

## **Kingston Trio**

# **"Run The Ridges"**

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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  
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be  
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be

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