

# Iron And Wine, Fever Dream

Some days her shape in the doorway  
Will speak to me  
A birds wing on the window  
Sometimes Ill hear when shes sleeping  
Her fever dream  
A language on her face

"I want your flowers like babies want Gods love  
Or maybe as sure as tomorrow will come"

Some days, like rain on the doorstep  
Shell cover me  
With grace in all she offers  
Sometimes I'd like just to ask her  
What honest words  
She cant afford to say, like

"I want your flowers like babies want Gods love  
Or maybe as sure as tomorrow will come"