

# Tonada Yanomaminista

Devendra Banhart

We burned all our clothes  
Blew Yopo up our nose  
We're a young and lazy ol' wild boar  
Yep

We followed the stork  
It led us to camp  
We didn't get lost but we lost a chance  
1901 was the year of the bleedin' horse

And I was lonely, lonely  
1902 the Devil sucked off the moon  
Please hold me, please hold me  
My ear to your chest,

Your back to the ground,  
Please move mama  
Please make a sound  
That war party's lookin' for you

And lookin' for me  
Damn, damn, we weren't scared  
Just unprepared  
So we followed the caw

'Till our eyes were locked in,  
We became her and she became them  
And then  
I heard the voice of heaven

Sayin' don't be scared of anything  
I heard the voice of the land,  
The beautiful land, sing  
I recognize you mother

In a little playful touch from death  
As above so below  
You're in control of the rest  
Then the six nipples frog

Ran across the golden moss  
Followin' behind us, behind us  
And the W.A.C.  
Was pointing Remingtons at the trees

They couldn't find us  
Can't find us