

# Devendra Banhart, Roots

When the roots of the tree are as cold as can be  
When the wind and the sea are the moth and 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 and roll!  
And the people with their lungs  
And the people with their paws.  
If the sky were a stone made of lips made of bone,  
count my teeth to keep the time.