

# Maestranza

Fleet Foxes

Monday night  
Loud in the road outside  
I saw the gate coming down  
And smoke all around  
The south hill

These last days  
Con-men controlled my fate  
No one is holding the whip  
And the oil won't stick  
But I will

Now that a light is on  
Now that the water runs  
And the heartless are nearly gone  
No time to get it wrong

Sunday end  
Ache for the sight of friends  
Though I've been safe in the thought  
That the line we walk  
Is the same one

Now that a light is on  
Now that the water runs  
And the heartless are nearly gone  
No time to get it wrong

Sometimes it comes to this, no it's true  
This time, what comes of it, call it due  
I do  
I do  
I do  
I do

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Now that the water runs  
And the heartless are nearly gone  
No time to get it wrong