## O' City Lights

## **Gregory Alan Isakov**

Maria's stoned like a porcelain saint Sweet morphine Sweet morphine

Curls a smile when the sadness hits Finds my face with fingertips

Have you seen her
The daughter of the hum of the highway
She's curling up like smoke

Oh city lights fly at this speed Oh heaven knows It ain't me behind the wheel This time

Through the hills, you can hear them sing Ah Maria, ah Maria