

# Devendra Banhart, Thumbs Touch Too Much

If I were more like city girls, if I were more like city girls  
If I were more like fancy girls  
And thanks little bee, think of me  
Here's four photographs, just for laughs  
My Miss Shipwreck sinks, yes she sings  
My Miss Pitchfork pinch, yes she pinch  
My Miss Sidewalk slips makes a mess, tickle flesh  
When the night doesn't want you and the sounds all surround you  
And the steps to the temple are the breasts made of puddles  
And if I were more like city girls, if I were more like fancy girls