

My Mind

Portugal. The Man

Stepping steps of floating floats
That float above such shining notes,
They know just where we should rest.

Policed and waiting patiently,
We knew where we'd gone and where we'd be,
We know this should never drown the seeds.
(Just where their feet are moving,
Just why why their feet are moving.)

My mind is all...
My mind is all...
My mind is all... gone.
My mind is all...
My mind is all...
My mind is all... gone.

Deaf and dumb but fluent speech
Speaking speaks and listening
While eating piled tangled sugar weaves.
(Just where their feet are moving,
Just why why their feet are moving.)

My mind is all...
My mind is all...
My mind is all... gone.
My mind is all...
My mind is all...
My mind is all... gone.

You are hands, just do as I please.
I feel my body moving, I feel these feet a-moving.
You are hands, just do as I please.
I feel my body moving, I feel these feet a-moving.

A messy mess of fruits and pies
That dance about these aging eyes
They know just what becomes of seeds.
(Just where their feet are moving,
Just why why their feet are moving.)

A busy suit or dirty boys
Feeling rude in lazy lies,
Oh my, my, my,
Oh, my, my, my my...

My mind is all...
My mind is all...
My mind is all...
You are hands, just do as I please.
I feel my body moving, I feel these feet a-moving.
My mind is all...
My mind is all...
My mind is all...
You are hands, just do as I please.
I feel my body moving, I feel these feet a-moving.
My mind is all...

My mind is all...
My mind is all...