

# Iron And Wine, Foot Of The Manger

Awake through the night, and this flood water round her  
Reminds her of the time and low country boys  
And their bottles without her, though shes on their minds

Hands in black mud, at the foot of the manger  
Shell always be young and free to be wrong  
A black lamb licks the dirt off her feet with its tongue

We are blessed, arent we, in the shade of these large auburn leaves  
Unexpectedly we arrive where were all meant to be

Awake through the night, and she prays in the morning  
For distance from harm and low country boys  
With their wealth of protection and mean battle-arms

Hands in black mud, as she sits by the manger  
And closes her eyes, the wind blows outside  
A black car pulls the gravel and wants her to ride

So who will she love, with her head lowed like ashes,  
The sky lost tonight, the wind blows outside  
A glass jar in the window, her shape blocks the candle light