

Devendra Banhart, This Is The Way

This the soup
That i believe in
This is the smoke
I'm always breathin'
This is the way
I share my breakfast
This is the way
I share my sentence

I know i know
I should lay low
I should stand tall

This is the beard
I'm always growin'
I know they're here
I see them floating
Her empress beards
They float so holy
Their beards are here
They gently hold me

Well who knows who knows
Yeah i may come home
Yeah i may return

This is the way
I'm always leaving
This is the soft
Voice of the evening
This is the way
I hear my father
These are the flames
That drown the water

Well i knew i knew
I could stand tall
I could lay low

This is the sound
That swims inside me
That circle sound
Is what surrounds me
This is the land
That grows around me
And these are the hands
That come in handy

Well we've known we've known
We've had a choice
We chose rejoice