

Icicle Tusk

Fleet Foxes

I'll shoot you dead
For the father
Of the coal miner's daughter
Beneath the icicle tusk
You and me among the flattering dusk

In my haste I draw my weapon
Designing your final lesson
As you recede to the floor
All is silent but the fluttering door

Twenty-five grand on the table
Of the high wall street stable
I'm not responsible for
The reputation of the
Neighborhood whore

But I'm a keyhole peeker
And you're my surveillance keeper
And though my memory rusts
I will always see the icicle tusk

And I must admit
That it gets lonesome on my shelf
This much I can tell
This much I can tell