

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