

The Home

Portugal. The Man

Do you ever listen
For the sounds that your hands make?
Did you know that
We could make sounds?

I don't know what the palace knows
But I don't run with sheep
The shepherd can't herd me
My feet ever slow
The age that takes me
I'll slip out to the mountains
Where nobody knows me

I will make my home here
I will make my home here
I will make my home here

Grow a field of plenty
To hold me tight and keep us warm
From the cold that burns me
My feet ever slow
The age that takes me
I'll slip out to the mountains
Where nobody knows me

I will make my home here
I will make my home here
I will make my home here

Do you ever listen
For the sounds that your head makes?
Did you know that
We could make sounds?

I don't know what the palace knows
But I don't run with sheep
The shepherd can't herd me
My feet ever slow
The age that takes me
I'll slip out to the mountains

Where nobody knows me

I will make my home here
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I will make my home here
I will make my home here
I will make my home here

I know that I was fine before
Fine before, fine before
I know that I was fine before
Fine before, fine before

I know I was fine before, fine before, fine before
Know I was fine before, fine before, fine before
Know I was fine before, fine before, fine before
Know I was fine before, fine before, fine before
Know I was fine before, fine before, fine before

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