

## **Portugal. The Man "The Bottom"**

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How High. Soldiers pull boys through rain  
Ground to their toes ground to the dirt  
(Oh) my. They spilled down the steps  
Filed in rows like hair likes to pour  
Like skin loves to warm  
But teeth don't pull like these chains don't drag around  
... because it's safe at the bottom...  
Wind down to the beds of the leaves  
Bedding of sand where fire don't burn (but the tops of  
trees)  
Out, out of the head streams a maze  
Of colors and shapes that dance from these walls  
But trust don't pay like these guns don't fuck around  
... we know it's safe at the bottom...  
I know what I know, and all I ever need is you  
Down, down in the sand lives alone  
In shackles and bone meat blood from grown gravel  
and stone  
But teeth don't pull like these chains don't drag around  
... because it's safe at the bottom...  
Calm but never finds rest these bones  
For what we don't know for all that we know  
It's all that we've known  
But trust don't pay like these guns don't fuck around  
... we know it's safe at the bottom...  
I know what I know, and all I ever need is you

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