

# Devendra Banhart, Roots (If The Sky Were A Stone)

When the roots of the tree are as cold as can be  
When the wind in the sea are the moth meets the bee  
When the rays of the sun lick your skin with its tongue  
And the grass with its green And the grass with its green  
And the shine with its sheen And the shine with its sheen  
And the trains with their tracks And the spines with their backs  
And your sway with its slow And the wind with its blow  
And your scream with its soul I don't play rock n roll  
And the people with their lungs And the people with their paws  
If the sky were a stone made of lips, made of bones