

Devendra Banhart, So Long Old Bean

Well these days I'm spread so thin
I'm getting carried up by the wind
Every time you get high
You might see me floating by

Well so long old bean
It's been a dream being with you
I couldn't tell us apart
Oh and i know neither could you

Don't tread on me
When you float downstream
On a moonbeam

So long old bean
So long old bean

Here comes the mapinguari singing awww
When's there gonna be an end to wondering
When all of our troubles are gonna end 'cause
We've had our fill of finding our empty pockets
Emptier still and there probably won't be
An end to that my friends

Now that my tralala's are dating
Little sips of the Hollywood bowl
They mute up my mind
How kind of them to mellow mellow mellow my soul
Well they're the gambling kind
As smooth as a tuba' ass on the dole
Money never beats soul
How noble

Don't forget me
When you float downstream
On a moonbeam

So long old bean
So long old bean

I'm a little firefly
Landing on you