

# Iron And Wine, Sixteen, Maybe Less

Beyond the ridge on the left, you asked me what I want  
Between the trees and the chirping by the shading pond  
I spent an hour with you, should I want anything else?  
She rose and winked like the owner of a candy store  
We were sixteen, maybe less, maybe a little more  
I walked home smiling, I finally had a story to tell

And though an autumn-time lullaby sang our new-born love to sleep  
My brother wrote me, he saw her there  
In the woods one Christmas Eve, asleep

I met my wife at a party when I drank too much  
My son is married and tells me we don't talk enough  
It's so predictable, yesterday my dream was of you  
Beyond the ridge on the left, the sun had left the sky  
Between the trees and pond you put your hand in mine  
Said, Time has bridled us both but I remember it, too

And though an autumn-time lullaby sang our new-born love to sleep  
I dreamt I traveled and found you there  
In the woods one Christmas Eve, with me