

Jeannie C. Riley, Run Jeannie Run

I was born a way back in the hills in a shack the oldest child of ten
On one hot and sultry day mama got sick and passed away
Givin' birth to baby brother Ben
I stood there and I cried as I watched my mama die
I guess I was too young to understand
Papa didn't shed a tear or even really seemed to care
I thought it was because he was a man
When mama was laid to rest pa said Jeannie do your best
I'm leavin' but I won't be gone long
The town was many miles away where papa seemed to wanna stay
So soon after mama had gone
Then it was work Jeannie work Jeannie work Jeannie work
The hard times had just begun
Yes it's work Jeannie work Jeannie work Jeannie work for Jeannie there was no fun
Papa started drinkin' wine and chasin' women all the time
And livin' off the fat of the land
We children did the best we could milked the cows and chopped the wood
And ate what mama left us canned
One day the sheriff walked in to notify the next of kin papa was run over by a train
It had been almost a year since papa left us here we were sorry but really felt no pain
The sheriff said that day children can't live this way
Said he'd send someone to take us into town
That night I said goodbye my little brothers and sisters cried
But I ran away so far I'd not be found
And now it's run Jeannie run Jeannie run Jeannie run Jeannie's gonna find some fun
Yeah it's run Jeannie run Jeannie run Jeannie run run and find you some fun