

# Devendra Banhart, At The Hop

Put me in your suitcase  
Let me help you pack  
'Cause you're never coming back  
No, you're never coming back

Cook me in your breakfast  
And put me on your plate  
'Cause you know I taste great  
You hate how I taste great

At the hop, it's greaseball heaven  
With candy pants and Archie too

Put me in your dry dream  
Or put me in your wet  
If you haven't yet  
No, if you haven't yet

Light me with your candle  
And watch the flames grow high  
No, it doesn't have to try  
It doesn't have to try

Well, I won't stop all of my pretending  
That you'll come home  
You'll be coming home someday soon

Put me in your blue skies  
Or put me in your grey  
There's gotta be some way  
There's gotta be some way

Put me in your tongue tie  
Make it hard to say  
That you ain't gonna stay  
That you ain't gonna stay

Wrap me in your marrow  
Stuff me in your bones  
Sing a mending moan  
A song to bring you home