

# Watchman

Gregory Alan Isakov

Our love was untested, never rested  
Slipping through our city fingers  
Always dressed up, but never picked up  
Watch every headlight cruising past our door

Oh, who's gonna pick us up?  
Oh, the night is starting to ache  
Oh, who's holding the reins?  
Oh

And that sonar satellite that sings to us in universe  
We're just hard stone but so easily broken  
Like crumbling ruins off the coast of Spain

Oh, I'll keep watch tonight  
Oh, when the coyote come  
Oh, I'll be your watchman  
Oh, while they're just flashes  
They're just flashes

So take me however I seem to be, haunted I know  
Our love got lost out there  
Arm-in-arm, we'll light our torches  
And search the fields behind the houses

Oh, our love is hungry and cold  
Oh, here in the first snow  
Oh, leave a trail of stones  
Oh, so we can make it back

Oh, our love is hungry and cold  
Oh, our love is hungry  
Oh, our love is hungry and cold  
Oh

Oh, our love is hungry  
Oh, our love is hungry  
Oh