

Gregory Alan Isakov

"All There Is"

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How the lights will change
Coming back into the city
Driving homeward slow

Shimmer like you do to me
We laugh at all those changing trees
Autumn is falling down again

Out of this blue Sunday dream

Come to me with your smoky mouth
Raindrops fall on this old town
It's been me and you've been falling round

Well I lied to you when I knocked upon your door
See I was nowhere near your neighborhood

But if this all in our mind
If this is all just in our minds
Honey would you mind
Getting out of mine

This is all just in our head
And now it's screaming red
Watching the leaves fall down and laugh at us instead

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