

Iron And Wine, Call Your Boys

Call your boys now that the table's set and shining
No one's seen any of them in many days
Call your boys they shut a buzzard on a Chrysler
And you still taste all that you swallowed before grace

And you'll forgive even the time they burned the hen house
And ran from you ran to the hills with burning hands

Setting sun framed in the doorway right behind you
Several chores, surely some lessons left to tell
Setting sun was in the hills and now before you
Set your boys each with their shining silverware

They'll bury you under the wood beside the carport
They'll bury you some neon stop along the way

Radio fuzz on the fence post by the pasture
Long ago Liza and you would dance all day
Now you lay buried, the stern and sacred father
And sacred earth under the billboard in the rain

For one last toast here's to the brave who went before us
Who died in vain, died in a movie for a dream