

# Hannah Hunt

## Vampire Weekend

A gardener told me, some plants move  
But I could not believe it  
To me and Hannah Hunt saw crawling vines and weeping willows  
As we made our way from Providence to Phoenix  
A man of faith said  
Hidden eyes could see what I was thinking  
I just smiled and told him that was only true of Hannah  
And we glided on through Waverley and Lincoln  
Our days were long and our nights no longer  
Count the seconds, watching hours  
Though we live on the US dollar  
You and me we've got our own sense of time

In Santa Barbra Hannah cried and missed those . . . and beaches  
I walked into town to buy some kindling for the fire  
Hannah tore the New York times. . . to pieces  
If I cant trust you then dammit Hannah  
There's no future, there's no answer  
Though we live on the US dollar  
You and me, we've got our own sense of time  
If I cant trust you then dammit Hannah  
There's no future, there's no answer  
Though we live on the US dollar  
You and me, we've got our own sense of time

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