

America, James Holladay

James Holladay was a working man
He made his living on the land
But living alone was too much to stand
So Jim found a woman to understand

Two years passed living in joy
When out of the blue came a baby boy
Just to keep up the family name
Mister Holladay said we'll call him little James

So you better run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta get away
You better better run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta get away
You better better run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta get away (Jim you gotta get away)

Little James became a working man
He followed his pa right across the land
At the end of the day when his work was done
He'd sit and watch the setting southern sun

Nineteen years had come and gone
Little Jimmy had grown up big and strong
He didn't know that his time had come
When they handed him a shiny black gun

So his pa said, run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta getaway
So you better run, run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta get away
So you better run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta get away (Jim you gotta get away)

Run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta getaway
You better better run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta get away
You better better run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)
Jim, you gotta get away
(fade)