

Devendra Banhart, An Island

And all my fingers ran off
And I just couldn't follow them
Your eyelash was an island
And your eyes were someone's friend

Oh could that have been
Well I hardly was a real sweet thing
Now when my smells grew some new smells
And I just couldn't smell them all
I smell my sister in the winter
And my father in the fall
Cross and then snow
A tired moan