

## **Devendra Banhart**

### **"Roots"**

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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 it's tongue,  
And the grass with it's green  
And the grass with it's green  
And the shine with it's sheen  
And the shine with it's sheen  
And the trains with their tracks,  
And the spines with their backs,  
And your sway with it's slow  
And the wind with it's blow,  
And your scream with it's soul 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 bone,  
Count my teeth to keep the time.

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