

Black & Blue

Gregory Alan Isakov

I've seen boxes Fills up all the things I never told you Still
growing And I try though I try though the talking never seems t
o do it

I miss the taste of you Red hearts and the dust of June Oh, I m
iss the taste of you

For the night now Just dark as the crows who call me And the di
scernment, about

Still they won't let me be Two hearts gone black & blue Oh they
won't let me be Closer to you

I miss the taste of you Red hearts and the dust of June Oh, I m
iss the taste of you Red hearts gone black & blue

Everything you ever do Is a sigh and a cry A cry Cry