

Iron And Wine, Blue Leaves

Strength like a stone, a texture you know
And sewn in your children's quilts you made
Can you be meek, lowered and weak
Possibly tired as to see

Her eyes upon you under blue leaves at night
And what will you do with your new kind of sight?

Cluttered asides and marginal lines
Home to the closest jewels you owned
Strength like a stone, a pressure youve known
Better than footsteps leading home

And eyes wanting you under blue leaves at night
But you never knew until they sank out of sight