

Iron & Wine

"Passing Afternoon"

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There are times that walk from you like some passing
afternoon

Summer warmed the open window of her honeymoon
And she chose a yard to burn but the ground
remembers her

Wooden spoons, her children stir her Bougainvillea
blooms

There are things that drift away like our endless,
numbered days

Autumn blew the quilt right off the perfect bed she
made

And she's chosen to believe in the hymns her mother
sings

Sunday pulls its children from their piles of fallen
leaves

There are sailing ships that pass all our bodies in the
grass

Springtime calls her children 'till she let's them go at
last

And she's chosen where to be, though she's lost her
wedding ring

Somewhere near her misplaced jar of Bougainvillea
seeds

There are things we can't recall, blind as night that
finds us all

Winter tucks her children in, her fragile china dolls
But my hands remember hers, rolling 'round the
shaded ferns

Naked arms, her secrets still like songs I'd never
learned

There are names across the sea, only now I do believe
Sometimes, with the windows closed, she'll sit and
think of me

But she'll mend his tattered clothes and they'll kiss as
if they know

A baby sleeps in all our bones, so scared to be alone

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