

Gregory Alan Isakov

"Raising Cain"

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Last night I dreamed I was Brooklyn on my own
Last night I dreamed I was Brooklyn on my own
Lord I couldn't see the shadows all in me,
I dreamed I was in Brooklyn on my own

Now those demons had there face bright as gold
All those demons had their faces bright as gold
They came and shook my hand, fingers crossed
behind their back
Those demons had their faces bright as gold.

So I'm sittin' by my lonesome in the light
I'm sittin' by my lonesome in the light
I don't know what I see, that light plays tricks on me
I'm sittin' by my lonesome in the light

And I don't know what's ahead up comin' next
The wind shakes my feet, rattles my head
There's no tellin' home, just a sign up all alone
Sayin' oh, oh Elizabeth

And that season came in quiet with the rain
And loving you was just like raising Cain
It was strong and bound for glory, and cursed with a
thousand stories
Oh that season came in quiet with the rain

Now I'm pickin' up the pieces where I went wrong,
I'm pickin' up the pieces where I went wrong,
And there's somethin' so familiar, like an old bedtime
song
I'm pickin' up the pieces where I went wrong

And I don't know what's ahead up comin' next
The wind shakes my feet, rattles my head
There's no tellin' home, just a sign up all alone
Sayin' oh, oh Elizabeth
Sayin' oh, oh Elizabeth
Sayin' oh, oh Elizabeth

