Wash. (Video Accompaniment)

Bon Iver

Climb
is all we know
when thaw
is not below us
no, can't grow up
in that iron groundClaire, all too sore for soundBet
is hardly shown
scraped
across the foam
like they stole it
and oh, how they hold it
Claire, we nearly forfeitI, I'm growing like the quickening hues
I, I'm telling darkness from lines on you
over havens fora full and swollen morass, young habitat!
all been living alone,
where the ice snap and the hold clast are knownHome
we're savage high
Come
we finally cry
oh and we don it
because it's rightClaire, I was too sore for sight
I, we're sewing up through the latchet greens
I, 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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