

# Fleet Foxes, Drops In The River

Crown of leaves, high in the window on a gold morning  
Young today, old as a railroad tomorrow  
Days are just drops in the river to be lost always  
Only you

Years ago, birds of a feather would arrive nightly  
Gone you know, held to another like clutched ivy  
On the shore, speak to the ocean and receive silence  
Only you

Here as the caves of my memory fade, I'll hold to the first one  
I wouldn't turn to another you say, on the long night we've made  
Let it go

Speak to me slow my dear, no ghost of course in here,  
pleased to be lonesome quiet and clear, all is alone in here.