

The Thumbs Touch Too Much

Devendra Banhart

If I were more like city girls
if I were more like city girls
If I were more like fancy girls
And thanks little bee, think of me
Here's four photographs
Just for laughs

My Miss Shipwreck sinks
Yes she sings
My Miss Pitchfork pinch
Yes she pinch
My Miss Sidewalk slips
Makes a mess, tickle flesh
When the night doesn't want you
And the sounds all surround you
And the steps to the temple
Are the breasts made of puddles

And if I were more like city girls
If I were more like fancy girls
And all my thumbs touch too much