

## **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