

Iron Wine, Someday The Waves

Waking before you
I've got a fever and a childish wish for snow
Seems like a long, long time
Since I spun you to this borrowed radio
You pick a place that's where I'll be
Time like your cheek has turned for me
Someday the waves will stop
Every aching old machine will feel no pain
Someday we both will walk
Where a baby made tomorrow is again
Waking before you
I'm like the lord who sees his love though we don't know
Seems like a long, long time
Since I've been above you seen and loved you so
You pick a place that's where I'll be
Time like your cheek has turned for me