

# Black Hills

Gregory Alan Isakov

In the Black Hills  
It's so familiar now  
Familiar like NPR in the afternoons  
It's never too much, 'cause you still may never know  
The salt on the sidewalks  
Or whether my feet will find me in quicksand erosion, or concrete

These are the questions that rush through my brain  
On another, but different, sunny day  
In the Black Hills

I will meet your mother today  
I won't be so sure what to do with my hands  
And I'm never quite so sure where I come from  
Or what my daddy does  
When whiskey isn't speaking from your sweet lips  
We still believe in me

These are the questions that rush through my brain  
On another, but different, sunny day  
In them Black Hills

I'm so scared of my hands  
I'm so scared of those voices on the afternoon radio  
And I'm so scared of what my hands are gonna do

I'm so scared to leave Black Hills