Follow You Down To The Red Oak Tree

James Vincent Mcmorrow

follow you down to the red oak tree
as the air moves thick through the hollow reeds
i will wait for you there until someone comes
to carry me, carry me down
see i have not i have not grown cold
i have stole from men who have stole from those
with their arms so thin and their skin so old
but you are young, you are young, you are young
then somebody laughs like it?s all just for hell

as though we could not be saved from the depth of the well
but the cloth that i make is a cloth you can sell
to pay for the gossamer seed
names get carved in the red oak tree
of the ones who stay and the ones who leave
i will wait for you there with these cindered bones
so follow me follow me down
follow me follow me down
follow me follow me down
follow me follow me down

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