

## Aperpareplane (early recording)

Devendra Banhart

On an aperpareplane  
Souls, Annie said  
With jaws and arms the right length  
To sing your soul to bed.

'Cause you fly an aperpareplane  
Fashion from your niece  
Crimson dress and nice clothes  
Singing me to sleep

Fly an aperpareplane  
Annie says my name  
Jaws and hands the right length  
No architects could blame

A life of paper airplanes  
Flown from parkinglots  
Smiling at the streetlights, oh dear...

And years being to roll your way  
Reading a book of the way you look  
Singing a song of where you belong