

Iron And Wine, Radio War

Did the wine make her dream
Of the far, distant spring?
Or a bed full of hens?
Or the ghost of a friend?

All the while that she wept
She'd a gun by her bed
And the letter he wrote
From a dry, foundered boat.

And the train track will take
All the wounded ones home.
And I'll be alone.
Fare thee well, Sara Jones.

Now we lie on the floor
While the radio war
Finds its way through the air
Of the dead market square.

And the beast, never seen,
licks its red talons clean.
Sara curses the cold
No more snow, no more snow.

No more snow