

## Cripple Crow

Devendra Banhart

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