

Stonewall Jackson, Run

A bluebird a wingin' his lonely way south
Tryin' to escape from the cold and the drought
He's all alone in the cold grey sky fly little bluebird fly fly fly
North wind a blowing oh so cold poor little bird is so brave and so bold
He just keeps a flying for a southern sky his only hope is to fly fly fly
Well he's not the only one that's on that trail this old boy he just projail
Always a runnin' always afraid the good Lord above knows I've paid paid paid
Train whistle moaning oh so low and I don't even know where to go
I'll just keep a following the rising sun my only hope is to run run run

Well I was like to give up and turn myself in
But they would only bury me under the pen
So I'll keep a running until the day I die
The thought of this it makes me wanna cry cry cry
Train whistle moaning...