

# Cumin

## The Acorn

I been trading  
precious stones  
for your safe haven.  
The more and more that I shoulder, let it come.  
It makes the feast much richer.  
All in all, you're open;  
so I let it go.  
Cuz I been hard, and I been patient.  
On your shores,  
there's something ancient.  
I recognize your accent,  
I anchor to your drawl:  
Petra or Gaza?  
And I let it go.  
Holding  
holding  
holding on...  
I always been your rhythm:  
a ragged pulse  
to your electric slide.  
The more and more that I follow,  
the more I let it go.  
let it go...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>