

Head is a Flame

Portugal. The Man

I was born without a name
A soldier for
The streets they say
This kid's on a mission
Running high on fame of the guillotine
No roots to find and no one to miss him
My head is like a flame
Well we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it
Shaking with a fire burning deep inside
Still the politicians they never listen
Blood money was a sound
I didn't care to hear
Of which the politicians they only listen
My head is like a flame
And my eyes were red
Well we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it
My head was like a flame
It was burning up, burning up
It was burning up
My head was like a flame
It was burning up, burning up
It was burning up
I became a child of the universe
Reborn into this galactic prism
My head was like a flame
Ah, my eyes were red
Well we all get strange
And we know it
But we're cool with it
And we all get a little bit older
In this day and age
But we deal with it
My head was like a flame
It was burning up, burning up
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