

## 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.