

The Universe

Gregory Alan Isakov

The Universe, she's wounded
She's got bruises on her feet
I sat down like I always did,
And tried to calm her down

I sent her my warmth and my silence
And all she sends me back is rain... rain

The Universe, she's wounded
But she's still got infinity ahead of her
She's still got you and me
And everybody says that she's beautiful

The Universe, she's dancing now
They got her lit up, lit up on the moon
They got stars doing cartwheels, all the nebulae on the tune
And the Universe, she's whispering so softly I can hear all
The croaking insects, all the taxicabs, all the bum's spent change
All the boys playing ball in the alleyways
They're just folds in her dress

The Universe, she's wounded
But she's still got infinity ahead of her
She's still got you and me
And everybody says that she's beautiful
And everybody says...