

Drops in the River

Fleet Foxes

Crown of leaves, high in the window on a gold morning
Young today, old as a railroad tomorrow
Days are just drops in the river to be lost always
Only you, only you, you know

Years ago, birds of a feather would arrive nightly
Gone you know, held to another like clutched ivy
On the shore, speak to the ocean and receive silence
Only you, only you, you know

You hesitate, so my memory fades
I'll hold to the first one
"I wouldn't turn to another," you say
On the long night we've made

Let it go

Only you, only you, you know
Only you, only you, you know

You hesitate, so my memory fades
I'll hold to the first one
"I wouldn't turn to another," you say
On the long night we've made

Let it go
Let it go

Speak to me slow, my dear
No ghost, of course, in here
Pleased to be lonesome, quiet and clear
All is alone in here