

Souvenirs

Devendra Banhart

Welcome to the hotel in California
He pushes a chair when you are inside
They can hear the train and wonder where it's going
Thursdays' rain
Thursdays' rain
They used to not (?) but now they love to go dancing
And when the (?) come spinning around

'Cause when love shows its face
The rest just falls into your place
And all of the pain
All of the pain
That followed the
(?)
Our heart not alone anymore

Riding on a bus on the way to the airport
A couple of stations, they're feeling well
And like our father used to say:
"Forgive and walk away"
Thursdays' rain
Thursdays' rain
Thursdays' rain