

Bon Iver, 666

Sixes hang in the door
What kind of shit to ignore
I've cut the cloth
(Ooo, hard line circle)
How to know who to write
How to know who can cull up all the questions
(We know that I'm right, cease)
To clean out a night
I fell in love

I heard about it
I heard about it
I heard about it
No

And so it's not in your clasp
What's the function or the task
Well, I'd stun and I'd stammer
Help me reach the hammer
(For then what will I ask)

That's a pair of them docks
Mooring out two separate lochs
Ain't that some kind of quandary
Take me into your palms
What is left when unhungry

I learned about it
I learned about it
I've learned about it
No

I'm still standing in
Still standing in the need of the prayer
The need of prayer

No, I don't know the path
Or what kind of pith I've amassed
Long lines of questions
Lessons (lessons)
Lessons, lessons

What do you lose to concede?
And yes it's hard to believe
When 'em sold from your sleeve
Just come off of your kneel
Please, please, please

I can admit to conceal
No, that's not how that's supposed to feel
Oh, no
(It's not for broader appeal)
Fuck the fashion of it, dear

I've laughed about it
I've laughed about it
I've laughed about it
No