

May

Devendra Banhart

Far as the eye can see
Wish I was a little more
So far from me
Must be why I love you so

Lost in no dream
Of waiting, no year
Center of the sun
How come? How come?
How come? How come?

In the land of the upsell
I, too, am desperate
Waiting this way
All through twelve months of May
So hard to find
Face of the earth
Easy to tell
Farewell, farewell
Farewell, farewell

Far as the eye can see
Wish I was a little more
So far from me
Must be why I love you so

Lost in no dream
Of waiting, no year
Center of the sun
So near, so near
How come? How come?

I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
I want you here
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