

Won't You Come Home

Devendra Banhart

Won't you come home I surrender
I miss my sweet bag of bones, drunk and tender
Why don't you want to stay here suspended
In the dead arms of a year that has ended

Can't see the shape of the song that we're singing
River too dirty for us to go swimming
Why would you want to stay clear of adoration
That disappears when you're near when you're close

Won't you come home I surrender
I miss my sweet bag of bones, drunk and tender
Why don't you want to stay here suspended
In the dead arms of a year that has ended