

## An Island

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And all my fingers ran off  
And I just couldn't follow them  
Your eyelash was an island  
And your eyes were someone's friend

Oh 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 moan