

Iron Wine, Radio War

Did the wine make her dream
Of the far distant spring
Or a bed full of hens
Or the ghost of a friend
All the while that she wept
She had a gun by her bed
And a letter he wrote
From a dry, foundered boat
And the train track will take
All the wounded ones home
And I'll be alone
Fare thee well Sara Jones
Now we lie on the floor
While the radio war
Finds its way through the air
Of the dead market square
And the beast never seen
Licks its red talons clean
Sara curses the cold
"No more snow, no more snow, no more snow"