

# Bon Iver, Wash

Climb  
Is all we know  
When thaw  
Is not below us  
No, can't grow up  
In that iron ground  
Claire, all too sore for sound

Bet  
Is hardly shown  
Scraped  
Across the foam  
Like they stole it  
And oh, how they hold it  
Claire, we nearly forfeit

I'm growing like the quickening hues  
I'm telling darkness from lines on you  
Over havens for a full and swollen morass, young habitat!  
All been living alone, where the ice snap and the hold clast are known

Home  
We're savage high  
Come  
We finally cry  
Oh and we don't  
Because it's right  
Claire, I was too sore for sight

We're sewing up through the latched greens  
Un-peel keenness, honey, bean for bean  
Same white pillar tone as with the bone street sand is thrown where she stashed us at  
All been living alone, where the cracks at in the low part of the stoning