

Iron Wine, Resurrection Fern

In our days we will live like our ghosts will live
pitching glass at the cornfield crows and folding clothes
like stubborn boys across the road, well keep everything
Grandmas gun and the black bear claw that took her dog
And when sister Lowery says Amen, we wont hear anything
The ten-car train will take that word, that fledgling bird
and the fallen house across the way, itll keep everything
the babys breath, our bravery wasted and our shame
And well undress beside the ashes of the fire
Both our tender bellies wound in baling wire
All the more a pair of underwater pearls
Than the oak tree and its resurrection fern
In our days, we will say what our ghosts will say
We gave the world what it saw fit, and whatd we get?
Like stubborn boys with big green eyes, well see everything
in the timid shade of the autumn leaves and the buzzards wing
Then well undress beside the ashes of the fire
Our tender bellies all wound around in baling wire
All the more a pair of underwater pearls
Than the oak tree and its resurrection fern