

# Bad, Bad Levi Brown

## Portugal. The Man

If I were a bear, I'd be the greatest of all  
With a speech like god so dark and foreboding  
Standing up tall from the top of that hill  
I'd growl up your fears from down below  
They're restless spinning around  
Twisting hungry spitting tongues are restless  
In the form of the god that's speaking out

Laying bricks, growing walls, clicking stone  
And the sound that's awful in our ears  
Forcing sprouts and speaking out

Like a carpenter  
Like these weathermen  
Like my brother  
These hands they never sleep  
Like the foundation  
Like the frames that meet  
Like these builders

If I were a god I'd be the greatest of all  
With a speech so soft that loud it would kill you  
Standing up tall from the top of that hill  
I'd shout out commands to down below  
They are restless tangled mess protests burned  
And ears that bleed in rivers through the pipes  
That heat your homes and families' plates

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