

The Pines

Portugal. The Man

Will we live polite or travel legs?
Legs that travel time, but believe i can
Mine that yellow gold where the horses ride
Next I'll believe in the guillotine

Don't carry all that weight upon you
You'll feel better soon, I know you will
Busy soul feels heavy under
These electric machines

Swinging mighty hard
Swinging mighty fast
Under coal trains that are deep with fill
Clouds forming eyes and the chorus rings
The horses always ride so much faster, son

Don't carry all that weight upon you
You'll feel better soon, I know you will
Busy soul feels heavy under
These electric machines

Will we break free or will we fail?
With the coal that's alight at the fingertips
Such a shiny, covert-run addiction
That smile gnashes swords and scissors that cut
Bellies that hold with the shoveling snow
Shiny red pains empty into new homes
Will we break free or will we fail?
With the coal that's alight at the fingertips

Don't carry all that weight upon you
You'll feel better soon, I know you will
Busy soul feels heavy under
These electric machines