

## Vampire Weekend "Jonathan Low"

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Last born of the clan  
First one to be free  
Lived inside a house  
Beneath the hanging tree

Loved them deadly nights  
That chilled him to the bone  
Words were cried at night  
In unforgiving tones

Blood of his men  
Was gone beneath snow  
He picked up his knife and his bow  
Killer of Jonathan Low

Violence from without  
And anger from within  
Crawling through the fields  
Informing next to kin

They all turned their backs  
But they all knew his name  
And if he could return  
They'd probably do the same

Blood of his friends  
Was gone beneath snow  
For all that I know, he died  
Killer of Jonathan Low

The blood of his friends  
Was gone beneath snow  
For all that I know, he died  
Killer of Jonathan Low

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