

Tahiti (Live at Jo's Public Theatre NYC)

Bat for Lashes

Community saw the best in me
Exchanging the common heart for salt in the sea
Children of the sun on a highway of hope
Beauty of coming together in sorrowTahiti, we don't got no name
Tahiti, we don't got no home
Tahiti, we don't got no money
Tahiti, we don't got no honeyBut we do the dishes
And we make the bread
We are powdered ashes
In the light of the beauty, he saidWear those dark glasses
To help us see
Hot tears rolling down
And our arms are knitted all around youCreatures of the night
On a highway of hope
The beauty that we'll leave
Each other tomorrowTahiti, we don't got no name
Tahiti, we don't got no home
Tahiti, we don't got no money
Tahiti, we don't got no honey

Songwriters

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