

# Roots [If The Sky Were A Stone]

**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

Songwriters

DEVENDRA BANHARTPublished by

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