

Iron And Wine, Lovesong Of The Buzzard

In the failing light of the afternoon
Lucy in the shade of the dogwood blooms
Yesterday, the solace of a poison fish
Tomorrow I'll be kissing on her blood red lips

And no one is the saviour they would like to be
The love song of the buzzard in the dogwood tree
With a train of horses laughing through the traffic light
And the cradle's unimaginative sense of time

Springtime and the promise of an open fist
A tattoo of a flower on a broken wrist
Lucy tells me jokingly to wipe her brow
"With a pocket map to heaven" and the sun goes down