

Devendra Banhart, Insect Eyes

And each strand of her hair is really insect eyes
And each hole in her tongue is always occupied
By the milk of the sun

And each hair on her head is fields of gold wheat
And i'm lying on my back
And i'm falling asleep
Mm hmm hmm hmm

And each lash in her eye in really white roots
And each line in her skin is really red roots
Mm hmm hmm hmm

And the neck her head's on is a tunnel of dawn
But darkness will come
But darkness will come
For sure, it's gonna come

And the breast on her chest is where i take my rest
Is where i have my fun
Is where i have my fun
Mm hmm hmm hmm

And the one long red nail that shoots from her toe
Is tickling my blood
And shifting its flow
Mm hmm hmm hmm

And each strand of her hair is really insect eyes
And each hole in her tongue is always occupied
By the milk of the sun

And i'm always late, 'ways late
And i'm always late
Yeah, i'm always late
Yeah, i'm always late

Ah ah ah ah...

And your black two lips of time
And your black two lips of time
And yours hand rejoice in mine

Ah ah ah ah...

And that seed, it grows all day
And that seed, it grows all night
And our veins are intertwined

Ah ah ah ah...