

Iron And Wine, Your Blue Eyes

Blue light setting lotus-style in your a-frame in the countryside
Stillness slides the door and walks inside
Candle on the windowsill burnt wickless through our low-lit meal
Heaven only knows what you hide
In your blue eyes, in your sly smile

Tangerine on both your hands smells strong as the tobacco-can
Roll me up a smoke if you dont mind
Touch me like that afternoon when your friends would all be over soon
And you said, What the hell, well make the time
With your blue eyes, in your slight smile