

## John Hardy

Joni Mitchell

John Hardy was a fightin' man  
Carried a razor everyday  
Well he killed a man in Mobile town  
You ought to see my Johnny get away  
Ought to see my Johnny get away

Well get away, get away  
Poor John, poor John

John Hardy was standin' at the bar  
So drunk he could not see  
Along came a man with a warrant in his hand  
Cryin' Johnny boy why don't you come with me  
Johnny boy why don't you come with me

Well get away, get away  
Poor John, poor John

John Hardy had a pretty little girl  
Kept her dressed in blue  
Saw her in the hangin' crowd  
Cryin' Johnny boy I'll be true to you  
Johnny boy I'll be true to you

Well get away, get away  
Poor John, poor John

I've been to the north and I've been to the south  
Been this whole world 'round  
Well I've lived in the east and I've lived in the west  
And this will be my buryin' ground  
This will be my buryin' ground

Yes I've been this wild world over  
Yes I've been this whole world 'round  
And I've been to the river  
And I've been baptized  
Take me to my buryin' grounds

Well get away, get away  
Poor John, poor John, poor John