

# Rabbit Will Run

## Iron & Wine

Last I saw mother, she rose from a chair  
When they caught me I just finished combing my hair  
Because the rabbit will run but a colt doesn't long with the mare  
We've all learned the earth while we've carried  
the throne  
We dove under the rivers and under our clothes  
And I still have a prayer as sure as my settling bones  
Last I saw mother, she covered my ears  
When they caught me I offered the captain a beer  
Because the rabbit will run and the lion has nothing to fear  
We bricked up the garden and know what it means  
And we've all kissed a virgin as if she were clean  
And I still have a prayer despite all the colors I've seen  
And judgment is just like a cup that we share  
I'll jump over the wall and I'll wait for you there  
Well past the weeds in our vision of things to come  
We've all heard the rooster and all been denied  
And we've seen through the haze and the spit in our eyes  
And I still have a prayer, a well-weathered word to the wise  
Last I saw mother, she smelled like a rose  
When they caught me, the captain, he opened my nose  
Because the rabbit will run and the wind takes a bird where it blows  
We've all traded lovers and woke up alone  
And we clapped for the king though our fingers were cold  
I still have a prayer 'cause I love what I cannot control  
Last I saw mother, she acted surprised  
When they caught me, the captain, he cried like a child  
Because the rabbit will run, good dogs together go wild  
We've all lived in grace at the end of the day  
And we armed all the children we thought we betrayed  
I still have a prayer but too few occasions to pray  
Judgment is just like a cup that we share  
I'll jump over the wall and I'll wait for you there  
Well past the weeds in our vision of things to come  
And we've all found a reason for hiding a gun  
We've helped out a few if we've hurt anyone  
I still have a prayer and so be it, I've done what I've done  
Last I saw mother, she blew me a kiss  
When they caught me, the cuffs cut the blood from my wrist  
'Cause the rabbit will run and the pig has to lay in its piss  
We've all given half to the hand in our face  
We've all taken a stone from the holiest place  
And I still have a prayer and I've furthered the world in my wait

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