

# Iron And Wine, A History Of Lovers

Louise only got from me innocent poetry  
Although she played to not listen  
But still I can hear myself speak as if no one else  
Ever could offer the same

Some say she knowingly tastes like a recipe  
Although so foolish and willing  
I said Babe I can picture you bend as if wanting to  
Bow as the curtain went down

Coddle some men, theyll remember you bitterly  
Fuck em, theyll come back for more  
I asked my Louise would she leave and so cripple me  
Then came a knock at the door

I came for my woman, he came with a razor blade  
Bound like us all for the ocean  
I hope that shes happy Im blamed for the death of  
The man who would take her from me

Some they saw in me innocent poetry  
Some, some theyll never be certain  
But still its been written, a history of lovers  
Given and taken in ink

Coddle some men, theyll remember you fittingly  
Cut em, theyll come back for more  
I asked my Louise would she leave and so cripple me  
Then came the knock at the door

Louise came to rescue me; listen, the irony:  
Blood made her heart change its beating  
I hope that shes happy Im blamed for the death of  
The man she found better than me