

Sycamore

The White Buffalo

I don't see nothing wrong being a dreamer
I've been floating for so long from the shore
The sea, it has its song, that it's singing
It's a sad and lonely tune in the blue
And it calls to drift and sails like me and you
But I cannot understand, why I'm longing for the land

I miss the sound of the breeze through the leaves of the sycamo
re
Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore
The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor
Well, I miss you more
Well, I miss you more

The sea calls to me again, like it's screaming
Your home is the water, in the stars
In the chasm of the deep, well they're feeding
On the changing it can cavern of my heart
And though it's her that is tearing us apart
I begin to understand, oh I'm longing for the land

And I miss the sound of the breeze through the leaves of the sy
camore
Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore
The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor
Well, I miss you more
Whoa, I miss the sound of the breeze through the leaves of the
sycamore
Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore
The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor
Well, I miss you more
Well, I miss you more
I miss you more
I miss you more