

Roots Of My Hair

CocoRosie

Wet is my whistle
Wandering wayward
Trouser is caught in a thorny bramble
Sun soon be slipping
Down spine of the meadow
Swamp candle flower
A watery fellow
The monarch's my right hand
Left is the sparrow
Twilight blue my bone and marrow
The river's path is old and narrow
First evening star
To comfort the scarecrow

Pull me up by the roots of my hair
Into the rosy atmosphere
Pull me up by the roots of my hair
Into the rosy atmosphere

Marveling over dead branches
Wind in the grasses
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Marveling over dead branches
Wind in the grasses
Marveling over dead branches
Wind in the grasses

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