

## Reuben James

Scott Walker

Reuben James, in my song you live again  
And the phrases that I rhyme  
Are just footsteps out of time  
From the time when I first knew you Reuben James

Reuben James all the folks around Madison County  
Cursed your name  
Just a no-account share-croppin' colored man  
Who would steal anything he can  
And they always laid the blame on Reuben James

Reuben James, you still walk the furrowed fields of my mind  
The faded shirt, the weathered brow  
The calloused hand upon the plough  
I loved you then and I love you now Reuben James

Flora Gray, the gossip of Madison County died with a child  
And although your skin was black  
It was you that didn't turn your back  
On a hungry white child with no name, Reuben James

Reuben James, with your mind on my soul  
And the Bible in your right hand  
You said turn the other cheek  
A better world is a-waiting for the meek  
In my head those words remain from Reuben James

Reuben James, you still walk the furrowed fields of my mind  
The faded shirt, the weathered brow  
The calloused hand upon the plough  
I loved you then and I love you now Reuben James

Reuben James one dark cloudy day  
They brought you from the fields  
And to your lonely pine box came  
Just a preacher, me and the rain  
To sing one last refrain for Reuben James

Reuben James, you still walk the furrowed fields of my mind  
The faded shirt, the weathered brow  
The calloused hand upon the plough  
I loved you then and I love you now Reuben James