

Devendra Banhart, Seaside

The shore worn
And born black
I love that
I love that

Seaside
Seaside
Seaside
Seaside

The hunter
In heaven
Is thunder
A companion

By my side
My side
My side
My side

Now seen
Unseen, yeah
Now seen
Unseen, yeah

The sea is calm
The path on high
It swoops down
To lie

By your side
Your side
Your side
Your side