

# 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