

Live Oak

Jason Isbell

There's a man who walks beside me
It is who I used to be
And I wonder if she sees him
and confuses him with me
And I wonder who she's pinin' for
on nights I'm not around
Could it be the man who did the things
I'm living now?
I was rougher than a timber
shippin' out of Fond du Lac
When I headed south at 17
ol' sheriff on my back
I never held a lover in my arms or in my gaze
So I found another victim every couple days
But the night I fell in love with her
I made my weakness known
Through the fires and the farmers diggin' dusty fields alone
The jealous innuendos of the lonely hearted men
Let me know what kind of country I was sleeping in
Well you couldn't stay a loner
on the plains before the war
My neighbors had been slightin' me
I had to ask what for
Rumors of my wickedness had reached our little town
Soon she'd heard about the boys I used to hang around
We'd robbed a Great Lakes freighter,
killed a couple men or more
And I told her her eyes flickered like the sharp steel of a sword
All the things that she'd suspected
I'd expected her to fear
Was the truth that drew her to me when I landed here
There's a man who walks beside me
he is who I used to be
And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me
And I wonder who she's pinin' for
on nights I'm not around
Could it be the man who did the things
I'm living down?
Well I carved a cross from live oak
and a box from shortleaf pine
Buried her so deep
she touched the water table line

I picked up what I needed
and I headed south again
To myself I wondered
would I find another friend
There's a man who walks beside her,
it is who I used to be
And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me.

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