

She Always Takes It Black

Gregory Alan Isakov

Dreaming up this golden grain
But I'm falling from this shack
Talking sweet to the queen
Wishing I was riding with the jacks
Walking proud and lonesome now
Oh I'm yearning for the pack
But I'd never say "I love you," dear
Just to hear you say it back

I've heard the road to every truth
It's just a cul-de-sac
There's ladies and the lions there
But you know it's just an act
You search the world for the milk of the pearl
She always takes it black
But you'll love her till it all goes dark
You'll love her even after that...