

# Live Oak

Jason Isbell

There's a man who walks beside me  
It is who I used to be  
And I wonder if she sees him  
and confuses him with me  
And I wonder who she's pinin' for  
on nights I'm not around  
Could it be the man who did the things  
I'm living now?  
I was rougher than a timber  
shippin' out of Fond du Lac  
When I headed south at 17  
ol' sheriff on my back  
I never held a lover in my arms or in my gaze  
So I found another victim every couple days  
But the night I fell in love with her  
I made my weakness known  
Through the fires and the farmers diggin' dusty fields alone  
The jealous innuendos of the lonely hearted men  
Let me know what kind of country I was sleeping in  
Well you couldn't stay a loner  
on the plains before the war  
My neighbors had been slightin' me  
I had to ask what for  
Rumors of my wickedness had reached our little town  
Soon she'd heard about the boys I used to hang around  
We'd robbed a Great Lakes freighter,  
killed a couple men or more  
And I told her her eyes flickered like the sharp steel of a sword  
All the things that she'd suspected  
I'd expected her to fear  
Was the truth that drew her to me when I landed here  
There's a man who walks beside me  
he is who I used to be  
And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me  
And I wonder who she's pinin' for  
on nights I'm not around  
Could it be the man who did the things  
I'm living down?  
Well I carved a cross from live oak  
and a box from shortleaf pine  
Buried her so deep  
she touched the water table line

I picked up what I needed  
and I headed south again  
To myself I wondered  
would I find another friend  
There's a man who walks beside her,  
it is who I used to be  
And I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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