

Gregory Alan Isakov

"One Of Us Cannot Be Wrong"

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I lit a thin green candle to make you jealous of me
The room filled up with mosquitoes
They heard that my body was free

And I took the dust of a long sleepless night
And I put it in your little shoe
I must confess that I tortured the dress
That you wore for the world to look through

And I showed my heart to the doctor
He said, 'you just have to quit'
Then he wrote himself a prescription
And your name was mentioned in it

Then he locked himself in a library shelf
With the details of our honeymoon
And I hear from the nurse that he's gotten much worse
And his practice is all in a ruin

I once knew a saint who had loved you
I studied all night in his school
He taught that the duty of lovers
Was to tarnish the golden rule

And just when I was sure that his teachings were pure
He drowned himself in the pool
His body is gone, but out here on the lawn
His spirit continues to drool

An Eskimo showed me a movie
He'd recently taken of you
The poor man could hardly stop shivering
His lips and his fingers were blue

I suppose that he froze when the wind took your clothes
And I guess he just never got warm
But you stand there so nice, in your blizzard of ice
Please let me come into the storm

