Palmetto Rose

Jason Isbell

Palmetto rose in the AC vent
Cross-stitched pillow where the head rest went
He said his cab was his orneriest friend
Left him jumping like trees in the windThought he had the red lights memorized
Glass in the gravel like the stars in the sky
In that slow motion minute between living and dead
Looked in my eyes and he told me, he saidThis war that I wage to get up every day
It's a fiberglass boat, it's azaleas in May
It's the women I love and the law that I hate
Lord, let me die in the Iodine State
Lord, let me die in the Iodine StatePalmetto rose in the sidewalk mud
Pearly-white stem and a big green bud
Catch him coming out of a King Street store
Bullshit story about the Civil WarYou can believe what you want to believe
But there ain't no making up a basket weave
Everybody in the tri-county knows
Who makes the best palmetto roseAnd it's war that we wage to get up every day
It's a basket of sweet grass, a wedding bouquet
It's the ladies I love and the law that I hate
But Lord, let me die in the Iodine State
Lord, let me die in the Iodine StateAnd out on Sullivan's Island, they're swimming
On the beach where the big boats rolled in
With the earliest slaves, women and children
Our first American kinHere on King Street we're selling our roses
Two for a five-dollar bill
And tonight after everything closes
I'll follow my own free will
And I've taken my fill
I've taken my fill

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/