

## Resurrection Fern

Iron & Wine

In our days we will live  
Like our ghosts will live...  
Pitching glass at the cornfield crows  
And folding clothes

Like stubborn boys across the road  
We'll keep everything...  
Grandma's gun and the black bear claw  
That took her dog

When sister Laurie says, "Amen"  
We won't hear anything...  
The ten-car trains will take that word  
That fledgling bird

And the fallen house across the way  
It'll keep everything...  
The baby's breath  
Our bravery wasted and our shame

And we'll undress beside the ashes of the fire  
Both our tender bellies wound in baling wire  
All the more a pair of underwater pearls  
Than the oak tree and its resurrection fern

In our days we will say  
What our ghosts will say...  
We gave the world what it saw fit  
And what'd we get?

Like stubborn boys with big green eyes  
We'll see everything...  
In the timid shade of the autumn leaves  
And the buzzard's wing

And we'll undress beside the ashes of the fire  
Our tender bellies are wound around in baling wire  
All the more a pair of underwater pearls  
Than the oak tree and its resurrection fern