

# Iron And Wine, No Moon

Black dog bit through the keepers chain  
Small and angry when the Devil came  
Sold my soul like a pocket knife  
There was no moon, there'll be no milk as sweet

Tomcat curled on a rabbit cage  
Brittle fingers in the potters clay  
Sold my soul and I laid her down  
There was no moon, there'll be no milk as sweet

Blue bird laughs on a fallen tree  
Sunset burns on a quiet sea  
Sold my soul and they ran me down  
There was no moon, there'll be no milk as sweet