

The Shrine (Hannes Fischer Remix)

Fleet Foxes

I went down among the dust and pollen
to the old stone fountain in the morning after dawn
underneath were all these pennies fallen from the hands of children
they were there and then were gone and I wonder what became of them
what became of them sunlight over me no matter what I do
apples in the Summer are golden sweet
everyday a passing complete I'm not one to ever pray for mercy
or to wish on pennies in the fountain or the shrine
but that day you know I left my money
and I thought of you only
all that copper glowing fine and I wonder what became of you
what became of you Sunlight over me no matter what I do
apples in the summer are golden sweet
everyday a passing complete
apples in the summer are golden sweet
everyday a passing complete In the morning waking up to terrible sunlight
All diffuse like skin abused
The sun is half its size
When you talk you hardly even look in my eyes
in the morning, in the morning In the doorway holding that letter I wrote
in the driveway pulling away putting on your coat
in the ocean washing off my name from your throat
in the morning, in the morning in the ocean washing off my name from your throat
in the morning, in the morning Green apples hang from my tree
they belong only to me
Green apples hang from my green apple tree
they belong only to, only to me and if I just stay awhile here staring at the sea
and the waves break ever closer, ever near to me
I will lay down in the sand and let the ocean leave
carry me to Innisfree like pollen on the breeze

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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