

SPEYSIDE

Bon Iver

I know now that I can't make good
How I wish I could
Go back and put
Me where you stood
Nothing's really something now the whole thing's soot

It serves to suffer, make a hole in my foot
And hope you look
As I fill my book
What a waste of wood
Nothing's really happened like I thought it would

Ah, ah, ah

I can't rest on no dynasty
Yeah, what is wrong with me?
Man, I'm so sorry
I got the best of me
I really damn been on such a violent spree

But maybe you can still make a man from me
Here on Speyside quay
With what's left of me
As you live and breathe
I really know now what had hold on me