

# 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  
Will you wait for me 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 cold  
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 seeds

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