

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 JamesRuben 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 JamesRuben 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 JamesGray, 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 JamesRuben 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 JamesRuben 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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