

# Bon Iver, Skinny Love

Come on skinny love just last the year  
Pour a little salt, we were never here  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my, my  
Staring at the sink of blood and crushed veneer

I tell my love to wreck it all  
Cut out all the ropes and let me fall  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my, my  
Right in this moment this order's tall

I told you to be patient  
I told you to be fine  
And I told you to be balanced  
And I told you to be kind

In the morning I'll be with you  
But it will be a different kind  
I'll be holding all the tickets  
And you'll be owning all the fines

Come on skinny love what happened here  
We suckled on the hope in lite brassieres  
My, my, my, my, my, my, my, my  
Sullen load is full, so slow on the split

And I told you to be patient  
And I told you to be fine  
And I told you to be balanced  
And I told you to be kind

And now all your love is wasted  
And then who the hell was I?  
I'm breaking at the britches  
And at the end of all your lines

Who will love you?  
Who will fight?  
Who will fall far behind?  
Ooh, ooh