

Iron And Wine, Cold Town

Magazines and paperbacks, the perfect rainy day
Jenny's packed the car by now and probably on her way
Rise and put the kettle on, this feeling calls for tea
Tommy get the telephone, it wouldn't be for me

Spring feels so far away when you're unforgiven
Now that Jenny's away it's a cold town to live in

Evening brings a breaking rain, the dog goes back outside
Tommy says that I should sleep in, just to past the time
Close the door and cross the room, the moonlight wanders in
Crawl in bed with her perfume, the rain begins again