

Bad Bad Levi Brown

Portugal. The Man

If I were a bear, I'd be the greatest of all,
With a speech like god so dark and foreboding.
Standing up tall from the top of that hill,
I'd growl up your fears from down below.
They're restless spinning around,
Twisting hungry spitting tongues are restless
In the form of the god that's speaking out...
Speaking out, speaking out...

Laying bricks, growing walls, clicking stone
And the sound that's awful in our ears,
Forcing sprouts and speaking out...
Speaking out, speaking out...
Speaking out.

Like a carpenter,
Like these weathermen,
Like my brother,
These hands they never sleep.
Like the foundation,
Like the frames that meet,
Like these builders.
These hands they never sleep.
Like a carpenter,
Like these weathermen,
Like my brother,
These hands they never sleep.

If I were a god I'd be the greatest of all,
With a speech so soft that loud it would kill you.
Standing up tall from the top of that hill,
I'd shout out commands to down below.
They are restless tangled mess protests burned
And ears that bleed in rivers through the pipes
That heat your homes and families' plates.
Speaking out...

Like a carpenter,
Like these weathermen,
Like my brother,
These hands they never sleep.
Like the foundation,
Like the frames that meet,
Like these builders.
These hands they never sleep.
Like a carpenter,
Like these weathermen,
Like my brother,
These hands they never sleep.

Like the foundation,
Like the frames that meet,
Like these builders.
These hands they never sleep.
These hands they never sleep.