

# Iron And Wine, This Solemn Day

You returned the book unfinished  
About a girl with raven hair  
And a gentleman, her lover  
Who presented her a mare  
Which she rode across the country  
Leaving him to tend the land  
Which had turned to dry a quarter  
When it met his lonely hands

No more weeds left in your garden  
No more green and no more stone  
No more guilty left to pardon  
Only evil of your own