

# The White Buffalo - Sycamore

tom:

I don't see nothing wrong being a drea-mer  
 I've been floating for so long from the shore  
 The sea, it has its song, that it's sin-ging  
 It's a sad and lonely tune in the blue  
 And it calls to drift and sails like me and you  
 But I cannot understand, why I'm longing for the land

I miss the sound of the breeze  
 Through the leaves of the sycamore  
 Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore  
 The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor  
 Well, I miss you more  
 Well, I miss you more

The sea calls to me again, like it's screa-ming  
 Your home is the water, in the stars

In the chasm of the deep, well they're fee-ding  
 On the changing it can cavern of my heart  
 And though it's her that is tearing us apart  
 I begin to understand, oh I'm longing for the land

I miss the sound of the breeze  
 Through the leaves of the sycamore  
 Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore  
 The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor  
 Well, I miss you more

Whoa, I miss the sound of the breeze through the leaves of the sycamore  
 Wading in the waves to my knees on the sandy shore  
 The birds and the bees and your panties on the bathroom floor  
 Well, I miss you more  
 Well, I miss you more

I miss you more  
 I miss you more

## Acordes

