

# Iron Wine, Lion's Mane

Run like a race for family  
When you hear like you're alone  
The rusted gears of morning  
To faceless busy phones  
We gladly run in circles  
But the shape we meant to make is gone  
Love is a tired symphony  
Tou hum when you're awake  
Love is a crying baby  
Mama warned you not to shake  
Love is the best sensation  
Hiding in the lion's mane  
So I'll clear the road, the gravel  
And the thornbush in your path  
That burns a scented oil  
That I'll drip into your bath  
The water's there to warm you  
And the earth is warmer  
When you laugh  
Love is a scene I render  
When you catch me wide awake  
Love's a dream you enter  
Though I shake and shake and shake you  
Love is the best endeavor  
Waiting in the lion's mane