

Head Is A Flame (cool With It)

Portugal. The Man

I was born without a name
A soldier boy
The streets they see
This kids on a mission
Running high in flames
With the guillotine
No rules to fight no one who fear us

My head is like a flame

Well, we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it

My
Shaken with a fire
Burning deep inside
Still the politicians
They never listen
Money was the sound
That he didn't hear
Which the politicians, they only listen

My head is like a flame
And my eyes are red

Well, we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it

My head was like a flame
It was burning up, burning up, it was burning up
My head was like a flame

It was burning up, burning up, it was burning up

I became a child of the universe
Your born into this galactic prison

My head was like a flame
My eyes
My eyes were red

Well, we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it

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