

Gregory Alan Isakov**"This Empty Northern Hemisphere"**

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Smoke it flies from whiskey mouths
Vagabonds walk this suitcase town
Summer left us beckoning
The cottonwoods were all worn out

Night comes fixing on the day
And the universe reigned again
While the wheels roll to find a flickering light

While you were sleeping I was the turning the dials
And I walled up your kingdom with radio wires
And the bells of the choir came in low and rumbling
Oh you should have heard them

Living here in this city on fire, well I've been fine
Just dancing drunk above the street
Me the ghost of Caroline

And that was me, ya know, calling up above
From the steeples in the church yard
Watch the wheels roll to find another place home

While you were sleeping, you bet that I might
Walk this empty northern hemisphere wide
And the kingdom it came, well it all fell down
Watch it all falling down to dust
Watch it all falling down to dust

While you were sleeping, I was the turning the dials
And walk this empty northern hemisphere wide

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