

Aperpareplane (early recording)

Devendra Banhart

On an aperpareplane
Souls, Annie said
With jaws and arms the right length
To sing your soul to bed.

'Cause you fly an aperpareplane
Fashion from your niece
Crimson dress and nice clothes
Singing me to sleep

Fly an aperpareplane
Annie says my name
Jaws and hands the right length
No architects could blame

A life of paper airplanes
Flown from parkinglots
Smiling at the streetlights, oh dear...

And years being to roll your way
Reading a book of the way you look
Singing a song of where you belong