

Flying Over Water

Jason Isbell

From the sky, we look so organized and brave
Walls that make up barricades and graves
Daddy's little empire, built by hands and built by slaves
From the sky, we look so organized and brave

In the heat, I saw you rising from the dirt
Drunken tears and tugging at your skirt
If only you could tell me then, what part of you got hurt
In the heat, I saw you rising from the dirt

Take my hand baby, we're over land
I know flying over water makes you cry
Where's that liquor cart, maybe we shouldn't start
But I can't for the life of me say why

From the sky the highway's straight as it could be
A string pulled tight from home to Tennessee
And still, somehow, those ditches took the better part of me
From the sky, the highway's straight as it could be

Take my hand baby, we're over land
I know flying over water makes you cry
Been in the sky so long, seems like the long way home
But I can't for the life of me say why

Do we leave our love behind?
Would we leave our love behind?
Did we leave our love behind?
Would we leave our love behind?

Take my hand baby, we're over land
I know flying over water makes you cry
Been in the sky so long, seems like the long way home
But I can't for the life of me say why

Did we leave our love behind?
Did we leave our love behind?