

Iron & Wine

"Your Blue Eyes"

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Blue light setting lotus-style in your a-frame in the
countryside
Stillness slides the door and walks inside
Candle on the windowsill burnt wickless through our
low-lit meal
Heaven only knows what you hide
In your blue eyes, in your sly smile

Tangerine on both your hands smells strong as the
tobacco-can
Roll me up a smoke if you don't mind
Touch me like that afternoon when your friends would
all be over soon
And you said, "What the hell, we'll make the time"
With your blue eyes, in your slight smile

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