

## Portugal. The Man "Telling Tellers Tell Me"

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Summer came and I lost my shoes  
While them purple gold linens, pressed them down in  
the basement  
And if don't you know or see them clouds  
Will step to the sky and wind... down  
Tell me what you know tell me what we get tell  
Me where we go then tell me when you come back  
around  
Shelter never pays without months without  
Rain after winter leaves we'll just do it again  
Calm will find your soul  
Those tired lonely lips dragged him down to the train  
tracks  
Left them purple gold lids sitting down in the basement  
And if we die here will we ever be back again?  
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men that  
shuffled slithered  
Legs till they found how to stand every time I grow I  
know I'll never change  
Because the liver tree sways, but knows he'll never find  
me  
I know my problems and know where they lay  
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men  
That shuffled slithered  
Legs till they found how to stand  
My brothers busy laughing at the end of the  
Hall, said "That mans not  
A doctor if he cures no cancer"  
Placed in the back where there are no dancers  
Crooked steps diamonds  
And a bag housing answers  
Where I step to sky and wind... down  
Calm will find your soul  
Those tired lonely lips dragged him down to the train  
tracks  
And if we die here will we ever be back again?  
Dawn was likely lined in the coming of men  
That shuffled slithered legs till they found how to stand

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