

Bon Iver, Blood Bank

Well, I met you at the blood bank
We were looking at the bags
Wondering if any of the colors
Matched any of the names we knew on the tags

You said, "See look at it: that's yours
Stacked on top with your brother's.
See how they resemble one another's
Even in their plastic little covers."

And I said, "I know it well.
That secret that you know that you don't know how to tell
It fucks with your honor and it teases your head
But you know that it's good, girl
'Cause it's running you with red."

Then the snow started falling
We were stuck out in your car
You were rubbing both my hands
Chewing on a candy bar

You said, "Ain't this just like the present
To be showing up like this?
As the moon waned to crescent
We started to kiss

And I said, "I know it well.
That secret that we know that we don't know how to tell
I'm in love with your honor, I'm in love with your cheeks
What's that noise up the stairs, babe?
Is that Christmas morning creaks?"

And I know it well, I know it well
And I know it well, I know it well
And I know it well, I know it well
And I know it well, I know it well