

## Friends They Are Jewels

Iron & Wine

Dreamless sleep will fall like a deep, poisoned well  
On the steeple birds and this red-light hotel

So lay your pistol down, Granny  
The company men never came to you  
But don't unknit your brow, Granny  
The mice in the yard ate the potted plants you grew

Pour your bitter tea for our sweet, liquored host  
Perfect polished stones but this breeze beats you both

So lay your pistol down, Granny  
The duty of men never fell to you  
When you unknit your brow, Granny  
Your friends, they are jewels, twice as beautiful and few