

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