

The Refrain Of John Dillon James

Alabama

Oh, John Dillon James was my good time country buddy
Well, we hunted, talked and fished his last days away
He was just a hired farm hand, worked old man Walker's land
Retired on his 68th birthday
Yeah, he wore a size sixteen shoe, had skin like alligator
Lord, he could pick up a deer and walk right out of those woods
Old Dillon had a million tales but he sung me one refrain
And I recall that song by John Dillon James

One July Monday morning I met him at the fishing hole
But old Dillon wasn't toting his half pint of tin hide
His roll your own tobacco string was a-hanging from his pocket
His eyes were red as beets, looked like he cried
And I know he sat on knees cause his overalls were muddy
But my ten year old mind didn't understand
He sat down on the bank and wrote this four line refrain
And I recall that song by John Dillon James

Well, I got my ticket for the ride in the sky
I've been talking to the man, I'm gonna fly
Paid the price down on my knees
A voice from heaven promised me
I got my ticket for the ride in the sky

Well, it was one year to the day on a July Monday morning
I waited at the fishing hole but old Dillon, he didn't show
Daddy came down about noon, and said
Son, I've got some news
Lord's rested old Dillon's soul
Yeah, and I walked up to his bedside
Looked down at old big Dillon
Lord knows that I saw a pair of wings
That tables set but I felt good, for at last I understood
That refrain sung by John Dillon James

Well, I got my ticket for the ride in the sky, Lord, y'all
I've been talking to the man, I'm gonna fly (I'm gonna fly)
I paid the price down on my knees
A voice from heaven promised me
Well, I got my ticket for the ride in the sky
Yeah, I got my ticket for the ride in the sky