Grandpa Ran

Mike Goodson

Grandpa Ran

He was born in the summer of 1894
On the edge of a brand-new idea
But Kansas was just like a prison to him
The old ways felt unreal

Something just snapped inside his head
And he stole his dadâ€™s wagon one night
He drove the team hard, fueled by hate
And started his long west-bound flight

His dad told the sheriff, â€œYou bring back my rig,
Donâ€™t care what you do with my sonâ€•
When the sheriff finally caught him later that night
He looked glad for what he had done

He had no remorse no feelings of guilt
He didnâ€™t even put up a fight
The kid lost everything on that sad joyride
He never went home that night

Grandpa ran, Grandpa ran
He ran into the darkness
I think he thought he was a man
Grandpa ran

He grew up with the circus one town at a time
All over the great Mountain West
He learned how to ride, rope, fight and cuss
Sawdust all over his vest

But all the road running just wore him down
And he yearned for a steadier ride
So, he jumped off the train near the Beartooth
Where found his Norwegian bride

They all soon found out he was the best cowboy there
â€œHowdy, â€˜Texâ€™ is the nameâ€•
But rodeo clowns couldnâ€™t make enough bread

To feed the family that came

So, he traded his guns for a Stillwater plow
And dry-farming for his love of â€œThe Wayâ€•
But it didnâ€™t take long for the drought to return
And he knew he just couldnâ€™t stay

Grandpa ran, Grandpa ran
He ran into the darkness
I think he had him a plan
Grandpa ran

He moved off of the farm in the year of â€˜33
To work as a factory hand
Leaving behind all that he loved the most
He horses, his pride and his land

But punching the clock was no kind of life
For this drifter, this wandering Clyde
So, he left once again -- seven kids and his love
In a shack on Billings south side

Grandpa ran, Grandpa ran
He ran into the darkness
No kind of plan
Grandpa ran

I wake up some times thinking of him
Thinking of all the things heâ€™d done
I look in the mirror and wonder aloud
â€œWill I run?â€• â€œWill I run?â€•

They say that his trail is fainter from here
No oneâ€™s really sure where he went
Some government work, maybe fought in the war
Faded postmarks from letters heâ€™d sent

A brief meeting in the 50â€™s with some of his boys
At the Shafferâ€™s in Inkom, Idaho
All he could say was â€œIâ€™m sorry my sons,
I just, I just had to goâ€¦â€•

His final run came in the year in â€˜65
Near Twin Falls on a dark lonely road
Asleep at the wheel or some kind attack

Finally lifted this poor cowboyâ€™s load

I saw him just once in a padded pine box
When my Grandma kissed him and said,
â€œNo matter the tears, I still love him so
Iâ€™d do it all over againâ€¦â€•

Grandpa ran, Grandpa ran
He ran out of the darkness
I think he found out the plan
Grandpa Van
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Lyrics Submitted by Michael Goodson

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