

Run The Ridges

The Kingston Trio

Well, I hope to tell you, Johnny, that I lay that rifle down
But leave the noose and the calaboose and headed for another town

Well, I've got your name in San Jose and your picture's there to see
And they're shootin' men in Texas just because they look like me

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be

Maybe we could try Mexico and cross the desert sand
But they're guardin' 'cross the border 'case we swim the Rio Grande

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be

Well, they'll rope and tie you, Johnny, and they'll throw you to the ground
And they'll let you hang a week or two 'fore they cut your body down

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be

And we will run the ridges of our green land Tennessee
And we will hide for forty years if that's what's meant to be
Meant to be, meant to be
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