

# 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