

Kept Woman

Fleet Foxes

Beating my drum in the fading hour
Biting my tongue but the blood is sour
Pulling up, most of, the foxglove
From the ground, ready to devour

If I had seen any other way
If it had been any other day
Would I be round
And shouting to be heard from the alley way
To be heard from the end of the alley way
Too long at the head of the table
Too unseen like light in a dream
Blue mind, weary but able
Blue mind, weary but able

Everything splayed, getting cut in half
Just to be staged for a photograph
Just to be some day
Some play for the length of a paragraph
For the length of a paragraph
Too long swinging in it
Too unseen like light in a dream
Blue mind, weary but able
Blue mind, weary but able

Beating my drum in the fading hour
Biting my tongue but the blood is sour
Pulling up, most of, the fox glove
From the ground maybe to devour