

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



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