

# Cripple Crow

[Devendra Banhart](#)

When they come from the over the mountain  
Yeah, we'll run, we'll run right around them  
We've got no guns, no, we don't have any weapons  
Just our corn and the childrenThe dust runs, the dark clouds but not us, but not us  
While we pay for mistakes with no meaning  
All your gifts and all your peace is deceiving  
And still I pay dissolves with believing  
That peace comes, their peace comes  
That peace comes, their peace comesNow that our bones lay buried below us  
Just like stones pressed into the earth  
Well, we ain't known by no one before us  
And we begin with this one little birthThat grows on, that grows on, that grows on, that grows on  
Crippled crow, say something for grieving  
Where do we go  
Once we start leaving?

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