

Seven-Mile Island

Jason Isbell

Take my body to Seven-Mile Island.
Lay my head down where Indians sleep.
Take your shoes off and walk across the water.
It's been so long so I heard a man speak.

Watch the spillways when the water starts rising.
Take your hat off when the sun goes down.
Keep your eyes on that concrete tower.
Maybe one day it will crumble to the ground.

Mary's crying 'cause she can't hold water
And her clothes don't fit her right.
She used to say that she wanted a daughter,
Now she only wants a Saturday night.

There were days when that dusty cave was empty,
Back before this city made a claim
On that hotel for wanderers and strangers,
Back before you could live off of your name.

We all live in an Airstream trailer
About three-hundred yards up the lake.
Call the doctor, Mary's going into labor
And you can't raise a baby on shake.

So take my body to Seven-Mile Island
Lay some stones down on top of my grave.
Tell my lady I just couldn't bear to see her
Tell my daughter I just couldn't be saved.