

## Raising Cain

Gregory Alan Isakov

Last night I dreamed I was brooklyn on my own  
Last night I dreamed I was brooklyn on my own  
Lord I couldn't see the shadows all in me,  
I dreamed I was in brooklyn on my own

Now those demons had there face bright as gold  
Those demons had their faces bright as gold  
They came and shook my hand, fingers crossed behind their back  
Those demons had their faces bright as gold.

So I'm sittin by my lonesome in the light  
I'm sittin by my lonesome in the light  
I don't know what I see, that light plays tricks on me  
I'm sittin by my lonesome in the light

And I don't know whats ahead up comin next  
The wind shakes me feet, rattles my head  
There's no tellin home, just a sign up all alone  
Sayin oh, oh elizabeth

And that season came in quiet with the rain  
And loving you was just like raising cain  
It was strong and bound for glory, and cursed with a thousand s  
tories  
Oh that season came in quiet with the rain

So I'm pickin up the pieces where I went wrong,  
Oh I'm pickin up the pieces where I went wrong,  
And there's somethin so familiar, like an old bedtime song  
I'm pickin up the pieces where I went wrong...