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Written by james young Lead vocals by james young

I woke up today, the papers spoke of a man we know He's made of the stuff they say that first made our country grow Living in style, traveling to distant lands Better hang tough, for now it's time to make your stand Can we ignore the basic facts of history Or deny what people say is destiny I think the message is ever so loud and clear

Eddie, now don't you run You know you're a bootlegger's son And you saw just what it's done to the others Eddie, now don't you run It's the end of all your fun And you saw just what they've done To your brothers

Can we ignore the basic facts of history Or deny what people say is destiny First in the eighties but last of the sons First in the eyes of his countrymen I think the message is ever so loud and clear

Eddie, now don't you run You know you're a bootlegger's son And you saw just what it's done to the others Eddie, now don't you run It's the end of all your fun And you saw just what they've done To your brothers

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