

Idaho

Gregory Alan Isakov

Down in the bardo
There was nothing to hold so we let it go
We were empty, we were hollow
Shined with everything we were living for

And you see your soul
Like some picture show
Across idaho

We were running through the autumn leaves
A couple kids just wearing out our jeans, running
Mary she's our autumn queen
Watch her smoking cigarettes in the street

And down she goes
Cold she blows
Across idaho

And there's lights up in the north
And I ain't wondering where you are
Yeah just lights up in the north

Now it's white as snow
Watch the evening glow
Across idaho