

Morning Lady

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From the window if I'm quiet
trains of thought.
We sit like watchmen in lonely towers.
Dark by now.
I saw them grazing
wished I could follow a hidden moon
two stories high.
All we need now is a movement here.
And aw, we sit like watchmen.
Sweet morning lady.
Sweet is so necessary.
I just don't know why..

And now we circle the sidewalks of this suitcase town
We have found some comfort here.
We are experts. We are experts of the past.
Coffee is cold like evening air
and still we sit like watchmen.
Sweet morning lady.
Sweet, sweet is so necessary.
I just don't know why..
I just don't know why..