

All There Is

Gregory Alan Isakov

This song goes out
To all the hopeless sinners
With grave allegiances
So meaningless and vain The walking wounded
In a pageant of contenders
Who balance on a rail of pain
For just a pail of rain And everything is barely mist
Blood relations and bricks
My expression, my confession, add it up
Extract a lesson more than this
Once again, like a bullet, as a friend
Tell me, can that be all there is? In my rectory of doubt
I kneel to pray like one devout
As time the great gray dreamless sleep
Of a useless modern God Erodes away, each storied day as
Quenched Adams, with hell to pay
Content upon a rail of pain
For just a little rain And everything is dearly missed
Blood relations and bricks
My expression, my confession, add it up
Extract a lesson, more than this
Once again, like a bullet as a friend
Tell me, can that be all there is? There's an endless disposition
And it doesn't mean a goddamn thing
There's space for a paper airplane race
In the eye of a hurricane And if pigs could fly, then surely so could I
But this pedestrian knows better than to even try
And my divinity is caught between the colors of a butterfly And everything is dearly missed
Blood relations and bricks
My expression, my confession, add it up
Extract duress and more than this
Once again, like a bullet, as a friend
Tell me, can that be all there is?
All there is?

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