

# America, James Holladay

James Holladay was a working man  
He made his living on the land  
But living alone was too much to stand  
So Jim found a woman to understand

Two years passed living in joy  
When out of the blue came a baby boy  
Just to keep up the family name  
Mister Holladay said we'll call him little James

So you better run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta get away  
You better better run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta get away  
You better better run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta get away (Jim you gotta get away)

Little James became a working man  
He followed his pa right across the land  
At the end of the day when his work was done  
He'd sit and watch the setting southern sun

Nineteen years had come and gone  
Little Jimmy had grown up big and strong  
He didn't know that his time had come  
When they handed him a shiny black gun

So his pa said, run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta getaway  
So you better run, run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta get away  
So you better run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta get away (Jim you gotta get away)

Run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta getaway  
You better better run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta get away  
You better better run, run, run, run, run, run (Jim you gotta get away)  
Jim, you gotta get away  
(fade)