

Kenny Rogers & The First Edition "Reuben James"

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Reuben 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, Reuben James

Reuben James, all the folks around Madison County
Cussed your name
You're just a no-account, sharecropping colored man
Who would steal anything he can
And everybody laid the blame on Reuben James

Reuben James, you still walk the furthest fields of my
mind
Faded shirt, the weathered brow
The calloused hands upon the plow
I loved you then and I love you now, Reuben James

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

Reuben James, with your mind on my soul
And a bottle in your right hand
You said turn the other cheek
For there's a better world awaiting for the meek
In my mind these words remain from Reuben James

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

Reuben James, one dark cloudy day
They brought you from the field
Until your lonely pine box came
Just a preacher of me in the rain
Just to sing one last refrain for Reuben James

Reuben James, you still walk the furthest field of my

mind
The faded shirt, the weathered brow
Your calloused hands upon the plow
I loved you then and I love you now, Reuben James

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