

Johnson

Tom Paxton

Johnson, I heard tell you wanted a word with me
Funny thing, I wanted a word with you
Now with my Joe Hopper gone forever
The kids and me all helter-skelter
Johnson, we've been wonderin' what we'll do

Johnson, you're the one that gave the order
You're the one that sealed off Number Ten
Said the fire was set on spreadin'
You didn't have no choice you said and
Johnson, that was that for thirty man

That was my Joe Hopper down that shaft
Wasn't supposed to work that shift
But my Joe reckoned he had the gift
Of seeing a hard job through

The last I seen of Joe, he laughed
He told me I was to make my claim
Ever the worst of fortune came
Then I was to come to you

Johnson, my Joe worked for the company nineteen years
Back all bent, hands that'd make you cry
Crippled hands and a worn-out back
Family freezin' in a company shack
Johnson, that ain't hardly gettin' by

Now you tell me Johnson that we got to go
You tell me I can't trade at the company store
You'd let us stay if was up to you
Johnson, one thing can do
You can tell these kids, they ain't got a home no more

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