

Iron Wine, Southern Anthem

Just like the way that you ran to wine
When they made the new milk turn
Jesus a friend in the better times
Let your mother's Bible burn
Freedom a fever you suffered through
And the dog drank from your cup
Frozen the river that baptized you
And the horse died standing up
But when a southern anthem rings
She will buckle to that sound
When that southern anthem sings
It will lay her burdens down
Just like the way that you lost your guns
When they cut the clothesline loose
Jesus a friend of the weaker ones
Said "I'm all they stole from you"
Freedom a thistle that withered dry
Still a baby in your hands
Frozen the ground refused to die
And the guitar rose again
But when a southern anthem rings
She will buckle to that sound
When that southern anthem sings
It will lay her burdens down