

Portugal. The Man, Keep On

keep on hanging on
stuck here till I'm gone
boys still throwing stones
running till I'm wrong

I never listened
to tell the truth
I never knew
but nobody misses
what you did
quite I like do

got me thinking about it
all day long
till we dead and gone
all day long
till we dead and gone

banging my head against the wall
all day long
banging my head against the wall
dead and gone

but I;m seeing a pattern
falling from a ladder
must be tripping like a cartoon
sliping on a banana

looked up in the sun
burned out but I ain;t done
Ice cream melting down
dripping on the ground

young black and gifted
never lose, gotta be the shoes
that old money privilege
got me confused
what id it you do?

got me thinking about it
all day long
till we dead and gone
all day long
till we dead and gone
and it's all /3x
day long
till we dead and gone

maybe I'm tripping to tell the truth
don't have a clue
maybe we're not alone
that;s right!
maybe I missed out on my youth
Playing it cool

Man in the mirror like
Grow up, be a winner
Blow up, be a winner