

Iron & Wine

"Foot Of The Manger"

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Awake through the night, and this flood water 'round
her
Reminds her of the time and low country boys
And their bottles without her, though she's on their
minds

Hands in black mud, at the foot of the manger
She'll always be young and free to be wrong
A black lamb licks the dirt off her feet with it's tongue

We are blessed, aren't we, in the shade of these large
auburn leaves
Unexpectedly we arrive where we're all meant to be

Awake through the night, and she prays in the morning
For distance from harm and low country boys
With their wealth of protection and mean battle-arms

Hands in black mud, as she sits by the manger
And closes her eyes, the wind blows outside
A black car pulls the gravel and wants her to ride

So who will she love, with her head lowed like ashes,
The sky lost tonight, the wind blows outside
A glass jar in the window, her shape blocks the candle
light

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