Devendra Banhart "This Beard Is For Siobhan"

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The daughter of a man was a mammal She wore the mark of fire and of flame Though they're both the same

Born onto the age of the golden Oh that golden age of endless Loss and endless gain

Now because my lips have split
All the little children they are hiding in front
In the middle and in the behind

And because my nose has froze
But I can keep on smelling
I could smell my little day away
I could smell my whole day away

Now because my teeth don't bite I could take them out dancing I could take my little teeth out And I show them a real good time

Well, a real good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time

A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time

A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time, good time, a good time A real good time

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