

Powder

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Were we the hammer
Were we the powder
Were we the cold evening air

Were we the wild geese
Were we the tall trees
Were we the shot in the air

And the background noise
Goes fading now
No sounds, just the quiver of a lip
Even the moon's half holding back

Look, we're falling so easy
Like the rain in the dirty south
Justified for the fighting
Were we living in the lion's mouth

And the background noise
Goes fading out
No sounds, just the quiver of a lip
Even the moon's half holding out