

## Leave Little Fiddler (Alone)

Destroyer

The windows stay closed,  
They've never known me.  
I walk to the door if it looks like it's lonely.

The turn-table turns  
For a song you just learned:  
An old story worth telling,  
Morphology gone wrong.

The ashes feel good in my hands.  
So did you, so they say, so they claim, so did you.  
The ashes feel good in my hands.  
So did you, so they say, so they claim, so did you.

How can you go home again  
If everything has been burnt?  
How can you go home again  
If everything has been burnt?

You can't ever  
You can never  
You can't ever  
You can never  
Bonnie Cane(?) went away, one drunken Welsh Gray  
Now I never know what to do