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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