

Bon Iver, 715 - CREEKS

Down along the creek
I remember something
Her, the heron hurried away
When first I breeched that last Sunday

Low moon don the yellow road
I remember something
That leaving wasn't easing
All that heaving in my vines
And as certain it is evening 'at is now is not the time
Ooh

Toiling with your blood
I remember something
In B, unrationed kissing on a night second to last
Finding both your hands as second sun came past the glass
And oh, I know it felt right and I had you in my grasp

Oh, then how we gonna cry
Cause it once might not mean something
Love, a second glance it is not something that we'll need
Honey, understand that I have been left here in the reeds
But all I'm trying to do is get my feet out from the crease

And I'll see you

Turn around, you're my A-Team
Turn around now, you're my A-Team
God damn, turn around now, you're my A-Team