

# Foregone

The Decemberists

Here arise and say it's a honey (?)  
All this light that daybreak brings  
And the ancient bands that brung me  
To the bed where you're sleeping safe

And we had agreed on Henry  
Long before a flutter felt  
And so it will be till memory  
Makes a shadow of ourselves

And the reach and the wrecks and the wrong  
All would lead to believe that it's not  
But it's foregone  
It's foregone

Can it be that this is given  
This awaking from long dark night  
Of a soul so on and wizened  
Sleep away to set to rights

And the reach and the wrecks and the wrong  
All would lead to believe that it's not  
But it's foregone  
It's foregone  
It's foregone, it's foregone

And the reach and the wrecks and the wrong  
All would lead to believe that it's not  
And the reach and the wrecks and the wrong  
It's foregone  
It's foregone  
It's foregone  
It's foregone

Carry on  
Ooh carry on