

Devendra Banhart

"Cripple Crow"

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When they come from the 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 corn and the children

The dust 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 I pay dissolves with believing
That peace comes, their peace comes
That peace comes, their 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

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