

# When the Sun Shone On Vetiver

**Devendra Banhart**

When the sun shone on vetiver  
When the sun shone on vetiver  
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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