

Sacred Vision

Iron & Wine

There's no way to temper your thirst
With lasting impressions or pictures of home
There's no way to grow that don't hurt
She growled from the station then hung up the phone

There's no sacred vision like her
No eye-crushing mountain or jewelry to wear
There's no granted wish I prefer
Then she to be with me, for us to be there

I'd rather to be all alone
Forgiveness is fickle when trust is a chore
It's not every sin that's atoned
I heard her speak softly then heard her no more

There's no sacred vision like her
No eye-crushing mountain or jewelry to wear
There's no granted wish I prefer
Then she to be with me, for us to be there