

# Iron And Wine, California

The postman passed me twice now, I have waited an hour  
Blue sky churning black now, needled rain with the power  
Of magnified abandon, soaking through to my moving  
And vivid truth I'm doubting all the while that it's proven

Have you thought you might should be in California  
Your tactile look of honesty, I know they'd love you, oh-oh-oh

A hundred thousand choices, words are stronger inside me  
And wrote on angry voices spoken even and calmly  
Do you pretend I'm docile, played it hard for to badger  
Or disregard me futile, even for to remember

Have you thought you might should be in California  
An actress of your quality, I know they'd love you, oh-oh-oh