

# Run Jolee Run

## Slaid Cleaves

Out where the tracks cut county road 9  
A diesel pulls up a long line  
Slowin up the grade to a crawl  
Where Jolee waits for an empty car  
Away from that man  
With a cruel tongue and a violent hand  
Who done told her more than once  
I'll put you six under if you try to run  
She walked into the pawn and said I'll take the little 32  
The man at the counter said are you sure, what you're gonna do  
Run, Jolee run, Jolee run  
Arkansas border Tennessee bound  
Across the muddy water into Memphis town  
A walk-up room, deadbolt on the door  
Street light moon, a creak in the floor  
Neon glows till the break of day  
Where she goes to make money  
Pourin whiskey, pourin gin  
Don't tell nobody where she's been  
And that little 32 in her pocket is loaded  
Run, Jolee run, Jolee run  
The scene plays, in her head  
Over and over again  
There's a movement, beneath the streetlamp  
And that little 32 gun is in her hand  
It barks like a dog, two three four  
Last call in the shadows  
Now Jolee waits for a morning train  
Goin where nobody knows her name  
Run, Jolee run, Jolee run

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