

# Bon Iver, Lump Sum

Sold my cold knot, a heavy stone  
Sold my red horse for a venture home  
To vanish on the bow  
Settling slow

Fit it all, fit it in the doldrums  
Or so the story goes  
Color the era  
Film it is historical, ah

My mile could not pump the plumb  
In my arbor 'till my ardor trumped  
Every inner inertia  
Lump sum

All at once rushing from the sub-pump  
Or so the story goes  
Balance we won't know  
We will see when it gets warm, ah