

# Devendra Banhart, So Long Old Bean

Well these days I'm spread so thin  
I'm getting carried up by the wind  
Every time you get high  
You might see me floating by

Well so long old bean  
It's been a dream being with you  
I couldn't tell us apart  
Oh and i know neither could you

Don't tread on me  
When you float downstream  
On a moonbeam

So long old bean  
So long old bean

Here comes the mapinguari singing awww  
When's there gonna be an end to wondering  
When all of our troubles are gonna end 'cause  
We've had our fill of finding our empty pockets  
Emptier still and there probably won't be  
An end to that my friends

Now that my tralala's are dating  
Little sips of the Hollywood bowl  
They mute up my mind  
How kind of them to mellow mellow mellow my soul  
Well they're the gambling kind  
As smooth as a tuba' ass on the dole  
Money never beats soul  
How noble

Don't forget me  
When you float downstream  
On a moonbeam

So long old bean  
So long old bean

I'm a little firefly  
Landing on you