

The Ballad of Jody Baxter

Andrew Peterson

Do you remember, Jody Baxter
When the whippoorwill sings
How you stole across the pasture
To the little hidden spring?
Where you laid down by the water
On a bed of Spanish moss
And dreamed

When wind was on the prairie
And the fire was in the stove
With the wood you had to carry
From the corner of the grove
And your daddy let you disappear
With all your fishing gear
Into the cove

And it was good, good, good
But now it's gone, gone, gone
And there's a little boy
Who's lost out in the woods
Always looking for the fawn

I remember, Jody Baxter
When I hid out in the corn
How the clouds were moving faster
With the coming of the storm
And I knew that I had broken
Something I could not repair
And I mourned

Because the field was green as Eden
Then it withered into brown
In the middle of my grieving
They came and cut it down
And I was sure that it was all my fault
The day they mowed the garden
To the ground

What was good, good, good
Is gone, gone, gone
And there's a little boy
Who's lost out in the woods
Always looking for the fawn

So come back to me
Please, come back to me
Is there any way that we can
Change the ending of this tragedy?
Or does it have to be this way?

I can see you, Jody Baxter
Now you're broken by the years
As you lie down in the aster
And listen for the deer
And I'm a million miles away
But I still pray the fawn can find me
Here

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