

# Palmetto Rose

Jason Isbell

Palmetto rose in the AC vent  
Cross stitched pillow where the head rest went  
Said his cab was his orneriest friend  
Left him jumping like 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  
Looked in my eyes and he told me, he said This 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  
Lord let me die in the Iodine State  
Lord let me die in the Iodine State  
Palmetto rose in the sidewalk mud  
Pearly white stem and a big green bud  
Catch him coming out of a King Street store  
Bullshit story about the Civil War 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 sweet grass, 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, women and children  
Our first American kin  
Here on King Street we're selling our roses  
Two for a five dollar bill  
And tonight after everything closes  
I'll follow my own free will  
And I've taken my fill  
I've taken my fill

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>