

Iron & Wine

"Belated Promise Ring"

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Sunday morning my Rebekahs sleeping in with me
again
there's a kid outside the church kickin' a can

when the cedar branches twist she turns her collar to the
wind
the weather can close the world within it's hands

and my mother says Rebekah is as stubborn as the
come
they both call me to with words i never knew

there's a bug inside the thimble theres a band aid on
her thumb
and a pony in the river turning blue

they say time may give you more then your poor bones
could ever take
my Rebekah says she never wants a boy

to be barefoot on the driveway as they wave and ride
away
and to run inside and curse the open door

i once gave to my Rebekah a belated promise ring
and she sold it to the waitress one a train

i may find her by the phone booth with a fashion
magazine
she may kiss me when her girlfriends leave again

they say time may give you more then your poor bones
could ever take
i think i could never love another girl

to be free atop a tree stump and to look the other way
while she shines my mothers imitation pearls

Sunday evening, my Rebeka's lost a book she never
read
and the moon fell into the sea

so the statues of our fathers in the courthouse
flowerbed
now they bend with all the lighting tattered trees

they say time may give you more than your poor bones
could ever take
my Rebekah said she knew id want a boy

a dollar for my boardwalk red balloon to float away
she would earn a pocketful to buy me more

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