

# Postcard

## Iron & Wine

This postcard tells you where we've been  
And dirty dreams of pious men  
Who wake in fear but sleep again  
With what they've done  
With what they've done  
With all they've done Some prophet died but wrote it down  
Our serpent bell is on the ground  
And all the ladies sing it loud  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah  
Hallelujah The meadow birds have found  
The bones of righteous men  
Like ragged clothes  
Like precious stones  
And fell like evil in the end  
And eight of them  
Those evil men, those perfect men Some knuckle broken heart disease  
Which pulled a preacher off his knees  
A callous whisper through the trees  
Blows patience boy  
More patience boy  
More patience boy And watch her children by the flame  
The ones you gave your father's name  
Whose evil and his love remained  
Inside you boy  
Inside you boy  
Inside you boy The meadow birds have found  
The bones of righteous men  
Like ragged clothes  
Like precious stones  
And fell like evil in the end  
And eight of them  
Those evil men, those perfect men We'll sing a song we've never heard  
Formed out of small forsaken words  
And all the while that this occurs  
We'll love you all  
We'll love you all  
We'll love you all And for the beauty that we've lost  
The measured time for love it costs

Despite our feelings for the cross

We love you all

We love you all

We love you all

Songwriters

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