

## Kingston Trio "Getaway John"

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Get away, get away  
Get away, get away  
Poor John

John Hardy was a fightin' man  
Carried a razor ev'ry day  
He killed a man in Mobile town  
You ought to see my Johnny get away  
You ought to see my Johnny get away

Get away  
Get away, get away  
Poor John

John Hardy was standin' at the bar  
So drunk he could not see  
Along came a sheriff with a warrant in his hand  
"Johnny boy, you'd better come with me  
Yeah, Johnny boy, you'd better come with me"

John Hardy had a pretty little gal  
Kept her dressed in blue  
He saw her in the hangin' crowd  
Cryin', "Johnny boy, I'll be true to you  
Johnny boy, I'll be true to you"

True to you  
True to you, true to you  
Poor, John

I've been to the East and I've been to the West  
Been this whole world 'round  
I've been to the North and I lived in the South  
This will be my buryin' ground  
This will be my buryin' ground

Well, I've been this wide world over  
Been this whole world 'round  
Been to the river and I've been baptized  
Take me to my buryin' ground

Get away, get away, get away

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