

Hannah Hunt

Vampire Weekend

A gardener told me some plants move
But I could not believe it
'Til 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 Waverly 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 got our own sense of time.
In Santa Barbara Hannah cried
Amidst those freezing beaches
I walked into town to buy
Some kindling for the fire
Hannah tore the New York Times up into pieces
If I can't trust you then damn it, Hannah
There's no future, there's no answer.
Though we live on the US dollar,
You and me, we got our own sense of time.
If I can't trust you then damn it, Hannah
There's no future, there's no answer.
Though we live on the US dollar,
You and me, we got our own sense of time.

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