

# Down in a Hole

Jason Isbell

Standing in the window with his tongue hanging out  
Like the king of something evil in a year-long drought  
With a dirty white suit, a big white hat  
A bullet in his pocket, no matter where he's at  
He's trouble, but ain't we all?  
Trouble, but ain't we all? His daughter was a looker but five'll get you ten  
He dressed her like a hooker and she smelled like sin  
She had a rag top car, she made good grades  
She didn't like her daddy 'cause he wouldn't let her date  
She was trouble, but ain't we all?  
Trouble, but ain't we all?  
Don't work for him boy, it's like selling your soul  
He? ll turn his back and leave you way down in a hole  
His daddy wasn't a good man, he owned most of the town  
He bought up all the farmland and tore up all the ground He covered up the county with stone  
and creosote  
Came to football games in a new fur coat  
Had a real big wife, a real big grin  
He gave thanks to Jesus for the shape that he was in  
He was trouble, oh but ain't we all?  
He was trouble, but ain't we all?  
Big sign on the roadside, telling me how to live  
A couple things that he done, real hard to forgive  
So don't work for him, boy, it's like selling your soul  
He'll walk away and he'll leave you way down in a hole

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