

# Gregory Alan Isakov, Before the Sun

Fifty-five mile signs  
Thunder crack and lightning  
While something else inside  
Shines like the Fourth of July  
I'm going on my own, I'm going on my own, going on my own  
Sand City bus kicking up dust  
Kicking up dust  
Before the sun comes up

The devil sees us now  
Clear as the moon glows  
Sleeping in our winter clothes  
Radio's a crackling fire  
I'm going on my own, I'm going on my own, going on my own  
Sand City bus kicking up dust  
Kicking up dust  
Before the sun comes up