

# Mason Jennings, Isabel

It might have been some other story  
Our book must have been bought used  
'cause it was missing all the late chapters  
They were gone with the liberty that everybody loves to abuse  
And i'm not ready to never feel good again  
Mistakes were made by you as well, as well  
I will come by road, i will come by rail  
To come by isabel  
Demons, my demons  
Always behind me  
Everywhere i go they come along  
And demons, my demons  
Always remind me  
They keep singing my favorite song  
And i keep sliding all around  
All my vices are gone that held me so well, so well  
I will come by control of the things you don't tell  
To come by isabel  
Early in the morning i lay awake in my bed  
Wondering when the day will show a trace  
Well it always comes like a prison guard  
Looking in my cell  
Shining his flashlight in my face  
He always says "hey boy,  
Where do you think you're going"  
There's only one place i can tell, i can tell  
I come flat broke, i will come by hell  
To come by isabel  
I will come by control of the things you don't tell  
To come by my isabel