

Hardin Wouldn't Run

Johnny Cash

I know a man whose plow handle hand is quicker than the light,
Wes Hardin is his name, they say he travels in the night,
for he might have to kill or walk around a fight.

And if you ever saw Wes Hardin draw you know he can skin his gun,
he won't say how many tried and died, up against the top hand,
up against the wrong man, cause Hardin wouldn't run.

He rode in like the Texas wind, took the Eastbound train,
going, going with Jane Bowen till the law men caught up,
So long Janie, chin up, I'll be back again.

Off he went to Huntsville Prison, so long Jane he cried,
fifteen years she waited till her heart broke, and she died,
and she left that bad land to wait up in the sky.

Free at last, the payin' past for all the wrong he did,
first free air they let him breathe since he was a kid,
So let him come and let him go, and let him deal and bid.

Near the border in El Paso "Lawyer" read the sign,
but you won't find him there for business every day at nine,
for business is real bad: one client's all he had in quite a long time.

Then Sheriff Selman's boy broke into Wes's woman's place,
up she jumped and pistol whipped him, kicked him in the face,
and John Selman demands revenge for this disgrace.

You can see her every night by candle light at Hardin's favorite bar,
She'd be hanging on his arm, and very late they'd leave there,
Heading for the goose hair, glad it wasn't far.

Thru the swinging door John Selman came with blazing gun,
Wes Hardin chug-a-luggin' red eye, got him in the back of the head,
John Wesley Hardin fell dead, cause Hardin wouldn't run.