

60 Years

Portugal. The Man

The boy looks high he looks higher than the sky you can see it in his eyes just watch how he tries the city never lets you grow so he never tries the city never lets you go so you never try his path was on the parks running kink to pittman the city was a shotgun ending in sunshine but the sunshine never ends so we never try well we dug a hole and filled it up with other holes in these other holes we found a hole and and hid away our hungry men if it takes us sixty years the boy looks high he looks higher than the sky you can see it in his eyes just watch how he cries the path was on a straight line church street to houston houston to the butte coming straight back to houston well we dug a hole and filled it up with other holes in these other holes we found a hole and buried all our hungry men if it takes us sixty years I'll dig a hole and find that fire if it takes us sixty years I'll dig another hole when we found that hole we found there were some other holes and we climbed inside then we climbed back out we left alone those hungry men if it takes us sixty years I'll dig a hole and find that fire if it takes us sixty years I'll dig another hole he got it in his head he'd make more money than the straight man the straight man the boy looks high he looks higher than the sky if it takes us sixty years the city never lets him grow so he never tries if it takes us sixty years filled up with other holes in these other holes if it takes me sixty years we hid away these hungry men the boy looks high if it takes me if it takes us sixty years I'll dig a hole and find that fire if it takes us sixty years I'll dig another hole he got it in his head he'd make more money than the straight man