fallen past due  
Trusting in funding and finding a place  
In wheel wells and homes and people like you  
Films finding fair faces and lies  
While ships bearing backs house glass teeth and eyes  
Like the apartment of capable tunes  
That bored with the thoughts that we thought it could  
use  
It never ever rains if you never cry  
And you never have to mourn if you never ever die

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