Iron And Wine, A Book Unfinished

You returned the book unfinished about a girl with raven hair
And a gentleman, her lover, who presented her a mare
Which she rode across the country, leaving him to tend the land
Which had turned to drier quarter when it met his lonely hands

No more weeds left in your garden
No more green and no more stone
No more guilty left to pardon
Only evil of your own

Blind man found a baby, and the virgin kissed a man
From the farmland proven fertile since the rain returned again
But you returned the book unfinished to your friend around the bend
Who had scribed a closing passage but you never reached the end

No more sparrows in your garden
Since you lost your telephone
No more guilty left to pardon
On your hilltop all alone