

## O' City Lights

Gregory Alan Isakov

Maria's stoned like a porcelain saint  
Sweet morphine  
Sweet morphine

Curls a smile when the sadness hits  
Finds my face with fingertips

Have you seen her  
The daughter of the hum of the highway  
She's curling up like smoke

Oh city lights fly at this speed  
Oh heaven knows  
It ain't me behind the wheel  
This time

Through the hills, you can hear them sing  
Ah Maria, ah Maria