

In the Green Wild

Julia Holter

City shoes found ways down green fertile valleys
See I never could fall down straight in line so sure
Someone with a thing to say writes on a leaf and lets it fall o
nto my feet

I receive the news so small a child who cannot understand
I can't hear and I don't know
And the wind slows down so
Still a tree's a tree!
So calm and for a moment it makes sense but the tree says "la l
a"
And the language is strange the woman's "wa wa"

Am I too bored to understand?
Well good, I'm done
Off to the wild for me

In the green wild I am gone
My hands, toes, shoulders gone
But the shoes my feet have worn still remain
And they walk toward the sea
There's a flavor to the sound of walking no one ever noticed be
fore

There's a humor in the way they walk
Even a flower walks
But doesn't look for me
It walks just as it's grown
It's laughing so naturally
It tells me a tree's a tree