

Only Children

Jason Isbell

Walking around at night
Fighting my appetite
Every kid in cut-offs could be you

Remember when we used to meet
At the bottom of Mobile Street
Do what the broken people do

Are you still taking notes?
The Holy Ghost could get inside you
You do whatever you put your mind to
Will you read me what you wrote?
When we were locked outside the building
Over-encouraged only children

Cold coffee on the fire escape
We bet it all on a demo tape
When we still had something left to steal

Remember when we took too much
To get a little of the human touch
Hand to mouth and reel to reel

And are you still taking notes?
Hydrocodone in your backpack
Maybe these words will hold the beast back
Will you read me what you wrote?
The one I said you stole from Dylan
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"Heaven's wasted on the dead"
That's what your mama said
And the hearse was idling in the parking lot
She said you thought the world of me
And you were glad to see
They finally let me be an astronaut

Are you still taking notes?
Do you have anyone to talk to?
Castle walls that you can walk through?
Do the dead believe in ghosts?
Or are you lost in some old building
With over-encouraged only children?