

English House

Fleet Foxes

You go with your two feet bare
Down through the cold lane there to Brighton
A country house, a liar and a louse live there

And go with your arms held wide
Happiness in your eyes, come and sit
And stay the night, turn out every light you see
And lay them down, buried in the ground for me

Oh, my love
Oh, my love
Oh, my love
Oh, my love

The tongues of the creatures wait
Drawn to the fragile legs you walk on
A cold wind blows, Brighton to the coast for me
A cold wind blows, Brighton to the coast for me

Oh, my love
Oh, my love
Oh, my love
Oh, my love

Oh, my love
Oh, my love
Oh, my love
Oh, my love