

# Devendra Banhart, Surgery I Stole

Surgery I stole from you  
Surgery you stole from me  
Have believe in apathy  
Orange tree could be all a dream  
All that I have seen of him  
His money is such a lucky sin  
Your eyes see sweet but your mouth tastes tin  
The toothbrush is black  
That's the place where you're at  
And a snake holds the knife  
And a snake holds a knife  
All I see brings you close to me  
All I do brings me close to you  
Summer snake dance for dance's sake  
Into faraway, into faraway, faraway