

# Belated Promise Ring

## Iron & Wine

Sunday morning my Rebecca's sleeping in with me again  
there's a kid outside the church kicking a can when the cedar branches twist she turns her collar to the wind  
the weather can close the world within its hands and my mother says Rebecca is as stubborn as the come  
they both call me to me with words i never knew there's a bug inside the thimble there's a band-aid on her thumb  
and a pony in the river turning blue they say time may give you more than your poor bones could ever take  
my Rebecca says she never wants a boy to be barefoot on the driveway as they wave and ride away  
then to run inside and curse the open door i once gave to my Rebecca a belated promise ring  
and she sold it to the waitress one a train i may find her by the phone booth with a fashion magazine  
she may kiss me when her girlfriends leave again they say time may give you more than your poor bones could  
ever take  
i think i could never love another girl to be free atop a tree stump and to look the other way  
while she shines my mother's imitation pearls sunday evening, my Rebecca's lost a book she never read  
and the moon already fell into the sea so the statues of our fathers in the courthouse flower bed  
now they blend with all the lighting tattered trees they say time may give you more than your poor bones could  
ever take  
my Rebecca said she knew i'd want a boy a dollar for my boardwalk red balloon to float away  
she would earn a pocketful to buy me more

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