

When The Sun Shone On Vetiver

Devendra Banhart

When the sun shone on vetiver
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When the sun shone down
Well, they're silver and they're gold
Well, they're silver and they're gold
Well, they're silver and they're cold
And I'm longing for the land
And I'm longing for their land
For nature's forgiving hand
And we're drifting and we're sailing
Now the sun aligns your legs

And your lips and arms and breasts
And the moon pulls wet Earth
And your branches crawl around my claws
And my leaves brush up against your arms
And we're dancing
In Thailand, my baby waits for me
In Graceland, my baby waits for me
In Spain land, my baby waits for me
In Ireland, my baby waits for me
In no lands, my baby waits for me
Wimpishly

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