

Iron Wine, My Lady's House

There is light in my lady's house
And there's none but some falling rain
This like a spoken word
She is more than her thousand names
No hands are half as gentle
Or firm as they like to be
Thank God you see me the way you do
Strange as you are to me
It is good in my lady's house
And the shape that her body makes
Love is a fragile word
In the air on the length we lay
No hands are half as gentle
Or firm as they like to be
Thank God you see me the way you do
Strange as you are to me