James Vincent Mcmorrow "Follow You Down To The Red Oak Tree"

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follow you down to the red oak tree as the air moves thick through the hollow reeds i will wait for you 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 old 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

but the cloth that i make is a cloth you can sell to pay for the gossamer seed

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

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