

## 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