

# Onward the Indian

**Devendra Banhart**

When I'm on my way for a nature walk  
I don't start to sing then I'll start to talk  
Where'd ya go Mrs. Sun? Ya juice it on up  
Re-tit on your tip and you squeeze it on up When I'm on my nerves on a shaky show  
I don't start to warm 'til you start to glow  
When your arms learn to breathe, they stick to your sleeve  
When your sleeves learn to walk, your legs learn to leave When your leaves learn to stay, your legs run away  
I was born in May then he moved away  
At the end of June into mid-July, now I'm on my way

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