

Like a Young Colt

Johnny Cash

Like a young cold the country was now growing fast
Passenger trains in the east were traveling a hundred miles an hour
People in the country could buy clothes by mail order
And get 'em back within two weeksAfter twenty years or more the South
Was still mending its wounds from the civil war
But with all the country's problems
The union was solidRed American novelists and poets
Were coming into their own
People were expressing their love
For America in song and in poemAnd in South Carolina
A high tone southern gentleman
Expressed his love and admiration
For his president James A Garfield in such a way

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