

# Julia Holter, In The Green Wild

City shoes find ways no green fertile valleys  
I never could fall straight and that's for sure  
Someone with the thing to say  
Shreds on the leaf and lets it fall onto my feet.

Darla Darla Da, I receive the news so solemn child again I'll understand  
I can't hear and I don't know, and the things still start and still I trace the trees

So gone and formal don't make sense, with the trees so Wa Wa  
And the language is strange the woman Wa Wa  
Wa Wa, and the language is strange the woman, Wa Wa  
And I am too bored to understand, well good I'm done  
(I'm) Off to the wild with me

In the green wild I am gone  
My hands to shoulders gone  
And the shoes my feet have worn still remain  
And they walk toward the sea

There's a flavor to the sound of walking  
No one ever noticed before

There's a humor in the way they walk, through the flower walks  
That doesn't look for me  
It was just stars it's grown, it's love, it's so naturally  
Ah hah ah hah  
Ah hah ah hah  
(The way they walk, the way they walk, in the green wild, ah)

There's a humor in the way they walk, through the flower walks  
(The way they walk, the way they walk, in the green wild, ah)

That doesn't look for me  
(The way they walk, the way they walk, in the green wild, ah)

It was just stars it's grown, it's love, it's so naturally  
(The way they walk, the way they walk, in the green wild)