

## Fortune

Wye Oak

If it is binding  
If it is finding out  
Nothing fills the valley in my chest  
Only something I knew I'd regret  
Or so I figure  
Until I find myself  
Tugging out the linens on the bed  
Leaving no impression where I slept

The truth is always when it's gone, it's gone  
And I left you a fortune  
And even in the full embrace of love  
Is it really just one?

We dream of binding  
We dream of finding out  
Morning comes and rider rings the hand  
As if we are anything but powerless  
And so I figure  
And here I find myself  
Mourning my condition, I can't tell  
If it's proof that I am sick or well

But you can't paint a picture of the sun  
You can't see it undone  
The truth is always when it's gone, it's gone  
But I left you a fortune  
And even in the full embrace of love  
Is it really just one?