

Devendra Banhart, When The Sun Shone On Vet

When the sun shone on vetiver
When the sun shone on vetiver
When the sun shone down on her

Well, there's silver in that hole
Yeah, there's silver in that hole
Yeah, there's silver and coal

And they're longing for the land
And they're longing for the land
For nature's forgiving hand

And we're drifting
And we're sailing
And we're drifting
And we're sailing
And we're drifting
Sailing...

Now the sun aligns you legs
And your lips and arms and breasts
And the moon pours weather then

And your branches claw around my claws
Your branches claw around my claws
And my leaves brush against your paws

And we're dancing
And we're dancing
And we're dancing...

In ireland my baby waits for me
In greeceland my baby waits for me
In spainland my baby waits for me
In ireland my baby waits for me

In all lands my baby waits for me
Waiting patiently
She's waiting patiently
Waiting patiently
Waiting patiently

I fall in love