

## Iron & Wine "Carousel"

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Almost homeÃ,Â  
When I missed the bottom stairÃ,Â  
You were braiding your gray hairÃ,Â  
It had grown so longÃ,Â  
Since I'd been goneÃ,Â

And the perfect girls,Ã,Â  
By the pool, they would protestÃ,Â  
The cross around their necks,Ã,Â  
But our sons were overseas,Ã,Â  
And we all know 'bout the hive and the honey bees.Ã,Â

Almost homeÃ,Â  
With an olive branch and a doveÃ,Â  
You were beating on a Persian rugÃ,Â  
With your bible and your wedding bandÃ,Â  
Both hidden on the TV standÃ,Â

And the cruel wind blewÃ,Â  
Every city father fellÃ,Â

Off the county carouselÃ,Â  
While the dogs were eating snowÃ,Â  
All our sons had sunk in a trunkÃ,Â  
Of Noah's clothes

Almost home,Ã,Â  
We got lost on our new street,Ã,Â  
And your grieving girls all died in their sleep,Ã,Â  
So the dogs all went unfed,Ã,Â  
A great dream of bones all piled on a bedÃ,Â

And the cops couldn't care,Ã,Â  
When that crackhead built a boatÃ,Â  
And said, "Please, before I go,Ã,Â  
May our only honored bondÃ,Â  
Be the kinship of the kids and the riot squad"

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