

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