

# When They Come

Devendra Banhart

When they come from over the mountain  
Yeah we'll run  
we'll run right around them  
We've got no guns  
no we don't have any weapons  
Just our cornmeal and our children

The dusk runs, the dark clouds, but not us, but not us

While we pay for mistakes with no meaning  
All your gifts and all your peace is deceiving  
And still our pain dissolves with believing

That peace comes, that peace comes, that peace comes, that peace comes

Now that our bones lay buried below us  
Just like stones pressed into the earth  
Well we ain't known by no one before us  
And we begin with this one little birth

That grows on, that grows on, that grows on, that grows on

Crippled crow say something for grieving  
Where do we go once we start leaving?  
Well close that wound  
Or else keep on bleeding  
And change your tune  
It's got no meaning.