

Gregory Alan Isakov

"3 A.M"

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Well its 3 a.m again, like it always seems to be
Drivin' northbound, drivin' homeward, drivin' wind is
drivin' me
And it just seems so funny that I always end up here,
Walkin' outside in the storm while looking way up past
the tree-line
It's been some time

Give me darkness when I'm dreaming
Give me moonlight when I'm leaving
Give me shoes that weren't made for standing
Give me tree-line, give me big sky, get me snow-
bound,
Give me rain clouds, give me a bed time, just
sometimes

Now you're talkin' in my room, but there ain't nobody
here
'Cause I've been driving like a trucker, I been wheelin'
through the gears
I've been training like a soldier, I've been burnin'
through this sorrow,
And the only talkin' lately is that background radio

You were my friend, and I was the same
Riding that hope was like catching some train
Well now I just walk, well I don't mind the rain
But I've been singing so much softer than I did back
then

The night, I think, is darker than we can really say
And God's been living in that ocean, sending us all the
big waves
And I wish I was a sailor so I could know just how to
trust,
Maybe I could bring some grace back home to the dry
land for all of us

Say what you say, you say it so well
Just say you will wait, like snow on the rail
I been combing that train yard for some kind of sign

Even my own self, it just don't seem mine

Give me darkness when I'm dreaming, give me
moonlight when I'm leaving

Give me mustang horse and muscle, 'cause I won't be
goin' gentle

Give me slant-eye looks when I'm lying, give me
fingers when I'm crying

And I ain't out there to cheat you, see I killed that damn
coyote in me

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