

# Chin Chin & Muck Muck

Devendra Banhart

When I was a young boy, I had a lot of young boys,  
And we taught each other dearly how to love (dearly how to love)  
Now that I'm an old hag, all I gots are things that sag,  
But it really ain't so bad, no it really ain't so bad.

Look at the neighbors with their long, long, hair,  
making their money at a Renaissance fair  
They live under your dress in a massengilic mess,  
Singin' klang, bang, wang, I swear.

The neighbors will hear you (x4)

A glass eye tends to the garden in your breast,  
Singin' "Mama, you're a dog too dull to bite"  
My love's central sun hides her bells in emptiness,  
I hung the hangman and I ain't afraid to fight.

But he's gonna get me,  
He's gonna get me,  
He won't forget me,  
He's gonna get me.

Well, steal my, steal my face I do declare,  
This might be a start of a new affair,  
I'm gonna braid exotic birds in your hair,  
How can I tell cause I see wildfire everywhere.

But that's gonna be some, be some.

All my thoughts are hairs on a wild, wild boar,  
Runnin' slowly down the lilac slope,  
We're trying not to scare the sweet prairie hogs,  
As we descend on them like vultures through the fog.

We're vulpinus vultures,  
We're vulpinus vultures,  
We're elegant armchairs,  
We're vulpinus vultures.

Give heals time to wound as we lazily spoon,  
Bend me over, bend back my bow,  
And take a little and I'll grant you every wish,  
Glue my belly to your gibbous rainbow.

Chin Chin and Muck Muck.