

# Run, Jeannie, Run

## Jeannie C. Riley

I was born a way back in the hills  
In a shack the oldest child of ten  
On one hot and sultry day  
Mama got sick and passed away  
Givin' birth to baby brother BenI stood there and I cried  
As I watched my mama die  
I guess I was too young to understandPapa didn't shed a tear  
Or even really seemed to care  
I thought it was because he was a man  
When mama was laid to restPa said, Jeannie do your best  
I'm leavin' but I won't be gone long  
The town was many miles away  
Where papa seemed to wanna staySo soon after mama had gone  
Then it was work Jeannie work  
Jeannie work, Jeannie work  
The hard times had just begunYes, it's work Jeannie work  
Jeannie work, Jeannie work  
For Jeannie there was no funPapa started drinkin' wine  
And chasin' women all the time  
And livin' off the fat of the land  
We children did the best we could  
Milked the cows and chopped the wood  
And ate what mama left us cannedOne day the sheriff walked in  
To notify the next of kin, papa was run over by a train  
It had been almost a year since papa left us here  
We were sorry but really felt no painThe sheriff said that day children can't live this way  
Said he'd send someone to take us into town  
That night I said goodbye, my little brothers and sisters cried  
But I ran away so far I'd not be foundAnd now it's run Jeannie run, Jeannie run  
Jeannie run, Jeannie's gonna find some fun  
Yeah, it's run Jeannie run, Jeannie run  
Jeannie run, run and find you some fun

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