Reuben James

Kenny Rogers

Ruben James, in my song, you live again
And the phrases that I rhyme
Are just the footsteps out of time
From the time when I knew, you Ruben JamesRuben James, all the folks around Madison County
Cussed your name just a no
Count share croppin' colored man
Who would steal anything he can
And they always laid the blame on Ruben JamesRuben James, you still walk furrowed fields on my mind
The faded skirt the weathered brow
The calloused hand up on the plow
I loved you then and I love you now Ruben James
Flora James, Ruben JamesGray, a gossip of Madison County died with child
And although your skin was black
It was you that would not turn your back
On a hungry white child with no name, Ruben JamesRuben James, with your mind on my soul
And the bible in your right hand
You said turn the other cheek
A better world is a waiting for the meek
In my head those words remain from Ruben JamesRuben James one dark cloudy day
That brought you from the fields
And to your lonely pine box came
Just a preacher, me and the rain
To sing one last refrain for Ruben James

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