

# Fleet Foxes, Tiger Mountain Peasant Song

Wanderers  
this morning came by.  
Where did they go?  
Graceful in the morning light,  
to banner fair.  
To follow you softly  
in the cold mountain air.

Through the forest  
down to your grave.  
Where the birds wait,  
and the tall grasses wave.  
They do not  
know you anymore.

Dear shadow alive and well,  
How can the body die?  
You tell me everything,  
anything true.

In the town one morning I went.  
Staggering through premonitions of my death.  
I don't see  
anybody that dear to me.

Dear shadow alive and well.  
How can the body die?  
You tell me everything,  
anything true.

Jesse  
I don't know what I have done.  
I'm turning myself  
to a demon.  
I don't know what I have done.  
I'm turning myself  
to a demon.