

Lost John

Sonny Terry

Gonna tell you the story
About old lost John
Lost John was a boy that got loose
From a chain gang down in Louisiana

About sixteen bloodhound, took in after him
Sheriffs, deputies
And everybody else in the county
Chasin' him all across the swamp

Lost John outrun the bloodhounds there
All night long, it was long towards mornin'
He looked up to the tree there
And seen the lights from a house

He didn't know whether the people inside
Was friends or were enemies
So he wanted to go up to the house
So, and asked if he could stay there
To get away from the bloodhounds

He was afraid if he did go up there
That the people might set their dogs
Barking at him or shoot him down
With a Winchester riffle

This is the story about lost John

Old lost John ain't lost no more

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