

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