

Vasquez

Julia Holter

Let me tell you about
Faces I seeThe stately, the rugged
Over and over
Under dirt
And sun umbrellas
Their eyes on the gunSome puppy eyes,
Some fierce lady eyes, some
Warm gentleman eyes
But some eyes
That can't look into mine "Bandido"
They call me
No one knows the story
I hate an imperious glance
In the gold countryI'm writing her a love song
How we fall into a dream in the rocks
Our rocks
But they found me there,
Chased after me,
I crawled away quickly
Wasn't sure if i was lost or if I was running away
Again
Up what you now call the 14
I was a runner up the 14
Their mouths move
To say they wanna be the good guys
They wanna be triumphantThey put me to sleep on
Diagonal rocks, so
No one tells the story
Bandido
In the gold country

Songwriters

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