

715 - CRΣΣKS

Bon Iver

Down along the creek
I remember something
Her, the heron hurried away
When first I breeched that last Sunday

Low moon don the yellow road
I remember something
That leaving wasn't easing
All that heaving in my vines
And as certain it is evening 'at is now is not the time
Ooh
Toiling with your blood
I remember something
In B, unrationed kissing on a night second to last
Finding both your hands
As second sun came past the glass
And oh, I know it felt right
And I had you in my grasp

Oh, then how we gonna cry
Cause it once might not mean something
Love, and second glance
It is not something that we'll need
Honey, understand that I have been left here in the reeds
But all I'm trying to do is get my feet out from the crease

And I'll see you
Turn around, you're my A-Team
Turn around now, you're my A-Team
God damn, turn around now
You're my A-Team