

Bon Iver, Haven, Mass

Cobbled to your trail
Bevel through the speech
In the harbors I was hanging on
Cradled wrought and weak
Hardly aching for your drum
I'll be able when you're air born

Peddle all the marble
Tell them all be missing me
Fought from the mainstay
Unhung from a halter
I am back from Baltic now
It's been raining
Now I'm having
You are haven, dear

Pond in north face eyes
Center's sable
Just like cinders in a prairie fire

Pave in the broad
Charring up the tall trees mawed'em
Well, it's maple for their deputy

Got another novel
And I'd wash it down ravines
You're my main in
How that you have altered
Sure is to some fine degree
It's not careening
I am having
You
Are haven, dear...