

Now it's just you two
In a world of poems and paintings
I guess this means I'm through
It also means I'm breaking
But Isabelle, what can I do
If I'm caught in him, this man you love?
And Isabelle, what can I do
If his strong hands make it hard to shove him away?

And I know it's hard to picture it up here
In your tobacco-strewn back yard
And it is kinda toilsome to keep an eye on him
Just look what he's done so far

But Isabelle, what can I do?
The last thing I need is to end up askew
And Isabelle, what can I do?
The prophets make it difficult
Isabelle, what can I do
In the few weeks time you're out of sight?
And Isabelle, what can I do
Just because it feels alright?

And the ground's already hard
Where its been dug in
I've gone this way too many times
But the pit keeps getting deeper
But I'm not turning back
So Isabelle, try to understand

I know just what to say
But it's incorrect to say it
How do I break it to him?
The death of one is staying
And all I think of now
Is a way to get under and a way to get out
So Isabelle, what can I do
With the naive pain it's causing you?