

Gregory Alan Isakov

"Light Year"

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I woke you up with poetry and stones
The ragged and the bones
Strewn around the room

I recall another hazy may
Take a round in the ring
Gone hungry for the win

Here's the part I just lose everything
I cracked a spark just to hear you sing
Sing, sing

I took it out
The papers and the trash
Old among the cans
This golden love gone bad

Shined it up
Aiming at the sun
Just a light year from us
Hop a cab ride and we're off

And all the ravens came along to play
The simple notes you sang just went astray
Astray

Everything was up, it's coming down
Everything was up, it's coming down
Coming down
And everything I ever wanted is you

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