

Lovers' Revolution

Iron & Wine

I came to you, and you to me
And we were tapping on the window of the children when the piggy-bank broke
Pitching quite a fifth
But how the makers of the medicine will always say you're looking sick I came to you, and you to me
And we would wear up to the women washing in the form of white gloves
But the funny thing was how in in god and
His people were dreaming about the wilds to leave
And all the fingers that we damaged when all we wanted was a diamond ring I came to you (I came to you) , and
you to me (and you to me)
And we were barking at the drug dogs, blood-dried-black on their hands
Never realized,
You never tussle with a giant till you can hit him right between the eyes
That no matter how we chose 'em we'll be chocking on the compromised
'Cause all the jaws, all the claws, they're restless by the riverside
And it was a muscle and a shadow that was shoving us into the light I came to you, and you to me
And we were snatching out a poor baby's bottle just to trade it for change
But now it's come to pass
The every eye beneath the mountains saw the smoke and no one heard the blast
And no one knew the arm was broken, tho everybody signed the cast
Until the compliment was good she said man I thought you'd never ask
And when the world wore out their welcome they just booked up for a bag of grass
But when she cried on the grounds we were sucking all the laughing gas
And when the hat had left the body not a flag was hanging on us I came to you, and you to me
And then we lost our own lovers revolution but then it all started again
Now we're one
One of the parade wailing widows walking home into the setting sun
One of the soldiers lost, and then dreams and never lose their gun
One of the wise-men wondered onto the podium without a tongue
One of the trophies' corners by the mess we made of being young
One of the wrayers, one of the promises swallowed without chewing gum
One of the deaf ear's dumber all of the time for all the years of drums
One of the wide-eyed soap boxes buried under washing time
One of the bee-cops combing every sidewalk-crack for love
One of the crowded stars uncounted when the math was done
One of the weather in the garden left to wonder when the rain will come

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