

Song For the Sold

Kishi Bashi

Remember all the drives
Through the cloudy mountain sides
When the river starved to death
Whatever feelings you had in you left

And when the enemy unwinds
And all the cells again divide
What is this feeling in the rain?
What if I never feel this air again?

One for the bold you get
Two for the man
This is a song for the sold
Stick a finger to the cold

Song for the sold
Stick a finger to the cold

A hundred eyes to hold
The very many smiles of old
When your mother died you fell
Off of the silhouetted carousel

Now the evergreen is bright
And brings a silver to the night
What is this feeling in the rain?
What if I never feel the air again?

Song for the sold
Stick a finger to the cold