

Evergreen Fields

Billy Joe Shaver

To evergreen fields of my youth I go singin'
My steps left no footprints behind
No fruit of the harvest lent weight to my pockets
Small knowledge was stored in my mind
Now youth has forsaken this old man
My seasons are numbered by three
No seeds have been sown in the plowed fields
No harvest is waiting for me

A cripple for life is the fate of a loner
No fruit will be borne by his tree
These thoughts pierce my mind
While in echoes of memories
A small voice too late calls to me
Come run through my green fields, you old man
Search beyond your windowsill
Go touch my high mountains and valleys
Come sleep 'neath my evergreen fields