

# Isabel

Frank Turner

So now the years are rolling by,  
And it's not long since you and I could have been  
Train drivers and astronauts.  
And now we're stuck in furnished ruts,  
But yet the thing that really cuts is that we can't  
Remember how we got caught.  
Filtered air, computer screens, muffled sighs and might-have-beens  
Count your blessings, then breathe, and count to ten.  
And though it doesn't often show, we are scared because we know  
Our forefathers were farmers and fishermen.

And so the world has changed, worse or better's hard to tell,  
but my hope remains within the arms of Isabel.

So now our calloused hands once told a story honest as it's old  
Of sowing seeds and setting sail.  
But now our hands are soft and weak and working seven days a week  
At these salvation schemes that are bound to fail.

And I'll admit that I am scared of what I don't understand.  
But darling, if you're there, gentle voice and soothing hands,  
To quiet my despair, to shore up all my plans, darling, if you're there...

And so the world has changed, and I must change as well.  
The machines we've made will damn us into hell.  
And the time will come when all must save themselves.  
I will save my soul in the arms of Isabel.