

Cosmos and Demos

Devendra Banhart

I've never told this story to another living soul
For fear it might awaken and the story would unfold
Candles in a courtyard and a paper colored cat
While demos danced on feathers and cosmos held the hat
Next came their profession and a paper colored purr
An umber armed albino and the crowd began to stir
I slid behind a linden to swallow what I'd seen
I slid behind a linden and to swallow what I'd seen
Threads of grass and thumbles, needles made of hair
Leaves a dance that stumbles, limbs laughed in the air
Threads of grass and thumbles, needles made of hair
Leaves a dance that stumbles, limbs laughed in the air
And on the day you fall, who's name would you call
The only thing you taught me is the only thing you know
How to start a fir once the umbers cease to glow
The only thing you taught me is the only thing you know

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