

# Porto

## Brant Bjork

Well I dreamed that I was Portuguese  
Inside my hotel room  
the word upon these beautiful streets  
sweet poetry is born here  
who knew these dreams inside my head  
would reach my seed sown soul  
and hear those things that seem so far away  
they seem to be so near  
Is it wrong to want love  
is it wrong to never hate  
these things that make you all so crooked  
they seem to make me straight  
hey son do you know where your coming from  
hey jack do you know that you ain't mine  
hey boy do you know where you wanna run  
do you know why you can't cry  
You stupid boy  
your worthless all the same  
got too much high  
got too little brain  
never thought you'd see the day  
the day that come a man  
now you know  
you know that I am  
you know that I am (x2)

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