

# She Always Takes It Black

Gregory Alan Isakov

Dreaming up this golden grain  
But I'm falling from this shack  
Talking sweet to the queen  
Wishing I was riding with the jacks  
Walking proud and lonesome now  
Oh I'm yearning for the pack  
But I'd never say "I love you," dear  
Just to hear you say it back

I've heard the road to every truth  
It's just a cul-de-sac  
There's ladies and the lions there  
But you know it's just an act  
You search the world for the milk of the pearl  
She always takes it black  
But you'll love her till it all goes dark  
You'll love her even after that...