

Isabel's Daughter

The Jayhawks

Isabel's daughter, she'll turn around, 'round, 'round
Walking on water, don't let her drown, drown, drown
Don't let her drown, drown, drown

Staring at distorted images
Passing slowly stretching limitless
Blinking dull and unremarkable
From the window of her second-hand car

Isabel's daughter, her turn to dream, dream, dream
Frozen she falters, what does she believe, 'lieve, 'lieve
What does she believe, 'lieve, 'lieve

Early to be broken wide it seems
Held toward a common reasoning
Full of open-ended mysteries
Built on stark and shaky ground

One sees the mountain from a low plateau
Craves experience but we won't let go
They climb the fences built of greying stone
We lift the barrier and we watch them run

Isabel's daughter, she'll turn around, 'round, 'round
It's quiet without her, never a sound, sound, sound
She'll turn around, 'round, 'round
Never a sound, sound, sound
She'll turn around, 'round, 'round