

Live Oak

Jason Isbell

There's a man who walks beside me
 â€”It is who I used to be
 â€”And I wonder if she sees him
 â€”and confuses him with me
 â€”And I wonder who she's pinin' for
 â€”on nights I'm not around
 â€”Could it be the man who did the things
 â€”I'm living now ?
 â€”I was rougher than a timber
 â€”shippin' out of Fond du Lac
 â€”When I headed south at 17
 â€”ol' sheriff on my back
 â€”I never held a lover in my arms or in my gaze
 â€”So I found another victim every couple days
 â€”But the night I fell in love with her
 â€”I made my weakness known
 â€”Through the fires and the farmers diggin' dusty fields alone
 â€”The jealous innuendos of the lonely hearted men
 â€”Let me know what kind of country I was sleeping in
 â€”Well you couldn't stay a loner
 â€”on the plains before the war
 â€”My neighbors had been slightin' me
 â€”I had to ask what for
 â€”Rumors of my wickedness had reached our little town
 â€”Soon she'd heard about the boys I used to hang around
 â€”We'd robbed a Great Lakes freighter,
 â€”killed a couple men or more
 â€”And I told her her eyes flickered like the sharp steel of a sword
 â€”All the things that she'd suspected
 â€”I'd expected her to fear
 â€”Was the truth that drew her to me when I landed here
 â€”There's a man who walks beside me
 â€”he is who I used to be
 â€”And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me
 â€”And I wonder who she's pinin' for
 â€”on nights I'm not around
 â€”Could it be the man who did the things
 â€”I'm living down ?
 â€”Well I carved a cross from live oak

and a box from shortleaf pine
Buried her so deep
she touched the water table line
I picked up what I needed
and I headed south again
To myself I wondered
would I find another friend
There's a man who walks beside her,
it is who I used to be
And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me.

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