

# The Universe

Gregory Alan Isakov

The Universe, she's wounded  
She's got bruises on her feet  
I sat down like I always did,  
And tried to calm her down

I sent her my warmth and my silence  
And all she sends me back is rain... rain

The Universe, she's wounded  
But she's still got infinity ahead of her  
She's still got you and me  
And everybody says that she's beautiful

The Universe, she's dancing now  
They got her lit up, lit up on the moon  
They got stars doing cartwheels, all the nebulae on the tune  
And the Universe, she's whispering so softly I can hear all  
The croaking insects, all the taxicabs, all the bum's spent change  
All the boys playing ball in the alleyways  
They're just folds in her dress

The Universe, she's wounded  
But she's still got infinity ahead of her  
She's still got you and me  
And everybody says that she's beautiful  
And everybody says...