

James Taylor, Runaway Boy

Fetch down the fiddle, rosin up the bow, don't play me nothing on the radio.
Don't make me remember the Alamo, I'm feeling like a little bit of Cotton Eyed Joe.
No raging Cajun crawfish stew, fat batter coming in a Lumalamalu.
Boy howdy and howdy damn do, something like fine setting eyes on you.
Let me come down, I won't never go back up again, oh, hold me down.
Let me come home, I won't never go away no more, oh let me come down.

In a younger day back in Tennessee, the muddy Mississippi used to call to me,
float on a river and set yourself free.
Run from the farm and the family tree, run from the runaway boy.

So I've been all the places that I ever want to be, I've seen all the people that I ever want to see.
I'm sick and tired of being lonely and free, I'm ready today for what's waiting on me.
I'm gonna give up believing I was born to run, stop acting like a man that gets shot from a gun.
I'm putting down roots, I want to soak up sun and stay right here until my days are done.
Let me back down, I will never go up again. Hold me down, tie me on down.
Let me go home, I will never go away no more, oh let me come home, oh let me go down.

[Indecipherable grunting]