Iron And Wine, My Lady's House

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

No hands are half as gentle Or firm as they'd 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 Every shape that her body makes Love is a fragile word In the air, on the length we lay

No hands are half as gentle Or firm as they'd like to be Thank god you see me the way you do Strange as you are to me