



Jason Isbell

Southeastern

Lyrics

Cover Me Up

A heart on the run keeps a hand on the gun you can't trust anyone
I was so sure what I needed was more tried to shoot out the sun
Days when we raged, we flew off the page such damage was done
But I made it through, cause somebody knew I was meant for someone

Girl, leave your boots by the bed we ain't leaving this room
Til someone needs medical help or the magnolias bloom
It's cold in this house and I ain't going out to chop wood
So cover me up and know you're enough to use me for good

Put your faith to the test when I tore off your dress in Richmond on high
But I sobered up and I swore off that stuff forever, this time
And the old lovers sing "I thought it'd be me who helped him get home"
But home was a dream, one I'd never seen til you came along

Girl, hang your dress up to dry we ain't leaving this room
Til Percy Priest breaks open wide and the river runs through
And carries this house on the stones like a piece of driftwood
Cover me up and know you're enough to use me for good

Girl, leave your boots by the bed we ain't leaving this room
Til someone needs medical help or the magnolias bloom
It's cold in this house and I ain't going out to chop wood
So cover me up and know you're enough to use me for good
Cover me up and know you're enough to use me for good

Stockholm

I've heard love songs make a Georgia man cry
On the shoulder of somebody's Saturday night
Read the good book studied it, too
But nothing prepared me for living with you

Locked me up tight in these shackles I wear
Tied up the keys in the folds of your hair
and the difference with me is I used to not care
Stockholm, let me go home

Once a wise man to the ways of the world
Now I've traded those lessons for faith in a girl
Across the ocean, a thousand years from my home
In this frozen old city of silver and stone

Ships in the harbor and birds on the bluff
Don't move an inch when their anchor goes up
And the difference with me is I'm falling in love
Stockholm, let me go home
Let me go home

And the night, so long
I used to pray for the daylight to come
Folks back home surely have called off the search
and gone back to their own

Ships in the harbor and birds on the bluff
Don't move an inch when their anchor goes up
And the difference with me is I'm falling in love
Stockholm, let me go home
Let me go home

Traveling Alone

Mountain's rough this time of year
They close the highway down
They don't warn the town
I've been fighting second gear for fifteen miles or so,
Trying to beat the angry snow
I know every town worth passing through,
but what good does knowing do with no one to show it to

I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me, won't you ride

I quit talking to myself
And listening to the radio a long, long time ago
Damn near strangled by my appetite
In Ybor City on a Friday night
Couldn't even stand upright
So high, the street girls wouldn't take my pay
She said come see me on a better day, and she just danced away

I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me, won't you ride

Pain in the outside lane, I'm tired of answering to myself
Heart like a rebuilt part, I don't know how much it's got left
How much it's got left

I've grown tired of traveling alone
Tired of traveling alone
I've grown tired of traveling alone
Won't you ride with me, won't you ride

Elephant

She said "Andy, you're better than your past"
Winked at me and drained her glass
Cross-legged on a barstool like nobody sits anymore
She said "Andy you're taking me home,"
but I knew she planned to sleep alone.
I'd carry her to bed, sweep up the hair from her floor

If I'd fucked her before she got sick I'd never hear the end of it
She don't have the spirit for that now
We just drink our drinks and laugh out loud,
and bitch about the weekend crowd,
and try to ignore the elephant somehow

She said "Andy, you crack me up"
Seagram's in a coffee cup
Sharecropper eyes, and the hair almost all gone
When she was drunk, she made cancer jokes
Made up her own doctors' notes
Surrounded by her family, I saw that she was dying alone

But I'd sing her classic country songs and she'd get high and sing along
She don't have a voice to sing with now
We burn these joints in effigy and cry about what we used to be,
And try to ignore the elephant somehow, somehow

I've buried her a thousand times, given up my place in line
but I don't give a damn about that now
There's one thing that's real clear to me: No one dies with dignity
We just try to ignore the elephant somehow, somehow

Flying Over Water

From the sky, we look so organized and brave
Walls that make up barricades and graves
Daddy's little empire, built by hands and built by slaves
From the sky, we look so organized and brave
In the heat, I saw you rising from the dirt
Drunken tears and tugging at your skirt
If only you could tell me then, what part of you got hurt
In the heat, I saw you rising from the dirt

Take my hand baby, we're over land
I know flying over water makes you cry
Where's that liquor cart, maybe we shouldn't start,
but I can't for the life of me say why

From the sky the highway's straight as it could be
A string pulled tight from home to Tennessee
Still, somehow, those ditches took the better part of me
From the sky, the highway's straight as it could be

Take my hand baby, we're over land
I know flying over water makes you cry
Been in the sky so long, seems like the long way home,
but I can't for the life of me say why
Did we leave our love behind

Different Days

Staring at the pictures of the runaways on the wall
Seems like, these days, you couldn't run away at all
Even if you did, what you got to run away to
Just another drunk daddy with a white man's point of view
I can see you in my mind's eye, catching light
Sleep beside the river if we make it out of town tonight
You can strip in Portland from the day you turn sixteen
You got one thing to sell and benzodiazepine
Ten years ago I might have seen you dancing in a different light,
and offered up my help in different ways,
but those were different days
Those were different days

Had a girl back home and we shared her single bed
When I whispered in her ear, she believed every word I said
If she didn't believe, she didn't dare give me slack
Or it was "baby, I love you, get off of my goddamn back"
Time went by and I left and I left again
Jesus loves a sinner but the highway loves a sin
My daddy told me, I believe he told me true that:
"The right thing's always the hardest thing to do"
Ten years ago I might have stuck around for another night,
and used her in a thousand different ways,
but those were different days
Those were different days

And the story's only mine to live and die with
The answer's only mine to come across,
but the ghosts that I got scared and I got high with
look a little lost

Ten years ago I might have thought I didn't have the right
To say the things an outlaw wouldn't say,
But those were different days
Those were different days

Live Oak

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 pining for on nights I'm not around
Could it be the man who did the things I'm living down

I was rougher than the timber shipping out of Fond du Lac
When I headed south at seventeen, the sheriff on my back
I'd 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
To the fighters and the farmers digging 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
When my neighbors took to 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 aboard
When 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 pining for on nights I'm not around
Could it be the man who did the things I'm living down

Well I carved her cross from live oak and her box from short-leaf pine,
and buried her so deep, she'd touch the water table line
And picked up what I needed and I headed south again
To myself, I wondered, "Would I ever find another friend"

There's a man who walks beside her, he is who I used to be,
and I wonder if she sees him and confuses him with me

Songs That She Sang In The Shower

On a lark, on a whim,
I said "There's two kinds of men in this world and you're neither of them"
And his fist cut the smoke
I had an eighth of a second to wonder if he got the joke
In the car headed home
She asked if I had considered the prospect of living alone
With a steak held to my eye
I had to summon the confidence needed to hear her goodbye,
And another brief chapter without any answers blew by

And the songs that she sang in the shower are stuck in my head
Like 'Bring Out Your Dead,' 'Breakfast In Bed'
And experience robs me of hope that she'll make it back home
So I'm stuck on my own
I'm stuck on my own

In a room by myself
Looks like I'm here with the guy that I judge worse than anyone else
So I pace, and I pray, and I repeat the mantras that might keep me clean for the day

And the songs that she sang in the shower all ring in my ears
Like 'Wish You Were Here,' How I wish you were here
And experience robs me of hope that you'll ever return,
So I breathe and I burn
I breathe and I burn

And the church bells are ringing for those who are easy to please
And the frost on the ground probably envies the frost on the trees

And the songs that she sang in the shower are stuck in my mind
Like 'Yesterday's Wine,' Like 'Yesterday's Wine'
And experience tells me that I'll never hear them again
Without thinking of them, without thinking of them

New South Wales

Here we sit
Across the table from each other
A thousand miles from both our mothers,
Barely old enough to rust
Here we sit
Pretending both our hearts are anchors
Taking candy from these strangers
Amidst the diesel and the dust

And here we sit
Singing words nobody taught us
Drinking fire, and spitting sawdust,
Trying to teach ourselves to breathe
We haven't yet,
But every chorus brings us closer
Every flyer and every poster
Gives a piece of what we need

And the sand that they call cocaine cost you twice as much as gold
You'd be better off to drink your coffee black
But I swear, the land it listened to the stories that we told
God bless the busted boat that brings us back

Morning's rough
It don't give a damn about the mission
Has no aesthetic or tradition,
Only lessons never learned
And I'd had enough
About a month ago tomorrow
Parting holds no trace of sorrow
For the bitter and the burned

And the piss they call tequila even Waylon wouldn't drink
Well I'd rather sip this Listerine I packed
But I swear, we've never seen a better place to sit and think
God bless the busted ship that brings us back

And the sand that they call cocaine cost you twice as much as gold
You'd be better off to drink your coffee black
But I swear, the land it listened to the stories that we told
God bless the busted boat that brings us back

Super 8

Don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel,
Just because somebody's evening didn't go so well
If I ever get back to Bristol,
I'm better off sleeping in the county jail
Don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel

Having such a sweet night audience was just right drinking like a pirate do
Don't wanna sleep yet buddy, it's a good bet, I'll raise more hell than you
Do a couple rails and chase your own tail and talk about the bad ole days
Tremor in a tee shirt telling me her heart hurt honey, let me count the ways
Then a big boy busted in, screaming at his girlfriend, waving 'round a fungo bat
Bass player stepping up brandishing a coffee cup he took it in the baby fat

I don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel,
Just because somebody's evening didn't go so well
If I ever get back to Bristol,
I'm better off sleeping in the county jail
I don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel

Finally got the room clear bleeding from my left ear feeling pretty bad for the maid
Lost a couple drinks and my dinner in the sink and I woke up with the bed still made
Wasn't quite morning I wasn't quite breathing my heart, way up in my throat
Girl starts screaming and the maid starts screaming and it looks like it's all she wrote
Well, they slapped me back to life and they telephoned my wife and they filled me full of
Pedialyte
Saw my guts, saw my glory it would make a great story if I ever could remember it right

I don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel,
Just because somebody's evening didn't go so well
If I ever get back to Bristol,
I'm better off sleeping in the county jail
I don't wanna die in a Super 8 motel

Yvette

I can barely make out a little light from the house on the cul-de-sac
A bedroom upstairs, it's a family affair

I've watched you in class, your eyes are cut glass and you stay covered up
Head to your toes, so nobody will notice you

I might not be a man yet, but that bastard will never be
So I'm cleaning my Weatherby
I sight in my scope, and I hope against hope, I hope against hope

Your mother seems nice, I don't understand why she won't say anything
As if she can't see who he turned out to be

I might not be a man yet, but your father will never be
So I load up my Weatherby
I let out my breath, and I couple with death, I couple with death

Saw your father last night, in the window the light made a silhouette
Saw him hold you that way, he won't hold you that way anymore, Yvette

Relatively Easy

Are you having a long day
Everyone you meet rubs you the wrong way
Dirty city streets smell like an ashtray
Morning bells are ringing in your ears

Is your brother on a church kick
Seems like just a different kind of dopesick
Better off to teach a dog a card trick
Than try to have a point and make it clear

You should know, compared to people on a global scale,
Our kind has had it relatively easy
And here with you there's always something to look forward to
My angry heart beats relatively easy

I lost a good friend,
At Christmastime when folks go off the deep end
His woman took the kids and he took Klonopin
Enough to kill a man of twice his size
Not for me to understand
Remember him when he was still a proud man
A vandal's smile, a baseball in his right hand
Nothing but the blue sky in his eyes

Still, compared to those a stones-throw away from you,
Our lives have both been relatively easy
Take a year and make a break there ain't that much at stake
The answers could be relatively easy

Watch that lucky man walk to work again
He may not have a friend left in the world
See him walking home again to sleep alone
I step into a shop to buy a postcard for a girl

I broke the law, boys,
Shooting out the windows of my loft, boys
When they picked me up, I made a big noise
Everything to blame except my mind

I should say, I keep your picture with me every day
The evenings now are relatively easy
And here with you there's always something to look forward to
My lonely heart beats relatively easy
My lonely heart beats relatively easy