

Bon Iver

"Lump Sum"

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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's historical

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

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