Iron Wine, Muddy Hymnal

We found your name across the chapel door Carved in cursive with a table fork Muddy hymnals and some boot marks where you'd been The shaking preacher told the captain's man The righteous suffer in a fallen land Then pulled the shade to keep the crowd from peeking in We found your children by the tavern door With wooden buttons and an apple core Playing house and telling everyone you'd drowned The begging choir told the captain's man We all assume the worst the best we can And for a round or two they gladly drag you down We found you sleeping by your lover's stone A ream of paper and a telephone A broken bow across a long lost violin Your lover's angel told the captain's man It never ends the way we had it planned And kissed her palm and placed it on your dreaming head