

Hardin Wouldn't Run

Johnny Cash

I know a man whose plow handle hand
Is quicker than a light
Wes Hardin is his name
They say he travels in the night
For he might have to kill
Or walk around a fight And if you ever saw Wes Hardin draw
You know he can skin his gun
He won't say how many tried and died
Up against the top hand
Up against the wrong man
'Cause Hardin wouldn't run He rode in like a Texas wind
Took the East bound train
Goin', goin' with Jane Bowen
Till the lawmen caught up
So long Janie chin up
I'll be back again Off he went to Huntsville prison
"So long Janie", he cried
Fifteen years she waited
Till her heart broke and she died
And she left that bad land
To wait up in the sky Free at last the payin' past
For all the wrong he did
First free air they let him breathe
Since he was a kid
So let him come and let him go
And let him deal, and bid Near the border in El Paso
Lawyer reads the sign
You won't find him there for business
Every day at nine
For business is real bad one client's
All he's had in quite a long long time Then Sheriff Selman's boy
Broke in to Wes's woman's place
Up she jumped and pistol
Whipped him kicked him in the face
And John Selman demands
Revenge for this disgrace You could see every night
By candlelight in Hardin's favorite bar
She'd be hanging on his arm
And very late they'd leave there

Headed for the goose hair
Glad it wasn't far
Right through the swinging doors
John Selman came with a blazin' gun
Wes Hardin chug a luggin' red eye
Got him in the back of the head
John Wesley Hardin fell dead
Hardin wouldn't run

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