

The Shrine/An Argument

Fleet Foxes

I went down among the dust and pollen
To the old stone fountain in the morning after dawn
Underneath were all these pennies fallen from the hands of children
They were there and then they were gone

And I wonder what became of them
What became of them

Sunlight over me no matter what I do
Apples in the Summer are golden sweet
Everyday a passing complete

I'm not one to ever pray for mercy
Or to wish on pennies in the fountain or the shrine
But that day you know I left my money
And I thought of you only
All that copper glowing fine

And I wonder what become of you
What became of you

Sunlight over me no matter what I do
Apples in the summer are golden sweet
Everyday a passing complete
Apples in the summer are golden sweet
Everyday a passing complete

In the morning waking up to terrible sunlight
All diffuse like skin abuse the sun is half it's size
When you talk you hardly even look in my eye
In the morning, in the morning

In the doorway holding every letter that I wrote
In the driveway pulling away putting on your coat
In the ocean washing off my name from your throat
In the morning, in the morning

In the ocean washing off my name from your throat
In the morning, in the morning

Green apples hang from my tree
They belong only to me
Green apples hang from my green apple tree
They belong only to, only to me

And if I just stay awhile here staring at the sea
And the waves break ever closer, ever near to me
I will lay down in the sand and let the ocean lead
Carry me to innisfree like pollen on the breeze