

Devendra Banhart, When They Come

When they come from over the mountain
Yeah we'll run we'll run right around them
We've got no guns no we don't have any weapons
Just our cornmeal and our children
The dusk runs, the dark clouds, but not us, but not us
While we pay for mistakes with no meaning
All your gifts and all your peace is deceiving
And still our pain dissolves with believing
That peace comes, that peace comes, that peace comes, that peace comes
Now that our bones lay buried below us
Just like stones pressed into the earth
Well we ain't known by no one before us
And we begin with this one little birth
That grows on, that grows on, that grows on, that grows on
Crippled crow say something for grieving
Where do we go once we start leaving?
Well close that wound
Or else keep on bleeding
And change your tune
It's got no meaning.