

The Kingston Trio, Run The Ridges

Well, I hope to tell you, Johnny, that I lay that rifle down but leave the noose and the calaboose and

Well, I've got your name in San Jose and your picture's there to see.
And they're shootin' men in Texas just because they look like me.

Chorus:

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to be, meant to be, meant to be.
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be.

Maybe we could try Mexico and cross the desert sand,
But they're guardin' 'cross the border 'case we swim the Rio Grande

(Chorus)

Well, they'll rope and tie you, Johnny, and they'll throw you to the ground
And they'll let you hang a week or two 'fore they cut your body down.

(Chorus)