

Caught in the Briars

Iron & Wine

Back alleys full of rain
And everything shining
As holy as she can be
The trick's in the timing

Free as a morning bird,
Fragile as china,
She's stuck in the weakest heart
Of South Carolina

Where all of the naked boys
Lay down beside her,
Sing her the saddest song
All caught in the briars

I never meant to fall
So hard in the doorway
And all the sinners here
Have crosses for Sunday

Kissed at the county fair,
Frisked in the city,
Which proves as an answered prayer
But ain't it a pity

That all of the naked boys
That laid down beside her
Sing her the saddest song
All caught in the briars