

# Iron And Wine, God Gave A Stone

She belongs back in western Kentucky  
Or maybe somewhere in Tennessee  
Far from home theres a way to her body  
Though shes wind-blown and slightly

Long ago there were plums on the table  
Where momma smoked in the afternoon  
The guilty played half-asleep in the stable  
And she would wake when shed heard you

Papa was gone but hes still in the mud  
And the river runs thick with his innocent blood  
And God gave a stone but it rolled down the hill  
Its the shape of His breath, or Her breath if you will

She belongs back in western Kentucky  
Or even somewhere in Tennessee  
She was born though the womb wasnt ready  
To give its love to the strength in this street

Papa was gone but hes still in the mud  
While the river runs thick with his innocent blood  
And God gave a stone but it rolled down the hill  
Its the shape of His breath, or Her breath if you will

Long ago there was warmth from the kitchen  
Across the baseboards through every room  
She belongs back in western Kentucky  
And I will pray maybe shell see it soon