

Iron Wine, Carousel

Almost home
When I missed the bottom stair
You were braiding your gray hair
It had grown so long
Since I'd been gone
And the perfect girls,
By the pool, they would protest
The cross around their necks,
But our sons were overseas,
And we all know 'bout the hive and the honey bees.
Almost home
With an olive branch and a dove
You were beating on a Persian rug
With your bible and your wedding band
Both hidden on the TV stand
And the cruel wind blew
Every city father fell
Off the county carousel
While the dogs were eating snow
All our sons had sunk in a trunk
Of Noah's clothes
Almost home,
We got lost on our new street,
And your grieving girls all died in their sleep,
So the dogs all went unfed,
A great dream of bones all piled on a bed
And the cops couldn't care,
When that crackhead built a boat
And said, "Please, before I go,
May our only honored bond
Be the kinship of the kids and the riot squad.