

Isabel (Acoustic Version)

Frank Turner

So now the years are rolling by,
And it's not long since you and I could have been
Train drivers and astronauts. And now we're stuck in furnished ruts,
But yet the thing that really cuts
Is that we can't remember how we got caught. Filtered air, computer screens,
Muffled sighs and might-have-beens
Count your blessings, then breathe,
And count to ten. And though it doesn't often show,
We are scared because we know
Our forefathers were farmers and fishermen. And so the world has changed,
Worse or better's hard to tell,
But my hope remains within the arms of Isabel. So now our calloused hands once told
A story honest as it's old of sowing seeds
And setting sail. But now our hands are soft and weak
And working seven days a week
At these salvation schemes that are bound to fail. And so the world has changed,
Worse or better's hard to tell,
But my hope remains within the arms of Isabel. And I'll admit that I am scared
Of what I don't understand.
But darling, if you're there,
Gentle voice and soothing hands,
To quiet my despair,
To shore up all my plans,
Darling, if you're there. And so the world has changed,
And I must change as well.
The machines we've made will damn us into hell.
And the time will come when all must save themselves.
I will save my soul in the arms of Isabel.

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