

When I came back from Finland
The taxi took me down the street
I saw the red flowers growing like they used to
By the roadside, in the smothering summer heat

You were standing out in front of the house
With your floral print dress on
And you had questions only a masochist would ask
Written all over your big, brown eyes

The moon is high over Iowa tonight
And the moon is high over Iowa tonight
And I brought your blanket, hand-woven, hand-dyed
The moon is high over Iowa tonight