

## Idaho

Gregory Alan Isakov

Down in the bardo  
There was nothing to hold so we let it go  
We were empty, we were hollow  
Shined with everything we were living for

And you see your soul  
Like some picture show  
Across idaho

We were running through the autumn leaves  
A couple kids just wearing out our jeans, running  
Mary she's our autumn queen  
Watch her smoking cigarettes in the street

And down she goes  
Cold she blows  
Across idaho

And there's lights up in the north  
And I ain't wondering where you are  
Yeah just lights up in the north

Now it's white as snow  
Watch the evening glow  
Across idaho