

Dark, Dark, Dark

Gregory Alan Isakov

Maria's on the hill, she was all "side of her eyes"
A five-dollar wine as a blanket inside
Lay up the pages on a traveling bed
Watch the Blood of Christ Mountains, oh they all turn red

Howl at the half moon, radio queen
She's all smoke, she's all nicotine
The songs in my pocket just crumble apart
Won't you sing me something for the dark

Maria's got wings, she's got legs for the sea
A captain's coat and a note for me
Wake up Marie, before the season turns
Set your dash for the coast, watch the Sangres burn

Howl at the half moon, radio queen
She's all smoke, she's all nicotine
The songs in my pocket just crumble apart
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