

This is the Way

Devendra Banhart

This is the soup that I believe in
This is the smoke I'm always breathing
This is the way I share my breakfast
This is the way I serve my sentence I know, I know
I should lay low
I should stand tall This is the beard I'm always growing
I know they're here, I see them floating
Her empress beards, they float so holy
Their beards are here, they gently hold me Well, who knows, who knows
Yeah, I may come home
Yeah, I may return This is the way I'm always leaving
This is the soft voice of the evening
This is the way I hear my father
These are the flames that drown the water Well, I knew, I knew
I could stand tall
I could lay low This is the sound that swims inside me
That circle sound is what surrounds me
This is the land that grows around me
And these are the hands that come in handy Well, we've known, we've known
We've had a choice
We chose rejoice

Songwriters

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