

Randy Rogers Band, Tommy Jackson

It didn't matter Tommy Jackson was running free
Cause the man he killed never mattered much to me
Theres talk in our town about where Tommy might run
Wondered if it mattered, he has used my gun

80 Miles East of the line down on my grand daddy's farm
He laid low just for the night and he slept there in our barn
I watched him steal our Ford and drive away in the sun
18 Years of getting older now a dead man on the run

Chorus:

Isn't love a funny thing with a pistol in your hand

Close you eyes and bow your head to pray if you can

Well you sealed your fate when you picked up that shotgun

18 Years of getting older now a dead man on the run, on the run

For 15 days Tommy kept his conscience between the lines
His ex-wife and a cold jail cell were always on his mind
He ran out of cash at an east-bound truck stop
But he found work there at Fritz's muffler shop
Fritz was a good man and Pamela was his wife
2 kids a nice home and on the surface a good life
But drunk on Whisky Pam and Tommy had some fun
18 Years of getting older now a dead man on the run

Chorus

Now every Sunday morning she goes down to the place where he lays
She tells Tommy how she never wanted things this way
Rest in Peace Tommy Jackson 1981
18 Years of getting older now a dead man on the run

Chorus