Maxwell

The Infamous Stringdusters

Maxwell was a measured man, played his cards with a heavy hand
Until the day his fortune fell, ask me how I knew him well
Born unto a family, stump in place of a family tree
Only child left alone, mother dead and his father gone

Maxwell my boy
What will be your fate
Oh Oh it's not too late
Maxwell my boy
What will be your fate...

Had more land than you or me, he owned damn near everything
House was on the highest hill, standing there, standing still
Looking back as I neared the end, yeah no one there to call a f
riend
All he had was all he owned, behind the silent walls of stone

Maxwell my boy
What will be your fate
Oh, oh, it's not too late
Maxwell my boy
What will be your fate...

Well I used to be a measured man, played my cards with a heavy
hand
Truest love, never known, this lonesome tale, is my own
When the night bird sings it's song, yeah and I regret all I've
 done
I recall those darkest days, and thank the lord that an can cha
nge

Maxwell my boy
What will be your fate
Oh, it's not too late
Maxwell my boy
What will be your fate
Oh, it's not too late
Oh, it's not too late

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