

Mornings

Portugal. The Man

Mornings go best with the sunrise,
The sunrise I used to see
But will never see now,
Even if I was waiting, we would just build it all up,
We'd look around until we find, we find

The people found the mountain,
Climbed up from that hole in the ground
Through the cracks in the sky
And threatened to fall,
Still I don't believe, no I don't believe.
And we'll be just fine, and we'll be just fine.

The future was born with the sunrise,
The sunrise that builds into days and even more years.
And as it rolls burning,
Burning up like the trails (of the comets pulled tails)
We'd look around until we find, we find

The people found the mountain,
Climbed up from that hole in the ground
Through the cracks in the sky
And threatened to fall,
Still I don't believe, I don't believe.

And we'll be just fine, and we'll be just fine.

As the sun it rose up from the belly of sea,
Found his bedding of clouds where it hung for years,
Still I don't believe.
While colors rained and poured from the cotton bound
Pools and the drips,
The drips stained us all, painted us all,
Still I don't believe.

The people found the mountain,
Climbed up from that hole in the ground
Through the cracks in the sky.
Still I don't believe, I don't believe.

The people found the mountain,
Climbed up from that hole in the ground
Through the cracks in the sky.
And I don't believe, I don't believe.
And we'll be just fine, we'll be just fine.
We'll be just fine, I don't believe.
No, I don't believe. No, I don't believe.

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