

# Honey, It's Alright

Gregory Alan Isakov

Wake up, it's morning  
Wake up, my darling  
Wake up and see for yourself

You were woven in patchwork  
Clouded and hazed  
In your past like a lover can be

Honey, it's alright to be  
Alone

Despite all our shuffling  
Our train wreck a-talking  
Despite all our outfield saves  
Treading water  
The sea was your daughter  
But now she's gone  
Gone

It's alright  
Honey, it's alright  
It's alright to be alone

Honey, it's alright  
Honey, it's alright  
To be amongst the rubble and stone