

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
The calloused hands upon the plow
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