

# 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