

## **Fleet Foxes**

### **"Helplessness Blues"**

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I was raised up believin'  
I was somehow unique  
like a snowflake, distinct among snowflakes  
unique in each way you can see.

And now after some thinkin'  
I'd say I'd rather be  
a functioning cog in some great machinery  
servin' something beyond me.

But I don't, I don't know what that will be.  
I'll get back to you someday  
Soon you will see.

What's my name, what's my station  
oh, just tell me what I should do.  
I don't need to be kind to the armies of night  
that would do such injustice to you.  
Or, bow down and be grateful  
and say "sure, take all that you see"  
to the men who move only in dimly lit halls  
and determine my future for me.

And I don't, I don't know who to believe  
I'll get back to you someday  
Soon you will see.

If I know only one thing  
it's that everything I see  
of the world outside is so inconceivable  
that often, I barely can speak.

Yeah, I'm tongue-tied and dizzy  
and I can't keep it to myself  
what good is it to sing helplessness blues?  
Why should I wait for anyone else?

And I know, I know you keep me on the shelf  
I'll come back to you someday,  
soon, myself.

If I had an orchard,

I'd work til I'm raw.  
If I had an orchard,  
I'd work til I'm sore.  
And you would wait tables and soon run the store

Gold hair in the sunlight, my light into dawn.  
If I had an orchard I'd work till I'm sore.  
If I had an orchard I'd work till I'm sore.

Oh oh ohhhhhh.

Someday I'll be like the man on the screen.

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