

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