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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