

Julia Holter, In The Green Wild

City shoes find ways no green fertile valleys
I never could fall straight and that's for sure
Someone with the thing to say
Shreds on the leaf and lets it fall onto my feet.

Darla Darla Da, I receive the news so solemn child again I'll understand
I can't hear and I don't know, and the things still start and still I trace the trees

So gone and formal don't make sense, with the trees so Wa Wa
And the language is strange the woman Wa Wa
Wa Wa, and the language is strange the woman, Wa Wa
And I am too bored to understand, well good I'm done
(I'm) Off to the wild with me

In the green wild I am gone
My hands to shoulders gone
And 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 before

There's a humor in the way they walk, through the flower walks
That doesn't look for me
It was just stars it's grown, it's love, it's so naturally
Ah hah ah hah
Ah hah ah hah
(The way they walk, the way they walk, in the green wild, ah)

There's a humor in the way they walk, through the flower walks
(The way they walk, the way they walk, in the green wild, ah)

That doesn't look for me
(The way they walk, the way they walk, in the green wild, ah)

It was just stars it's grown, it's love, it's so naturally
(The way they walk, the way they walk, in the green wild)