

Innocent Son

Fleet Foxes

You left me there
Waiting at the bottom of the stairs
with my eyes closed
Holding my right hand in my left
there is no time for hesitation now
you come or go
or goRustling leaves,
Falling beside me on the ghost of a morning.
Riding in sorrow to the harbor
Far behind oh me the bodies of my friends hanging alone alone againSome twisted thorn tells me you saw me in
the night with another
Keep all my promises to break them
I am no, oh no, Innocent son. you run rabbit run

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