Grace For Saints And Ramblers

Iron & Wine

But it all came down to you and I
But it all came down to you and I
Then we bared our pains, leaving first base
Underneath the table so we never say Grace
Falling out of bed for the work, day, week
There was kissing in the cracks of the flash flood street
There were garden blossoms, Ben and Johnny rotten
Chewed up and swallowed by the profit they were trying to follow
Bit to green and paying no tax on a quick, romantic conversation
But it all came down to you and I
But it all came down to you and I
There were washed out cars and our barked old clothes
They were rubbing on each other, rubbing ghost on ghost
There were junked out punks and Jesus freaks
Weaving in and out of trouble wrapping round and round a leash
There were sleepless dreamers, doomsday preachers
The message and the messenger gone beneath the register
The sweet gum tree by the dope drunk tank
We can never get enough, we re the bad luck band
There were hopeless sinners, sweepstakes winners

But it all came down to you and I
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But it all came down to you and I
There was laughing in the rain, sugar in the shade
There were back stab handshakes made on faith
We were never out of time, and we never entertained
Anybody say out of habit that the wind is gonna change
There were restless misfits leaving biscuits
Bottoms full of penny wishes, bodies full of petty dishes
Side by side with the birds and bees and we never sang Grace
Never ever took a beat
There were saints and ramblers, movie stars handlers
High above the aviary, underneath the cemetery
And we never wondered why cause the sun was in our eyes
There were seeds for the field, there was grease for the wheel
Drinking with the luminaries, eating with the missionaries
But it all came down to you and I
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