

# Kenny Rogers & The First Edition, Reuben James

Ruben James  
In my song you'll live again  
And the phrases that I rhyme  
Are just a footstep's out of time  
From the time when I knew you Ruben James

Ruben James, all the folks  
Around Madison County cussed your name  
Just a no-count sharecroppin' colored man  
Who would steal anything he can  
And everybody laid the blame on Ruben James

Ruben James, you still walk  
The further fields of my mind  
The faded shirt the weathered brow  
The calloused hands upon the plow  
I loved you then and  
I love you now Ruben James

Flora Gray, the gossip of Madison County  
Died with child  
And although your skin was black  
You were the one  
That didn't turn your back  
On a hungry white child  
With no name, Ruben James

Ruben James, with your mind on my soul  
And a Bible in your right hand  
You said turn the other cheek  
There's a better world  
A-waiting for the meek  
In my mind these words remain  
From Ruben James

Ruben James, you still walk  
The further fields of my mind  
The faded shirt the weathered brow  
The calloused hands upon the plow  
I loved you then and  
I love you now Ruben James

Ruben James, one dark cloudy day  
They brought you from the field  
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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The further fields of my mind  
The faded shirt the weathered brow  
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