

Devendra Banhart, Gentle Soul

He told me himself, he's a gentle soul
I saw for myself, he's a gentle soul
Camilla's a calming name, like windowing
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There's nobody else with your babe's little eyes
This is number fourteen out of how many tries
Your voice has a calming strain, all whispering
My voice wants to do the same oh brothering
All alone in your zoo of numbers and clues, of colors and hues