Roots

Devendra Banhart

When the roots of the tree
Are as cold as can be
When the wind and the sea
Are the moth and the bee
When the rays of the sun
Lick your skin
With its tongue
And the grass with its green
And the grass with its green
And the shine with its sheen
And the shine with its sheen
And the trains with their tracks
And the spines with their backs
And your sway with its slow
And the wind with its blow
And your scream with its sound
I don't play rock and roll
And the people with their lungs
And the people with their paws
If the sky were a stone
Made of lips, made of bones
Count my teeth, keep the time

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