

An Island

Devendra Banhart

And all my fingers ran off
And I, I just couldn't follow them
Your eyelash was an island
And your eyes were someone's friend How could that have been?
Well, I hardly was a real sweet thing Now when my smells grew some new smells
And I just couldn't smell them all
I smell my sister in the winter
And my father in the fall Cross and then snow
A tired moon

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