

## Isabelle

### Gregory and the Hawk

Now it's just you two  
In a world of poems and paintings  
I guess this means I'm through  
It also means I'm breaking  
But Isabelle, what can I do  
If I'm caught in him, this man you love?  
And Isabelle, what can I do  
If his strong hands make it hard to shove him away?

And I know it's hard to picture it up here  
In your tobacco-strewn back yard  
And it is kinda toilsome to keep an eye on him  
Just look what he's done so far

But Isabelle, what can I do?  
The last thing I need is to end up askew  
And Isabelle, what can I do?  
The prophets make it difficult  
Isabelle, what can I do  
In the few weeks time you're out of sight?  
And Isabelle, what can I do  
Just because it feels alright?

And the ground's already hard  
Where its been dug in  
I've gone this way too many times  
But the pit keeps getting deeper  
But I'm not turning back  
So Isabelle, try to understand

I know just what to say  
But it's incorrect to say it  
How do I break it to him?  
The death of one is staying  
And all I think of now  
Is a way to get under and a way to get out  
So Isabelle, what can I do  
With the naive pain it's causing you?