

Seventeen

Portugal. The Man

Seventeen men in cold, and weathered shackles
They play for me, pans in the place
Of the space in the chains, the company arranged
But please, you don't know where you're from

Seventeen girls dance into the garden
They sing for me: "No, I'll never change"
I'll stay the same, got my baby with me
And I know how that train is rollin'

Down they crawl
Back to the streams
From the sounds that they made
It's a shame we pray
It's a shame we pray
'cause we're all really loud

Seventeen hours swirling about her
They count for me
One was at peace, and two was at one
While the rest as they fell
Couldn't count anymore
I was cold 'til the morning wind came

Down they crawl
Back to the streams
From the sounds that they made
It's a shame we pray
It's a shame we pray
'cause we're all really loud

Seventeen bores
Tearin' from the mountains
They speak to me:
I'm an apple-dripping...

Down they crawl
Back to the streams
From the sounds that they made
It's a shame we pray
It's a shame we pray
'cause we're all really loud