

How the Leopard Got Its Spots

Portugal. The Man

Palms are fitted black and finely tuned
To triggers that cause bodies that tremble

But this mud looks shallow from the beach
When we hide behind such ugly faces
And the dark eyed woman lifts her head
"Why do we hide behind such ugly faces?"

Child bearing games from the streets down to the shores
They're playing as waterways open in an obscene gaping gasp.

"Rally all your men there is work to be done"
Still we don't have the time for speaking out of place
Because he won't come down
He won't come down
He won't come down

When lengths of snakes match each silent syllable
"With eyes like these"
Face glistening with suspense of a scalpel blade,
Clockwork calculating surgical precision.

Palms are fitted black and finely tuned
To stomachs that swallowed whole that bayou.

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