# black hills

## Gregory Alan Isakov

in the black hills it's so familiar now,
familiar like npr in the afternoons.
never too much 'cause you still may never know
the salt on the sidewalks are,
but my feet will find me in quicksand erosion, concrete.
these are the questions that rush through my brain
on another but different, sunny day.

in the black hills i will meet your mother today.
i won't be so sure what to do with my hands
and i'm never quite so sure
where i come from,
what my daddy does.
and when whiskey isn't speaking
from your sweet lips
we still believe in me.
these are the questions that rush through my brain
another, but different, sunny day.

in the black hills i'm so scared of my hand
i'm so scared of those voices, afternoon radio,
and i'm so scared what my hands are gonna do.
i'm so scared to leave the black hills.
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Lyrics submitted by katie holms.

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