

Hannah Hunt

Vampire Weekend

A gardener told me some plants move
But I could not believe it
Till me and Hannah Hunt
Saw crawling vines and weeping willows
As we made our way from Providence to Phoenix

A man of faith said
Hidden eyes could see what I was thinking
I just smiled and told him
That was only true of Hannah
And we glided on through Waverley and Lincoln

Our days were long our nights no longer
Count the seconds, watching hours
Though we live on the US dollar
You and me, we got our own sense of time

In Santa Barbara, Hannah cried
And missed those freezing beaches
And I walked into town
To buy some kindling for the fire,
Hannah tore the New York Times up into pieces

If I can't trust you then damn it, Hannah
There's no future, there's no answer
Though we live on the US dollar
You and me, we got our own sense of time.