

## Beneath the Balcony

Iron & Wine

Let's go out and dance, darling, our last of days  
And grace the game with a blindfold on  
The cheaters came to play  
And outside the soft-handed boys  
Screaming cars and all their speed  
Music, math, a hero begging change  
His sword across his knees

And how he prays to find a man to blame  
For every sleepless night he spends  
And for every well that he warned me of  
But wound up falling in  
And then for the kids beneath the balcony  
Who disregard the rain  
To make sure the king won't grant  
The dead man one more day

Let's go out and see, darling  
What shines tonight  
And temper your dream about the dying horse  
With traffic, noise, and light  
And somewhere the soft-handed boys  
Bleeding hearts, and worker bees  
Give to the holy mother begging change  
Christ across her knees

And oh, how she prays to find a man to blame  
For every loveless night she waits  
And for every gun that she frowned upon  
But still some fucker made  
And then for the kid beneath the balcony  
Behind the garbage can  
Who waits for the king to come  
And hold his sweating hand