

## Berth

Gregory Alan Isakov

Silver-wing-ed, broken english, boys they smoke  
Talk and joke, above the water  
New York lady, holding in her heavy hand  
Sacred lantern, guiding dawn

Quit all that, quit all of that, quit all of that looking back  
I quit all of that, quit all of that, quit all of that  
Quit all that, quit all of that, quit all of that looking back  
I quit all of that, quit all of that, quit all of that

Casting glances backwards, but it's not your fault  
Turned to salt for wondering  
In your braids and heavy pages, we were folded  
Kiss the cold and dirty ground

Quit all that, quit all of that, quit all of that looking back  
I quit all of that, quit all of that, quit all of that  
Quit all that, quit all of that, quit all of that looking back  
I quit all of that, quit all of that, quit all of that

Seasons wake with sleeping birds now flying south  
Covered mouth, we watch in awe  
Fallen pines to shape the skyline, take me there  
Beneath the barren colored moon

(Quit all that, quit all of that, quit all of that looking back  
I quit all of that, quit all of that, quit all of that)

Greeting all the masses  
From their teeming shores  
She was born with open eyes

(Her color, her color, her color is coming back  
Her color, her color, her color)

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