Silver Bell

Gregory Alan Isakov

Annabelle, I'll be gambling 'til my bones are 'neath the apple field
Silver rain makes green every once in a while

I been lost, lost at every crossing, I was just drifting cold
Couldn't tell ya how many times I was ready to fold

Finally found us some good luck, let's see if it lasts

Cold, cold, every shoulder, still I learned to lean and freeze
Your roaring smile, campfire lit up the trees

Aw, my gal, she's a silver bell, she pulls straight from the lo am
Just a kiss from your lips and I'm ready to go

Finally found us some good luck, let's see if it lasts

Swing high, swing low, come to carry
We're here on the ground, but I swear it's heaven

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