

Down In A Hole

Jason Isbell

Standing in the window with his tongue hanging out,
like the king of something evil in a yearlong drought.
With a dirty white suit, a big white hat,
a bullet in his pocket no matter where he's at.
He's trouble, but ain't we all. Trouble, but ain't we all.

His daughter was a looker but five'll get you ten.
He dressed her like a hooker and she smelled like sin.
She had a ragtop car. She made good grades.
She didn't like her daddy 'cause he wouldn't let her date.
She was trouble, but ain't we all. Trouble, but ain't we all.

Don't work for him boy. It's like selling your soul.
He'll walk away and he'll leave you way down in a hole.
His daddy wasn't a good man. He owned most of the town.
He bought up all the farmland and tore up all the ground.

He covered up the county in stone and creosote.
Came to football games in a new fur coat.
Had a real big wife and a real big grin.
He gave thanks to Jesus for the shape that he was in.
He was trouble, but ain't we all? Trouble, but ain't we all.

Big sign on the roadside telling me how to live.
A couple things that he done, real hard to forgive.
So don't work for him boy. It's like selling your soul.
He'll walk away and he'll leave you way down in a hole.