

## For A Week Or Two

Fleet Foxes

Some lost coast  
Some bright days  
No face on your young head  
Piece of wheat  
In your teeth  
Carrying water, pears, and bread

And you're close to some surrender  
You can feel it at your feet  
And later on remember  
When the fever broke and you could eat

And you've brought enough to last another week or two  
Know the door is open know that I miss

You sought land  
Overgrown  
No words, no false, no true  
Water stands  
Waves just pass through it  
Like something moves through you