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 †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? †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 †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 †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 †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, †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

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