

Eden

Iron & Wine

Whisper in my ear
Everything my dear
Every wicked vision that you carry
On your naked breast
I believe that was your best
Apple pie invention since we married
As God will be my judge
I am not the man I was
Before I found you lying in the garden
Let's go buy some clothes
some wool socks for your toes
Cause it might be much colder in the mornin

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