

Keep On

Portugal. The Man

Keep on hanging on
Stuck here till I'm gone
Boys still throwing songs
Running till I'm wrong I never listened to tell the truth
I never knew
But nobody misses
What you did
Quite like I do Got me thinking bout it
All day long
(till we're dead and gone)
All day long
(till we're 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
Slipping 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 is it you do
Got me thinking bout it
All day long
(Banging my head against the wall)
All day long
(Banging my head against the wall)
All day long
(Banging my head against the wall)
All day long
And it's all and it's all and it's all day long
Till we're dead and gone Maybe I'm trippin to tell the truth
Don't have a clue
(Maybe you're not alone, that's right)
Maybe I missed out on my youth
Playing it cool

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

