

Pittman Ralliers

Portugal. The Man

Coming up and over the mountain
Choking on the fumes, the smoke cloud blinds our eyes
Kissing the Banyan tree to the lips of Malibu
When it's time to reap, there'll be no apology we can speak

While it's
Burning down
Burning down
Burning down
Burning down
Burning down

And we're not afraid to admit
We don't know everything

Lightning raining from the sky down on us
Taking it, running it back
Taking it, running it back

Fire raining from the sky down on us
We have become the kindling
We have become the kindling

Lightning raining from the sky down on us
We have become the kindling
We have become the kindling

Fire raining from the sky down on us
She's taking back what's hers
She's taking back what's hers