

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