

Iron And Wine, Sacred Vision

Theres no way to temper your thirst
With lasting impressions or pictures of home
Theres no way to grow that dont hurt
She growled from the station then hung up the phone

Theres no sacred vision like her
No eye-crushing mountain or jewelry to wear
Theres no granted wish I prefer
Then she to be with me, for us to be there

Id rather to be all alone
Forgiveness is fickle when trust is a chore
Its not every sin thats atoned
I heard her speak softly then heard her no more