

Johnny

Cody Jinks

Locked him up back in '69
On clear Kentucky shine
Then again in '87, cornbread, smoke fed
The Marion county line
It is time, he did his time

Thirteen of twenty served
And that far outweighed his crime
He came back a wiser man
He came back to do what he'd do
He'd do it every time
It is time
He did his time

When they came bustin' in last year
Like a smoke ring he's up and gone
But he wouldn't have to go too far
When the folks 'round here
They don't trust no law, no way

Hey run, Johnny, run
Hey run, Johnny run
Hey now run now, run, Johnny run

A man's words all he's got
A man's law don't mean a damn
To the down-home southern folk
That live by the law of the land, not Uncle Sam
It's their land
It's our land

No one knows who you're talkin' 'bout
No one's seen, they've all gone blind
Knowin' he'll be back someday
To do what he'd do, what he'd do
He'd do it every time
He did his time
And no more time

And they're still chasin' down old ghosts
And they're still askin' on deaf ears
But he wouldn't have to go too far
When the folks 'round here
They don't trust no law, no way

Hey run, Johnny, run
Hey run, Johnny run
Hey now run now, run, Johnny run

Never mind no song, keep your head down boy
Run, Johnny run
You can rest at my place when the day is done

Hey now, run Johnny, run now run, Johnny run
Hey now, run now, run Johnny run
Never mind no song, keep your head down, boy
And run, Johnny run

He can rest at my place when the day is done