

Iron And Wine, God Made The Automobile

God made the automobile to pass all the pretty girls
The smoke by the side of the road, the blues lovin' boys in tow
To drive to the end of the day and bow to a borrowed flag
To ride all the brave and the blind, and men without men in mind

To pass all the things He made and then never bothered to name
And no one will tell the truth, and no one will hide it from you
Like birds around the grave

God made the automobile and I made a little boy
To pass on the blissfully young, the snake with a forked tongue
To praise on the wanting for time, and makes in the sleepless waves
The fear of the Black and the Jew, and blood for the camera crew

And passes the things He made and then never bothered to name
And no one can tell the truth, and no one can hide it from you
Like birds around the grave