

## re: stacks

Bon Iver

This my excavation and today is kumran  
Everything that happens is from now on  
This is pouring rain  
This is paralyzed

I keep throwing it down two-hundred at a time  
It's hard to find it when you knew it  
When your money's gone  
And you're drunk as hell

On your back with your racks as the stacks are your load  
In the back and the racks and the stacks of your load  
In the back with your racks and you're un-stacking your load

Well I've been twisting to the sun and the moon  
I needed to replace  
The fountain in the front yard is rusted out  
All my love was down  
In a frozen ground

There's a black crow sitting across from me  
His wiry legs are crossed  
He is dangling my keys, he even fakes a toss  
Whatever could it be  
That has brought me to this loss?

On your back with your racks as the stacks are your load  
In the back and the racks and the stacks of your load  
In the back with your racks and you're un-stacking your load

This is not the sound of a new man or crispy realization  
It's the sound of the unlocking and the lift away  
Your love will be  
Safe with me