

# Devendra Banhart, This Beard Is For Siobhan

The daughter of a man  
Was a mammal  
She bore the mark of fire  
And of flame  
Though they're both the same

Born unto the age of the golden  
Oh that golden age of endless loss and endless gain  
Tra la la la, now

Because my lips have split  
All the little children  
They all hide in front  
In the middle and in behind  
La, la, la, la !

And because my nose has froze  
But i can keep on smellin'  
I could smell my little day away  
I could smell my whole day away  
Na da da da !

Now because my teeth don't bite  
I can take 'em out dancin'  
I could take my little teeth out  
And i could show them a real good time  
Tra la la la

A good time a good time  
A real good time...