Idaho

Gregory Alan Isakov

All that love all those mistakes What else can a poor man make? So I gave up a life of crime I gave it to a friend of mine Something else was on my mind The only ghost I?m haunted by I hear her howling down below Idaho oh Idaho
Wolves oh wolves oh can?t you see? Ain?t no wolf can sing like me And if it could then I suppose He belongs in Idaho Packs of dogs and cigarettes For those who ain?t done packing yet My clothes are packed and I want to go Idaho oh Idaho

Out at sea for seven years I got your letter in Tangier Thought that I?d been on a boat ?Til that single word you wrote That single word it landlocked me Turned the masts to cedar trees And the winds to gravel roads Idaho oh Idaho

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