

Iron And Wine, Her Tea Leaves

Come the evening of my days
The dark birds in the trees and in her garden
I think Ill be there somewhere too
The yarrow by my head where I have fallen

And she will lick her thinner thumb
And ringless finger too and douse a candle
And though she never gave a thing
The way she said my name, well be together

When autumn comes, shell be there
Jasmine still in her hair
Her tea leaves dry by the sea

Many men behind her door
Have heard the bathtub run and longed to love her
And though she doesnt wait for me
We never ask the time when were together