

Down In a Hole

Jason Isbell

Standing in the window with his tongue hanging out
Like the king of something evil in a year-long drought

With a dirty white suit, a big white hat

A bullet in his pocket, no matter where he's at

He's trouble, but ain't we all?

Trouble, but ain't we all? His daughter was a looker but five'll get you ten

He dressed her like a hooker and she smelled like sin

She had a rag top car, she made good grades

She didn't like her daddy 'cause he wouldn't let her date

She was trouble, but ain't we all?

Trouble, but ain't we all? Don't work for him boy, it's like selling your soul

Hell turn his back and leave you way down in a hole

His daddy wasn't a good man, he owned most of the town

He bought up all the farmland and tore up all the ground He covered up the county with stone and creosote

Came to football games in a new fur coat

Had a real big wife, a real big grin

He gave thanks to Jesus for the shape that he was in

He was trouble, oh but ain't we all?

He was trouble, but ain't we all? Big sign on the roadside, telling me how to live

A couple things that he done, real hard to forgive

So don't work for him, boy, it's like selling your soul

He'll walk away and he'll leave you way down in a hole

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