

Tom Russell, Jack Johnson

He was born in 1890, on the Gulf of Mexico
Fought his way around the world with hand, and heart, and soul
So trot out all your Great White Hopes, But they'd better bring a gun
Jack Johnson's made of iron - he's all counterpunch and run

Yonder comes Jack Johnson
Like he owns the town
There's a lot of white American's
Like to see that man fall down
Like to see a black man drown

Jack stood on the Titanic pier with a thousand dollar roll
But the captain said, "Sorry, Boy, we ain't haulin' coal";
So Jack danced the Eagle Rock in a tavern on the shore
While the captain danced his final dance on the Atlantic Ocean floor

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Jack Johnson beat Jim Jeffries, till there weren't nothin' left
And every time he'd throw a punch he'd say, "Package for Mr. Jeff!";
The he ran off with some white girl, man that made 'em mad
All agreed and all decreed, that Black Man was bad...

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Well, I stole a line from Lead Belly - I don't think he'd mind
'Cause Lead Belly and Jack, they were cut from the same vine...