

Iron & Wine

"God Gave A Stone"

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She belongs back in western Kentucky
Or maybe somewhere in Tennessee
Far from home there's a way to her body
Though she's wind-blown and slightly

Long ago there were plums on the table
Where momma smoked in the afternoon
The guilty played half-asleep in the stable
And she would wake when she'd heard you

Papa was gone but he's still in the mud
And the river runs thick with his innocent blood
And God gave a stone but it rolled down the hill
It's the shape of His breath, or Her breath if you will

She belongs back in western Kentucky
Or even somewhere in Tennessee
She was born though the womb wasn't ready
To give it's love to the strength in this street

Papa was gone but he's still in the mud
While the river runs thick with his innocent blood
And God gave a stone but it rolled down the hill
It's the shape of His breath, or Her breath if you will

Long ago there was warmth from the kitchen
Across the baseboards through every room
She belongs back in western Kentucky
And I will pray maybe she'll see it soon

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