

Iron Wine, Weary Memory

Found your mittens behind a box of pictures
You would wear them before I brewed the tea
That's one memory I can easily conjure
Weary memory I can always see
Found your rosary broken into pieces
Every night by the bed you'd kiss the beads
Those are moments that I can always relive
Weary memories I can always see
Found a photo of you when we were married
Leaning back on a broken willow tree
That's one memory that I choose to carry
Weary memory I can always see