

# Call Your Boys

## Iron & Wine

Call your boys, now that the table's set and shining  
No one's seen any of them in many days  
Call your boys, they shot a buzzard off the Chrysler  
And you still taste all that you swallowed before grace  
And you'll forgive even the time they burned the  
henhouse  
And ran from you, ran to the hills with burning hands  
Setting sun, framed in the doorway right behind you  
Several chores, surely some lessons left to tell  
Setting sun, wolves in the hills and now before you  
Said your boys, each with his shining silverware  
They'll burry you under the wood beside the carport  
Burry you, some neon stop along the way  
Radio fuzz on the fencepost by the pasture  
Long ago Liza and you would dance all day  
Now you lay buried, the stern and sacred father  
And sacred earth, under a billboard in the rain

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>