

Iron And Wine, Sodom, South Georgia

Papa died smiling
Wide as the ring of a bell
Gone all star white
Small as a wishing well
And Sodom, south Georgia
Woke like a tree full of bees
Buried in Christmas bows
And a blanket of weeds

Papa died Sunday and I understood
All dead white boys say, "God is good"
White tongues hang out, "God is good";

Papa died while my girl
Lady Edith was born
Both heads fell like
Eyes on a crack in the door
And Sodom, south Georgia
Slept on an acre of bones
Slept through Christmas
Slept like a bucket of snow

Papa died Sunday and I understood
All dead white boys say, "God is good"
White tongues hang out, "God is good";