

Devendra Banhart

"A Gentle Soul"

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He told me himself
He's a gentle soul
I saw for myself
He's a gentle soul

Camilla's a calming name
Like windowing
Camilla's a calming name
Like windowing

Now there's nobody else
With your babe's little eyes
This is number fourteen
Out of how many tries

Your voice has a calming strain
All whispering
My voice wants to do the same
Oh, brothering

And all alone in your zoo
Of numbers and clues
Of colors and hues

He told me himself
He's a gentle soul

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