

# Tonada Yanomaminista

**Devendra Banhart**

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 Remington's at the trees  
They couldn't find us  
Can't find us

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