

# Reuben James

## Duck Gang

Ruben James, in my song, you live again  
And the phrases that I rhyme  
Are just the footsteps out of time  
From the time when I knew, you Ruben James Ruben James, all the folks around Madison County  
Cussed your name just a no  
Count share croppin' colored man  
Who would steal anything he can  
And they always laid the blame on Ruben James Ruben James, you still walk furrowed fields on my mind  
The faded skirt the weathered brow  
The calloused hand up on the plow  
I loved you then and I love you now Ruben James  
Flora James, Ruben James Gray, a gossip of Madison County died with child  
And although your skin was black  
It was you that would not turn your back  
On a hungry white child with no name, Ruben James Ruben James, with your mind on my soul  
And the bible in your right hand  
You said turn the other cheek  
A better world is a waiting for the meek  
In my head those words remain from Ruben James Ruben James one dark cloudy day  
That brought you from the fields  
And to your lonely pine box came  
Just a preacher, me and the rain  
To sing one last refrain for Ruben James

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