

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