

Sim Sala Bim

Fleet Foxes

He was so kind, such a gentleman tied to the oceanside
Lighting a match on the suitcase's latch in the fading of night
Ruffle the fur of the collie 'neath the table
Ran out the door through the dark
Carved out his initials in the bark
Then the Earth shook, that was all that it took for the dream to break
All the loose ends would surround me again in the shape of your face
What makes me love you despite the
reservations?
What do I see in your eyes
Besides my reflection hanging high?
Are you off somewhere reciting incantations?
Sim sala bim on your tongue
Carving off the hair of someone's young
Remember when you had me cut your hair?
Call me Delilah then I wouldn't care

Songwriters

ROBIN PECKNOLD Published by

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