# At the Hop

## Devendra Banhart

Put me in your suitcase
Let me help you pack
'Cause you're never coming back
No, you're never coming backCook me in your breakfast
And put me on your plate
'Cause you know I taste great
Yeah, you know I taste greatAt the hop, it's grease ball Heaven
With candy pants and Archie tooPut me in your dry dream
Or put me in your wet
If you haven't yet
No, if you haven't yetLight me with your candle
And watch the flames grow high
No, it doesn't have to try
It doesn't have to tryWell, I won't stop all of my pretending
That you'll come home
You'll be coming home someday soonPut me in your blue skies
Or put me in your gray
There's gotta be some way
There's gotta be some wayPut me in your tongue tie
Make it hard to say
That you ain't gonna stay
That you ain't gonna stayWrap me in your marrow
Stuff me in your bones
Sing a mending moan
A song to bring you home

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