

The General Specific

Band of Horses

If the trials at hand are really getting you down
We had a close call, I didn't even see it, then another one, I hardly believed it at all.
What the writers say, it means shit to me now.
Plants and animals, we're on a bender when it's 80 degrees, the end of December, What's going on?
Only for you and me.
When the showing up ends, who's going back to the south, where hungry necks that I know, and runnin'
the blender in a lightning storm, are disguised as a blessing I'm sure.
growing up here, there comes a fork in the road, pants have gotta go, we're on an island on
The fourth of July, it looks like the tide is going home.
In time I'd find a little way to your heart, down to the general store for nothing specific,
Gonna wash my bones in the Atlantic shore - only for you and me

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