

Passing Afternoon  
Iron & Wine

Passing Afternoon

Iron And Wine.

Yeah, well here it is. It s easy but still nice to have all typed up.

Love always,

chrismagowan@hotmail.com

	D		E		A		D
There are times that walk from you		Like some passing afternoon					
A		E		D		E	
Summer warmed the open window		Of her honeymoon					
	D		E		A		D
And she chose a yard to burn		But the ground remembers her					
A		E		D		E	
Wooden spoons, her children stir her		Bougainvillea blooms					
	D		E		A		D
There are things that drift away		Like our endless numbered days					
A		E		D		E	
Autumn blew the quilt right off the		Perfect bed she made					
	D		E		A		D
And she s chosen to believe		In the hymns her mother sings					
A		E		D		E	
Sunday pulls it s children from the		Piles of fallen leaves					
	D		E		A		D
There are sailing ships that pass		All our bodies in the grass					
A		E		D		E	
Springtime calls her children til she		Let s em go at last					
	D		E		A		D
And she s chosen where to be		Though she s lost her wedding ring					
A		E		D		E	
Somewhere near her misplaced jar of		Bougainvillea seeds					
	D		E		A		D
There are things we can t recall		Blind as night that finds us all					
A		E		D		E	
Winter tucks her children in her		Fragile china dolls					
	D		E		A		D
But my hands remember hers		Rolling around the shady ferns					
A		E		D		E	
Naked arms are secrets still like		Songs I d never learned					
	D		E		A		D
There are names across the sea		Only now I do believe					
A		E		D		E	
Sometimes with the window closed		She ll sit and think of me					
	D		E		A		D
But she ll mend his tattered clothes		And they ll kiss as if they know					
A		E		D		E	
A baby sleeps in all our bones		So scared to be alone					