Shore

Fleet Foxes

Kin of my kin
I rely on you
Taking me in
When a wave runs me through
As a shore I ever seem to sail to
And I know old heavinesses shake you

Maybe I stayed
Little long, could be
I needed shade
Sand on my feet
And it's some new ailment is in me
Can't divide what's memory and what's dream

Afraid of the empty
But too safe on the shore
And 'fore I forget me
I want to record

While I see it all
While I see it all

I remember walking shoulders hours speaking
I remember meeting Clementine and weeping
I remember Prine I remember you
After word of Berman I remember Pfeiffer burning
I remember hoping I'd remember nothing
Now I only hope I'm holding onto something

Now the quarter moon is out
Now the quarter moon is out

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