

Last Of My Kind

Jason Isbell

I couldn't be happy in the city at night
You can't see the stars for the neon light
Sidewalk's dirty and the river's worse
The underground trains all run in reverse
Nobody here can dance like me
Everybody's clapping on the one and the three
Am I the last of my kind?
Am I the last of my kind?

So many people with so much to do
The winter's so cold my hands turn blue
Old men sleeping on the filthy ground
They spend their whole day just walking around
Nobody else here seems to care
They walk right past them like they ain't even there
Am I the last of my kind?
Am I the last of my kind?

Daddy said the river would always lead me home
But the river can't take me back in time
And daddy's dead and gone
The family farm's a parking lot for Walton's five and dime
Am I the last of my kind?
Am I the last of my kind?

I tried to go to college but I didn't belong
Everything I said was either funny or wrong
They laughed at my boots, laughed at my jeans
Laughed when they gave me amphetamines
Left me alone in a bad part of town
Thirty-six hours to come back down
Am I the last of my kind?
Am I the last of my kind?

Mama says God won't give you too much to bear
That might be true in Arkansas
But I'm a long, long way from there
That whole world's a lonely, faded picture in my mind
Am I the last of my kind?
Am I the last of my kind?
Am I the last of my kind?