

Iron And Wine, In My Lady's House

There is light in my lady's house
And there's none but some falling rain
This like a spoken word
She is more than her thousand names

No hands are half as gentle or
Firm as they like to be
Thank god you see me the way you do
Strange as you are to me

It is good in my lady's house
And the shape that her body makes
Love is a fragile word
In the air on the wrinkly lane

No hands are half as gentle or
Firm as they like to be
Thank god you see me the way you do
Strange as you are to me