

Oak Creek

Courtney Marie Andrews

You and I put up a tent on the old creek
Close to the vagabond family
We lost to some foreign food poisoning
On my death bed you were still talking to me

It makes me sad that we aren't as close
Dying with you just goes to show
I've put us through a lot, and it's hard to admit
But I'm finally brave enough, brave enough to say it
Send my flesh back to a reoccurring thing
I whispered out your name thinking that you would hear me
Cause if they find my body come morning
Somehow I just wanted you to know
That you were the only one who really knew me

You and I've talked to the boy with the mandolin
Right before our legs began to give in
Dying without faith in anything
If you have no God, then you cannot sin

It makes me sad that we aren't as close
Dying with you just goes to show
I've put us through a lot, and it's hard to admit
But I'm finally brave enough, brave enough to say it
Send my flesh back to a reoccurring thing
I whispered out your name thinking that you would hear me
Cause if they find my body come morning
Somehow I just wanted you to know
That you were the only one who really knew me

I put us through a lot, put us through a lot