

## Iron & Wine

### "Black Candle"

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I gather my luck and I went with my brother  
At where the witch on the hill threw the bones of her  
mother  
To where the bravest birds in the height of the sky  
Tumble down the mountainside  
And gather to pray like a blanket on the fallen pines  
Like praying ain't a waste of time

She told me again that she knew I'd be coming  
And she padded her gown with all my counterfeit  
money  
She said your love is locked in the garden you grow  
Like a soldier's wound that bleeds through his clothes  
So pick up your gun and pray there's no one left to fight  
Like praying ain't a waste of time  
Ain't a waste of time  
Ain't a waste of time

I said you've given me less than you know I can handle  
So the witch on the hill lit a single black candle  
And said the name of God is carved on a blade  
The deals you make will turn in flames  
So pray for love and the world to pray in kind  
Like praying ain't a waste of time

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