

# Our Way

## Portugal. The Man

Clara would be proud to know us  
We've taken it to the end  
Where the grey tuens to black  
And the white just begins-

We live everyday on the water  
The night just kills the pain  
From the suffering that was  
We are no stronger-we are dust-

Down in the crowd we're down  
on our knees  
Wanna get out but  
don't wanna succeed  
We're the red-eyed legends  
of the night before  
We're the dead mind babies  
of the T.V. war-

Living in a rectory of sin  
Against the currents we all swim  
Cageless wonders of sometime when  
The paper icon's chase will end-

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written by DARBY CRASH, PAT SMEAR  
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