

Iron Wine, An Angry Blade

Who left you so?
Who left you so?
Who left you so?
Striking a match for the keyhole
Dark as the evening laid
When he left you all alone
Turning to fade through the sawgrass
Tall as the only love
That you'll ever really know
Who left you so?
Who left you so?
Who left you so?
Grace is a gift for the fallen dear
You're an angry blade and you're brave
But you're all alone
Turning a shade of an angel born
In a bramble ditch when the doors
Of heaven closed