Innocent Son

Robin Pecknold

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 go

Rusting 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 again
Some 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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