

# Devendra Banhart, We All Know

We all know  
That the wind blows  
And the moon glows  
And our lungs grow

We belong to the floating hand  
That's made by some animals

And we all dance so  
We can let go  
And remove clothes  
And trade loans

Like the type of tongue that roots from your breast  
And it shakes your pretty little clavicle

A good friend  
Is walking  
To a homeland  
And inside land

And to him I said  
You can leave your eyes at the horizon's dead door  
'Cause you won't need them anymore

The children  
Spend the dawning  
And the morning  
Disappearing

They reappeared as a seed of love  
You know, the hard parts are vegetables

We all know