

Devendra Banhart, Onward The Indian

When I'm on my way for a nature walk
I don't start to sing then I'll start to talk
Where'd ya go Mrs. Sun?
Ya juice it on up
Re-tit on your tip
And you squeeze it on up
When I'm on my nerves on a shaky show
I don't start to warm 'til you start to glow
When your arms learn to breathe, they stick to your sleeve
When your sleeves learn to walk, your legs learn to leave
When your leaves learn to stay, your legs run away
I was born in May then he moved away
At the end of June into mid-July
Now I'm on my way