

## Icicle Tusk

Fleet Foxes

I'll shoot you dead  
For the father  
Of the coal miner's daughter  
Beneath the icicle tusk  
You and me among the flattering dusk

In my haste I draw my weapon  
Designing your final lesson  
As you recede to the floor  
All is silent but the fluttering door

Twenty-five grand on the table  
Of the high wall street stable  
I'm not responsible for  
The reputation of the  
Neighborhood whore

But I'm a keyhole peeker  
And you're my surveillance keeper  
And though my memory rusts  
I will always see the icicle tusk

And I must admit  
That it gets lonesome on my shelf  
This much I can tell  
This much I can tell