

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