Porter Wagoner, Jim Johnson

The past ten years just flashed before my eyes I remember the day my daddy died
He left mom four boys and three-year old Ginny Lou
She got sick and we almost lost her too
Times were rough even when dad was here but things got worse year after year
Six years ago mom married again and that's when our troubles really began
Jim Johnson was the name of our step-pa he was the meanest man I'd ever saw
He mistreated mom and all of us kids and I swore some day he'd pay each time he did
Never had enough clothes for school but we'd go we'd go home early because of snow
And almost freeze to death fore we got there
Jim bought booze instead of shoes for us to wear
One summer we found six kittens with our old cat
Jim made us put 'em all in a gunny sack
And throw 'em in the river with rocks inside
Jim just stood there and laughed while we all cried
Jim started watchin' Ginny Lou when she just turned thirteen
Then late one night I heard Ginny scream
I run and got the shotgun and grabbed a shell
And I pulled the trigger and Jim Johnson fell
I knew that someday it would come to this
I knew that he'd try to put his hands on sis
When people hear my story they'll understand
They'll know that what I killed was not a man
They'll know Jim Johnson was not a man