

A Sight to Behold

Devendra Banhart

It's a sight to behold
When you've got some old words to mold
And you can make 'em your own
Still love it would be much better
Love it would be much better
I'm told
It's like golden corn
And I love its golden glow
It's the little head inside your little hole
And out spring some sparkling thoughts
Still love it would be much better
It's like finding hope
In an old folk song
That you've never ever heard
Still you know every word
And for sure you can sing along
But love it would be much better
I know, I know

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