

Live Oak

Jason Isbell

There's a man who walks beside me he is who I used to be
And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me
And I wonder who she's pining for on nights I'm not around
Could it be the man who did the things I'm living down

I was rougher than the timber shipping out of Fond du Lac
When I headed south at seventeen, the sheriff on my back
I'd never held a lover in my arms or in my gaze
So I found another victim every couple days
But the night I fell in love with her, I made my weakness known
To the fighters and the farmers digging dusty fields alone
The jealous innuendos of the lonely-hearted men
Let me know what kind of country I was sleeping in
Well you couldn't stay a loner on the plains before the war
When my neighbors took to slightin' me, I had to ask what for
Rumors of my wickedness had reached our little town
Soon she'd heard about the boys I used to hang around
We'd robbed a great-lakes freighter, killed a couple men aboard
When I told her, her eyes flickered like the sharp steel of a s
word
All the things that she'd suspected, I'd expected her to fear
Was the truth that drew her to me when I landed here

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And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me
And I wonder who she's pining for on nights I'm not around
Could it be the man who did the things I'm living down

Well I carved her cross from live oak and her box from short-
leaf pine
And buried her so deep, she'd touch the water table line
And picked up what I needed and I headed south again
To myself, I wondered, "Would I ever find another friend"

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And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me