Meadowlarks

Fleet Foxes

Meadowlark, fly your way down.
I hold a cornucopia and a golden crown
For you to wear upon your fleecy down.
My meadowlark, sing to me.
Hummingbird, just let me die
Inside the broken ovals of your olive eye.
I do believe you gave it your best try.

My hummingbird, sing to me.
My hummingbird, sing to me.
Don't believe a word that I haven't heard.
Little children laughing at the boys and girls.
The meadowlark singing to you each and every day.
The arc light on the hillside and the market in the hay.

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