

# Jim Johnson

## Porter Wagoner

The past ten years just flashed before my eyes I remember the day my daddy died  
He left mom four boys and three-year old Ginny Lou  
She got sick and we almost lost her too  
Times were rough even when dad was here but things got worse year after year  
Six years ago mom married again and that's when our troubles really began  
Jim Johnson was the name of our step-pa he was the meanest man I'd ever saw  
He mistreated mom and all of us kids and I swore some day he'd pay each time he did  
Never had enough clothes for school but we'd go we'd go home early because of snow  
And almost freeze to death fore we got there  
Jim bought booze instead of shoes for us to wear  
One summer we found six kittens with our old cat  
Jim made us put 'em all in a gunny sack  
And throw 'em in the river with rocks inside  
Jim just stood there and laughed while we all cried  
Jim started watchin' Ginny Lou when she just turned thirteen  
Then late one night I heard Ginny scream  
I run and got the shotgun and grabbed a shell  
And I pulled the trigger and Jim Johnson fell  
I knew that someday it would come to this  
I knew that he'd try to put his hands on sis  
When people hear my story they'll understand  
They'll know that what I killed was not a man  
They'll know Jim Johnson was not a man

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