

# Carousel

## Iron & Wine

Almost home  
When I missed the bottom stair  
You were braiding your gray hair  
It had grown so long  
Since I'd been gone And the perfect girls,  
By the pool, they would protest  
The cross around their necks,  
But our sons were overseas,  
And we all know 'bout the hive and the honey bees. Almost home  
With an olive branch and a dove  
You were beating on a Persian rug  
With your bible and your wedding band  
Both hidden on the TV stand And the cruel wind blew  
Every city father fell  
Off the county carousel  
While the dogs were eating snow  
All our sons had sunk in a trunk  
Of Noah's clothes Almost home,  
We got lost on our new street,  
And your grieving girls all died in their sleep,  
So the dogs all went unfed,  
A great dream of bones all piled on a bed And the cops couldn't care,  
When that crackhead built a boat  
And said, "Please, before I go,  
May our only honored bond  
Be the kinship of the kids and the riot squad"

Lyrics provided by

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