

Queen Of Iowa

Andrew Peterson

I met the queen of Iowa
She was dying on a couch in the suburbs
And with all of the things she was dying of
She was more alive than the others

She was pretty as a flower in a crystal vase
It lights up the room as it withers away
And she opened her eyes
When she heard the music play

We sang a hymn to the rhythm of the river that flows
Down from the mountain of the Holy Ghost
And into the souls
Of those who know His name
Like the Queen of Iowa
She was the Queen of Iowa

Her majesty was all ablaze
She was burning hot but not consumed
Our shoes removed in that holy place
In the hallowed ground of the living room

I bowed down low and I kissed her hand
And we raised a toast to the Promised Land
And I saw the tears of joy
Run down her face

We sang a hymn to the rhythm of the river that flows
Down from the mountain of the Holy Ghost
And into the souls
Of those who know His name
Like the Queen of Iowa
(Peace like a river in a valley of bones
It fills the valley up and it carries them home)
She was the Queen of Iowa
(Bridge)
I could see my illusions scatter
Every time she drew a breath
I could see the heart of the matter:
The heart is a matter of life and death
I'll never be the same

We sang about oceans of love again
As she stared past the ceiling and the sky above
Two court musicians, it was me and Ben
We were singing for the Queen of Iowa

We sang a hymn to the rhythm of the river that flows
Down from the mountain of the Holy Ghost
And into the souls
Of those who know His name
There was peace like a river in a valley of bones
It fills the valley up and it carries them home
To come alive again
In the river of Grace
Like the Queen of Iowa
(Peace like a river in a valley of bones

It fills the valley up and it carries them home)
She was the Queen of Iowa
Long live the Queen of Iowa