English House

Fleet Foxes

Go with your two feet bare
Down through the cold lane there, to Brighton.
A country house, a liar and a louse live there.
Go with your arms held wide.
Happiness in your eyes, come and sit.
And stay the night. Turn out of the light you see.
And lay them down buried in the ground for me.
Whoa my love, Whoa my love,
Whoa my love, Whoa my love,

Whoa...
Tongues in a creatures way.
Drawn to the fragile legs, you walk on.
A cold wind blows right into the coast for me.
The cold wind blows right into the coast for me.
Whoa my love, Oh my love,
Whoa my love, Oh my love,
Whoa my love, Oh my love,
Whoa my love, Oh my love,
Oh...

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