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 groundHe 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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