

Iron & Wine

"Fistful Of Roses"

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A fistful of roses ain't the best thing I could do
I called by the clothesline, and the fish pond Called out
for you

You want an urgent, bent-guitar string kind of man
And you built a bridge now for to find him, if you can

And Betsy, I see you now that you're gone
Gone where I hate you, tell me I'm wrong
Wrong that I sent you over that bridge
And far from me now, although I don't know how

Betsy, I miss you, can't you see that I'm in pain
Might you, if I promise, if I behave, come again
Would you, if you came back, be beside me by the
stairs
We're so far past the bridge now, though Faded, I see
you standing there

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