

# Yvette

## Jason Isbell

I can barely make out a little light from the house on the cul-de-sac  
bedroom upstairs, it's a family affair. I've watched you in class, your eyes are cut glass and you  
stay covered up,  
head to your toe, so nobody will notice you I might not be a man yet,  
but that bastard will never be,  
so I'm cleaning my Weatherby  
I sight in my scope  
and I hope against hope.  
I hope against hope.  
Your mother seems nice, I don't understand why she won't say anything.  
As if she can't see who he turned out to be.  
I might not be a man yet,  
but your father will never be.  
so I load up my Weatherby,  
and I let out my breath,  
and I couple with death.  
I couple with death. Saw your father last night, and in the window the light made a silhouette.  
Saw him hold you that way, he won't hold you that way anymore, Yvette.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>