

Onward the Indian

Devendra Banhart

When I'm on my way
For a nature walk
I don't start to sing
'Til I start to talk

Where'd you go Mrs. Sun?
You juice it on up
Re-tit on your tips
And you squeeze it on up

When I'm on my nerves
On a shaky show
I don't start to warm
'Til you start to glow

When your arms learn to breathe
They stick to your sleeve
When your sleeves learn to walk
Your legs learn to leave

When your leaves learn to stay
Your legs run away
I was born in May
Then he moved away

At the end of June
Into mid-July
Now I'm on my way
Now I'm on my way