

# 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