

We All Know

Devendra Banhart

We all know that the wind blows
And the moon glows and our lungs grow
We belong to the floating hand
That's made by some animals And we all dance so we can let go
And remove clothes and trade loans
Like a type of tongue that roots from your breast
And it shakes your pretty little clavicle A good friend is walking
To a homeland and inside land
And to him I said, "You can leave your eyes
At the horizon's dead door
'Cause you won't need them anymore" The children spend the dawning
And the morning disappearing
They reappeared as a seed of love
You know, the earth buds are vegetables

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