

# At the Hop

Devendra Banhart

Put me in your suitcase  
Let me help you pack  
'Cause you're never coming back  
No, you're never coming back  
Cook me in your breakfast  
And put me on your plate  
'Cause you know I taste great  
Yeah, you know I taste great  
At the hop, it's greaseball heaven  
With candy pants and Archie too  
Put me in your dry dream  
Or put me in your wet  
If you haven't yet  
No, if you haven't yet  
Light me with your candle  
And watch the flames grow high  
No, it doesn't hurt to try  
It doesn't hurt to try  
Well, I won't stop all of my pretending  
That you'll come home  
You'll be coming home someday soon  
Put me in your blue skies  
Or put me in your grey  
There's gotta be some way  
There's gotta be some way  
Put me in your tongue tie  
Make it hard to say  
That you ain't gonna stay  
That you ain't gonna stay  
Wrap me in your marrow  
Stuff me in your bones  
Sing a mending moan  
A song to bring you home

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>