

Swell Season, The

"The Moon"

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Cut the bonds with the moon
Let the dogs gather
Burn the gauze in the spoon
Suck the poison up and bleed

Shut the door to the moon
Let the birds gather
Play no more with the fool
Let the souls wander
And bleed from the soul

A slow hurt
It breaks us
And so down
Down
Down
And so plain
So down

When you play some more it seems so
My friends are past this game of breakdowns
And our friends that are lost at sea throw down
And I'll break the wasted space

Slow down
Slow down
If you don't slow down
Slow down
If you don't slow down
Slow

Cut the bonds with the moon
Watch the dogs gather

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