

Thymia

Fleet Foxes

Pair of tin cups rolling in the backseat
Rustle like a mallet on a downbeat
Rain will make rust, water on the concrete

Have a true love, more than just an outline
Solid shape of, known it for a long time
Never failed us, even losing daylight

Thymia accompany us
All the way to Townsend

How to explain, moving as a phantom?
Falling like rain, over and abandoned

Thymia accompany us
All the way to Townsend