

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 downsee 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 youngthen somebody laughs like its 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 seednames 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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