

## Palmetto Rose

Jason Isbell

Palmetto rose in the A/C vent  
Cross-stitch pillow where the headrest went  
Said his cab was his orneriest friend  
Left hand jumping the trees in the wind

Thought he had the red lights memorized  
Glass in the gravel like the stars in the sky  
In that slow-motion minute between living and dead  
He looked in my eyes and he told me, he said

It's war that I wage to get up every day  
It's a fiberglass boat, it's azaleas in May  
It's the women I love and the law that I hate  
But Lord, let me die in the Iodine State  
Lord, let me die in the Iodine State

Palmetto rose in the sidewalk mud  
Dirty white stem and a big green bud  
Catch them coming out of a King Street store  
Some bullshit story about the Civil War

Now, you can believe what you want to believe  
But there ain't no making up a basket weave  
Everybody in the tri-county knows  
Who makes the best palmetto rose

And it's war that we wage to get up every day  
It's a basket of sweetgrass, a wedding bouquet  
It's the ladies I love and the law that I hate  
But Lord, let me die in the Iodine State  
Lord, let me die in the Iodine State

Out on Sullivan's Island, they're swimming  
On the beach where the big boats rolled in  
With the earliest slaves and their children  
Our first American kin

Here on King Street we're selling our roses  
Two for a five dollar bill  
At night, after everything closes  
I follow my own free will  
And I take in my fill  
I take in my fill