

Peace Beneath the City

Iron & Wine

Here's a prayer for the body buried by the interstate
Mother of a soldier, a tree in a forest up in flames
Black valley, peace beneath the city
Where the women hear the washboard rhythm in their bosom when t
hey say

Give me
Good legs
And a Japanese car
And show me a road

Sing a song for the bodies buried by the riverbank
A well dressed boy and a pig with a bullet in the brain
Black valley, peace beneath the city
Where the white girls wander the strip mall, singing all day

Give me
A juggernaut heart
And a Japanese car
And someone to free

Say something for the body buried like a keepsake
Mother of a million mouths with the very same name
Black valley, peace beneath the city
Where the women tell the weather but never ever tell you what t
hey pray

They pray give me
A yellow brick road
And a Japanese car
And benevolent change