

# 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