

She Got Dressed

Fleet Foxes

He's made of sand
Not flesh and not bone
He's as good as the seeds he's sown
But he loves you so
Like no one else you know could do
Put your wedding dress on
On the tip of my tongue
As the back beat cracks
I hit my drum
I get into the car
My interrogation starts
In the passenger seat
There's a ton of mess of tangled leads
And a golden ring
Glimmerin' at her feet
And the beat it goes on
She got she
Got dressed got
She got dressed up
[X2]And the beat it goes on
Is he quick on his feet?
Does he ever look past you on the street?

Is he ever on time
When he's getting home at night?
In the opposite side
Every argument keepin' every night
Is it what you accept?
Is there anything that's left?
And the beat it goes on
She got she
Got dressed got
She got dressed up
And the beat it goes on
She got she
Got dressed got
She got dressed up
Beat will go on
Yeah the beat will go

For the king in the pot
Yeah the beat will go on
[X2]Beat will go on
Over land over still
Out of the garden and over the hill
[X2]

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