

# Bon Iver, Brackett, Wi

An easy swing had its time shouldered  
Slow bending axe  
Now it's a photo framed  
The swing hasn't had it

And here we are rebuilding roads  
Right by roosting towns  
It's just like the love  
The one that's never been enough

So I'm counting on your fingers  
'Cause you've reattached the twitch  
And if you want opinion  
I will die along the ditches

And every summer is a hot token  
To the cold, cold take of lust  
And every autumn sings  
With the business of sadness

Friend had it wrong they see  
Honey let it burn  
And the curve in the county  
Is never served

So I'm counting on your fingers  
'Cause you've reattached the twitch  
And if you want opinion  
I will die along the ditches