

Isabel

Frank Turner

So now the years are rolling by,
and its not long since you and I could have been train drivers and astronauts.
And now were stuck in furnished ruts,
but yet the thing that really cuts is that we cant 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 doesnt often show, we are scared
because we know our forefathers were famers and fishermen.
And so the world has changed, worse or betters hard to tell,
but my hope remains within the arms of Isabel.
So now our calloused hands once told a story honest
as its 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 Ill admit that I am scared of what I dont understand.
But darling, if youre there, gentle voice and soothing hands,
to quiet my despair, to shore up all my plans, darling, if youre there...
And so the world has changed, and I must change as well.
The machines weve 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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