

# Iron And Wine, Two Hungry Blackbirds

Lovers accustomed to tragedy  
See every kiss in the window across the street  
Breezes and blessings passing by, ah ooh-oh

I'm in the shade of the dogwood tree  
Not the one where you told your name to me  
Two hungry blackbirds land near by, ah ooh-oh

If I could be over you when the sky starts falling  
Would you be happy under me?  
If I could be under you if the earth was burning  
Could you be trusted over me?

Spoke to a mother whose baby drowned  
Gave me advice, or a rumor she once heard:  
Heaven's a distance, not a place, ah ooh-oh

Gave her an ear from the corn we grew  
You were away but she gave her thanks to you  
That was a year ago come May, ah ooh-oh

If I could be over you when the sky starts falling  
Would you be smothered under me?  
If I could be under you if the earth was burning  
Would you be cryin over me?

I could hear kids in the yard next door  
Cats in the brush when the calendar fell down  
Wait by the shade-tree one more year, ah ooh-oh

Poetry tempered with tragedy  
Tempted and pulled when you cry upon my sleeve  
Two flocks of blackbirds meet the air