

# Iron And Wine, Fistful Of Roses

A fistful of roses aint the best thing I could do  
I called by the clothesline, and the fish pond Called out for you  
You want an urgent, bent-guitar string kind of man  
And you built a bridge now for to find him, if you can

And Betsy, I see you now that youre gone  
Gone where I hate you, tell me Im wrong  
Wrong that I sent you over that bridge  
And far from me now, although I dont know how

Betsy, I miss you, cant you see that Im in pain  
Might you, if I promise, if I behave, come again  
Would you, if you came back, be beside me by the stairs  
Were so far past the bridge now, though Faded, I see you standing there