

Devendra Banhart, Tonada Yanomaminista

We burned all our clothes
Blew yopo up our nose
We're a young and lazy ol' wild boar
Yep
We followed the stork
It led us to camp
We didn't get lost but we lost a chance
1901 was the year of the bleedin' horse
And i was lonely, lonely
1902 the devil sucked off the moon
Please hold me, please hold me
My ear to your chest,
Your back to the ground,
Please move mama
Please make a sound
That war party's lookin' for you
And lookin' for me
Damn, damn, we weren't scared
Just unprepared
So we followed the caw
'till our eyes were locked in,
We became her and she became them
And then
I heard the voice of heaven
Sayin' don't be scared of anything
I heard the voice of the land,
The beautiful land, sing
I recognize you mother
In a little playful touch from death
As above so below
You're in control of the rest
Then the six nipples frog
Ran across the golden moss
Followin' behind us, behind us
And the w.a.c.
Was pointing remingtons at the trees
They couldn't find us
Can't find us