

## Kenny Rogers "Reuben James"

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

Ruben James, all the folks around Madison County  
Cussed your name just a no count share croppin'  
colored man  
Who would steal anything he can  
And they always laid the blame on Ruben James

Ruben James, you still walk the furrowed fields on my  
mind  
The faded shirt, the weathered brow  
The calloused hand up on the plow  
I loved you then and I love you now, Ruben James

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

Ruben James, with your mind on my soul  
And the bible in your right hand  
You said turn the other cheek

A there's a better world is a waiting for the meek  
In my head these words remain from a Ruben James

Ruben James, you still walk the furrowed fields on my  
mind  
The faded shirt, the weathered brow  
The calloused hand up on the plow  
I loved you then and I love you now, Ruben James

Ruben James one dark cloudy day  
That 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 Ruben James

Ruben James, you still walk the furrowed fields on my

mind  
The faded shirt, the weathered brow  
The calloused hand up on the plow  
I loved you then and I love you now, Ruben James

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I loved you then and I love you now, Ruben James

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