

# Turn It On, Turn It On, Turn It On

Tom T. Hall

Johnny got up one morning  
He went down to the company store  
Got him a big box of bullets  
To fit into his .44The store man said, "Son, are you gonna work?  
You know you owe me too much to stop"  
John said, "I got a little workin' to do  
But I ain't goin' by your clock"People said John was a slacker  
'Cause he wouldn't fight in their war  
A man wasn't much  
If he wouldn't fight back in nineteen forty and fourThe doctor said, "John was just too sick to go"  
But the people said that he was a coward  
And one of the men makin' fun of him  
Was a fellow named Milton HowardMilton was down at the cold spring  
A drinkin' from a mason jar  
He said, "John, you better get yourself to work  
Or you're gonna fool around 'til you get fired"John blew the dust from his old .44  
Put two holes in Milton's head  
When Johnny walked off to get some more shootin' done  
That ol' cold spring was a runnin' redNext guy he met was a Stigall boy  
And the boy had a hammer in his hand  
John said, "Son, you should've built yourself a box  
'Cause you're a headed for the Promised Land"Stigall fell down to his knees to pray  
And he cried, "Lord, Johnny please don't shoot"  
Before he got halfway to saying, "Amen"  
Well, old Johnny shot him out of his bootsWord went out through the county  
That old John had lost his head  
The people were runnin' and screamin'  
There were seven of 'em lyin' there deadJohnny hid out in a farmhouse  
He had satisfaction in his eyes  
He said, "I know they're coming to get me, boys  
But they ain't a gonna take me alive"People gathered 'round that old farmhouse  
Was the relatives of all them dead  
Now John said, "If the sheriff comes through that door  
I'm gonna fill him, plumb full of lead"The sheriff kicked down that old farmhouse door  
But old John's gun would not shoot  
Johnny just smiled at the sheriff and said  
"The Lord must think a lot of you"They took old John to the jail house  
He entered in a guilty plea  
The judge said, "Death in the electric chair

'Cause it's murder in the first degree" John's last meal was a lot of fried chicken  
Cold beans and the baby squash  
He ate every bite that they brought him  
Then he smiled and said, "I thank you all a lot" They put old John in the electric chair  
They shaved his ankles and his head  
The preacher said, "Son, have you got something to say  
In a minute you're a gonna be dead" John said, "I ain't no coward  
And the people know that I won't run"  
Then Johnny smiled up at the warden  
And said, "Turn it on, turn it on, turn it on"

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