

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