

# Sim Sala Bim

## Fleet Foxes

He was so kind  
Such a gentleman tied to the ocean side  
Lighting a match  
On the suitcase's latch in the fading of night  
Ruffle the fur of the collie 'neath the table  
Ran out the door through the dark  
Carved out his initials in the bark  
Then the earth shook  
That was all that it took for the dream to break  
All the loose ends  
Would surround me again in the shape of your face  
What makes me love you despite the reservations?  
What do I see in your eyes  
Besides my reflection hanging high?  
Are you off somewhere reciting incantations?  
Sim sala bim on your tongue  
Carving off the hair of someone's young  
Remember when you had me cut your hair?  
Call me Delilah, then I wouldn't care

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