

For Annabelle

Band of Horses

If I want to walk home with you
Hearing every word, thinking it's true
In a barren field for us to cut through
On our victory lap 'cross an old street cat

That turns to stop and see you
A small stone somewhere in your shoe
All day long
All day long
Long

The old folks wake up for the day
Seeing the monsters have lingered from the past
And a great bird is flying away
From our family tree; something wrong with me

I've got a secret or two
Hiding somewhere but
It won't take long
No it won't take long
Long