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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