

## Tree by the River

Iron & Wine

Mary Anne, do you remember  
the tree by the river  
when we were seventeen?

Dark canyon wall, the call and the answer  
and the mare in the pasture  
pitch black and baring its teeth.

I recall the sun in our faces,  
stuck and leaning on braces,  
and being strangers to change.

Radio and the bones we found frozen,  
and all the thorns and the roses  
beneath your window pane.

Now I'm asleep in a car, I mean the world  
to a potty-mouth girl,  
a pretty pair of blue-eyed birds.

Time isn't kind or unkind, you liked to say.  
But I wonder to who  
what it is you're saying today.

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what it is you're saying today.

Mary Anne, do you remember  
the tree by the river  
when we were seventeen?

Dark canyon road, I was coy in the half-moon;  
happy just to be with you,  
and you were happy for me.