Iron & Wine "Lovesong Of The Buzzard"

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"Lovesong Of The Buzzard"

In the failing light of the afternoon Lucy in the shade of the dogwood blooms Yesterday the solace of a poison fish Tomorrow I'll be kissing on her blood red lips

No one is the saviour they would like to be The lovesong of the buzzard in the dogwood tree With a train of horses laughing through the traffic line And the cradle's unimaginative sense of time

Springtime and the promise of an open fist A tattoo of a flower on a broken wrist Lucy tells me jokingly to wipe her brow With a pocket map to heaven and the sun goes down

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