

# 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