

Iron And Wine, The Specter Of Jasper County

The girl down the street saw my ghost on the road
But I sailed the backyard asleep in my boat
Both paddles broken, no sail for the wind
A bathtub, a bottle, to drown myself in

And she ran through the town like the end was upon us
Screaming like birds above angry high seas
The newspaper boys pulled a high-dollar favor
And my drunk brother sang of where they could find me

The girl told the preacher her vision of doom
He petted the Book said, Its slightly too soon
A flashbulb, a nudge and I left my best dream
And rose like the specter of Jasper County