

This Beard Is for Siobhan

Devendra Banhart

The daughter of a man was a mammal
She wore the mark of fire and of flame
Though they're both the same Born onto the age of the golden
Oh that golden age of endless
Loss and endless gain Now because my lips have split
All the little children they are hiding in front
In the middle and in the behind And because my nose has froze
But I can keep on smelling
I could smell my little day away
I could smell my whole day away Now because my teeth don't bite
I could take them out dancing
I could take my little teeth out
And I show them a real good time Well, a real good time, a good time
A real good time, good time, a good time
A real good time, good time, a good time
A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time
A real good time, good time, a good time
A real good time, good time, a good time
A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time
A real good time, good time, a good time
A real good time

Songwriters

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